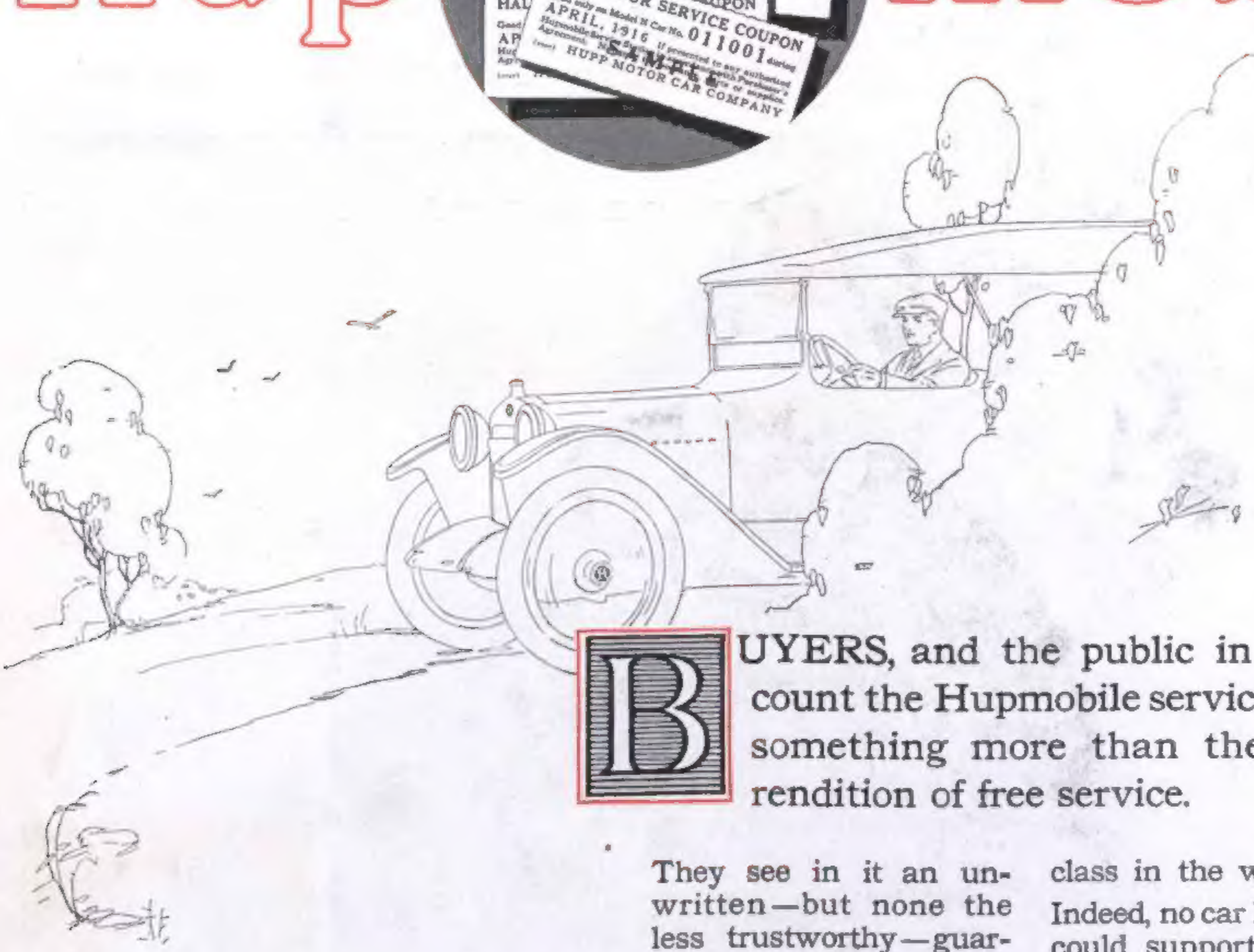
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Fou[illegible] D[illegible] 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 13, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

FIELD OF HONOR—By Irvin S. Cobb

Hupmobile



BUYERS, and the public in general, count the Hupmobile service system something more than the simple rendition of free service.

They see in it an unwritten—but none the less trustworthy—guaranty of the quality and performance of the car.

And they accept it as a further concrete expression of our belief that the four-cylinder Hupmobile is "the best car of its class in the world."

Indeed, no car less worthy could support a service system such as we have installed for Hupmobile owners.

For your own sake, find out about the Hupmobile service plan before you buy any car.

Hupmobile service is now available at more than 4000 Hupmobile service stations in all parts of the United States and Canada. Owners pay for it with coupons which they receive, without extra cost, when they buy their cars. Coupons are sufficient for 50 hours of service-labor.

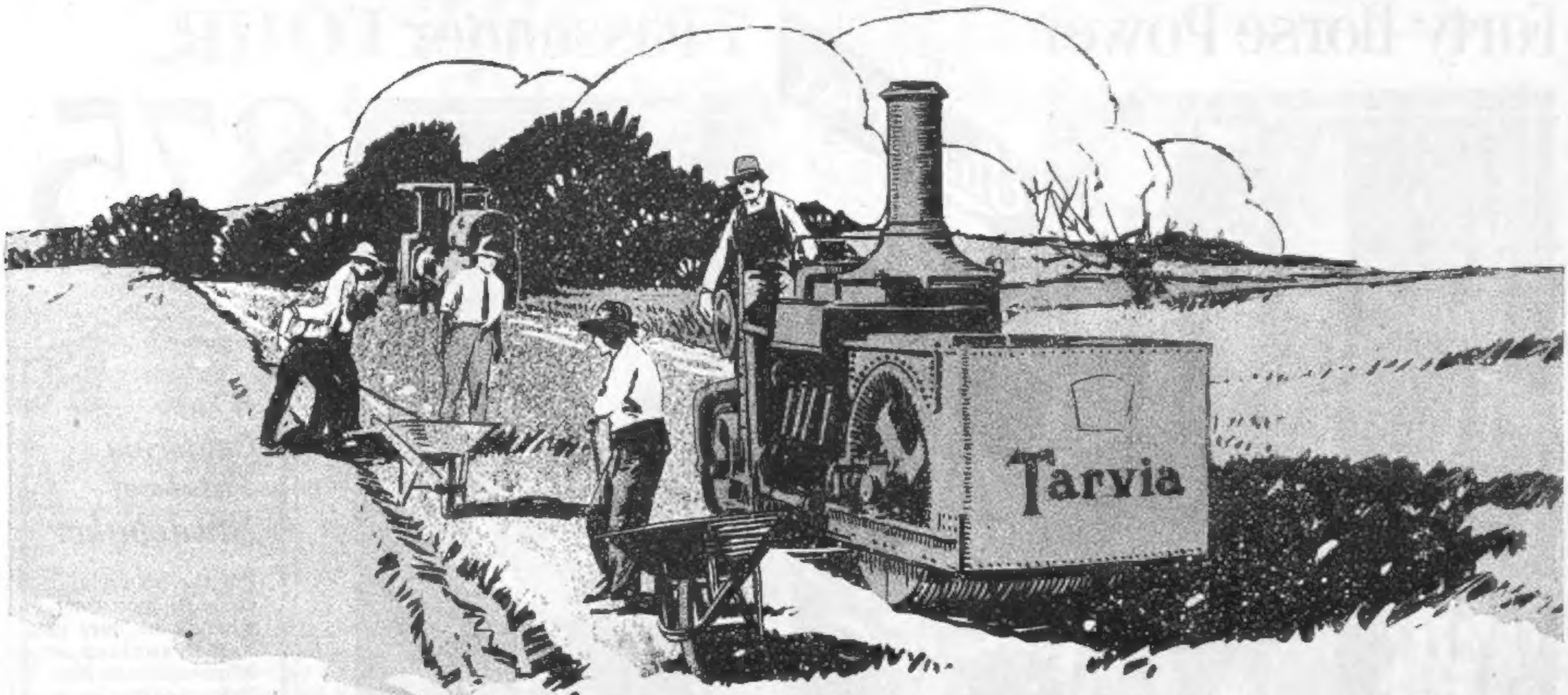
In the first quarter of 1916, Hupmobile sales showed an increase of 62 per cent over the corresponding period of last year.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

In the United States			*Prices F. O. B. Detroit*
Five-passenger Touring Car	$1085	Year-'Round Coupé	$1165
Year-'Round Touring Car	1185	Seven-passenger Touring Car	1225
	Two-passenger Roadster, $1085		
In Canada			*Prices F. O. B. Windsor*
Five-passenger Touring Car	$1385	Year-'Round Coupé	$1500
Year-'Round Touring Car	1525	Seven-passenger Touring Car	1615
	Two-passenger Roadster, $1385		

Courtesy First—Safety for Others in Motoring

The mark of superior **H** *motor car service*



GOOD ROAD BUILDING

How Tarvia Makes Durable, Dustless, Mudless Roads

Phillips Werner Road, Rochester, Indiana
Before Treatment with Tarvia

GOOD roads are a valuable asset to any community. They increase property values, reduce transportation expenses, make markets more accessible and promote the town's prosperity.

Poorly constructed roads, on the other hand, are a liability. They reduce property values, they increase the tax rate, narrow transportation operations, add greatly to the up-keep cost of autos and vehicles, and keep trade away from the town.

Every taxpayer, therefore, should be vitally interested in the matter of road building.

Here is some interesting information on the subject, which tells *how smooth, durable, dustless and mudless roads can be secured at very low cost by using Tarvia.*

Phillips Werner Road, Rochester, Indiana
Shows transformation of road surface after the use of "Tarvia-X"

What Tarvia Is

Tarvia is a coal tar preparation, shipped in barrels or in tank cars.

It is made in three grades, to be used according to road conditions, viz:

"Tarvia-X", "Tarvia-A", "Tarvia-B".

The chief use of Tarvia is for constructing and treating macadam roads—to make them durable, smooth, resilient, dustless, mudless, waterproof.

It is also used on concrete roads, on brick pavements, and even on good gravel roads—to smooth out irregularities, to arrest disintegration, and for repairs.

"Tarvia-X"

is always to be used when you are building a *new* macadam road, both as a binder and surface coating. The old way in building macadam was to use *water* as a binder.

But a water-bound macadam wears out quickly under the prying strain of the automobile driving-wheels and the horses' hoofs. You know how that strain loosens the surface, grinds it into clouds of dust, makes heavy mud, and leaves the road full of holes.

Results and Cost of "Tarvia-X"

With "Tarvia-X" in place of water, you have a road smooth enough to dance on—resilient enough for rubber tires to grip on without skidding, or for horses to trot on without slipping, without dust in dry weather—without slime in wet weather. You have a road that *lasts.*

The first cost of making a tarvia-macadam costs but little more than the old-fashioned macadam, but the saving in maintenance more than pays this difference. So Tarvia costs you nothing!

"Tarvia-A"

is, practically, a thin "Tarvia-X", used for recoating the surface of a macadam road already built. It is applied hot and adds greatly to the life of the road. It keeps the road dustless, smooth, and inviting to traffic, but its use is confined to certain kinds of traffic to be economical.

"Tarvia-B"

is a much more widely used preservative. It is applied *cold.* It is thin enough to sink quickly into the road, yet strong enough to bind the surface particles together into a dustless, durable surface.

"Tarvia-B" offers the lowest cost of road maintenance yet invented. It can be used effectively, for repairing and preserving macadam roads under varying conditions of traffic and situation. It may even be used effectively on certain classes of gravel, shell and adobe roads.

Traffic Not Held Up

An important point about Tarvia construction is the fact that traffic begins immediately after the road is finished—there is no delay. The traffic itself gives the finishing touch to the perfect whole.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

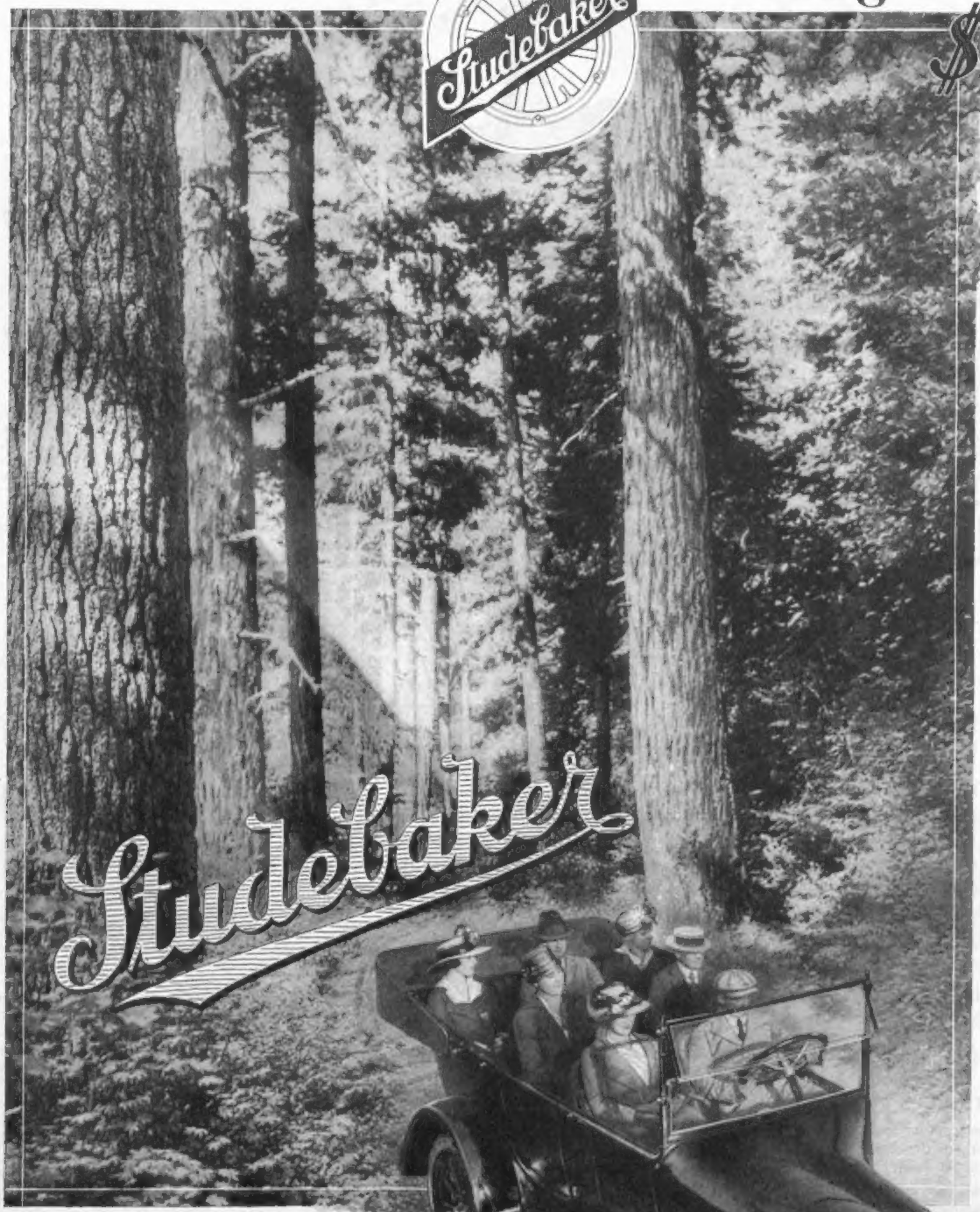
If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes,* this Department can greatly assist you.

Booklets on request. Address our nearest office.

The *Barrett* Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Cleveland St. Louis Cincinnati
Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Forty Horse Power Studebaker 7 Passenger FOUR $875



What California Thinks of Studebaker

For the man who is going to buy a car, whether he lives in San Francisco or Minneapolis or New Orleans or Boston, or anywhere in the entire country, there is no surer and more trustworthy opinion to be had than that expressed by the State of California.

In the year 1915, the official registration of the four leading cars for the State of California showed:

1st—Studebaker: 15,718 cars

2nd—12,823 cars

3rd—12,595 cars

4th—Less than one half as many as Studebaker.

Such was California's judgment of cars selling at over $500.

See the Car of the Golden Chassis

Studebaker offers a complete line of high-grade cars from $850 to $2500. Write for handsomely illustrated catalog picturing the cars and giving complete list of prices.

All prices F. O. B. Detroit

More than 235,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold

California's Opinion Is Authoritative

Just as Detroit, the Home of Automobiles, picks Studebaker as its favorite, so California, the State of wonderful roads and weather, has given its overwhelming judgment in favor of Studebaker.

In Detroit, the center of the motor industry—producing three-fourths of the country's cars—people know cars from the technical and manufacturing sides.

In California, with more miles of good roads per capita than any other State (6 of the favorite tours alone covering 4710 miles) and climate that permits of almost daily use of a car from one year's end to another—people know cars from performance.

The city that knows how cars are BUILT—and the State that knows how cars PERFORM—both make Studebaker their preference. In California the figures are surprising. Read the list at the side. Picture what such supremacy means. Then think—can any man who is buying a car ignore such decisive judgment in his choice? See the cars that California prefers!

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A BANDIT BUSINESS MAN

By George Pattullo

A GUILELESS bandit hasn't the ghost of a show in modern business. Stout words; but hark ye to the tale.

Take the case of Páncho; consider his career. On March 6, 1913, he was a bum. Before the end of that year he was the absolute master of the State of Chihuahua, with troops by the scores of thousands. So far, so good; he kept on winning victories and adding territory to his domain.

Then business was thrust upon him. The greater his success, the greater grew his needs. His army ran short of supplies and equipment, and all those things. Villa needed the sinews of war. He had become a power, and the basis of power is money. Plain everyday pillaging could not bring in a moiety of what he required; so he turned to business. And when business got through with him he was practically on his uppers again. To-day, if still alive, he is at his old trade, a hunted outlaw, and the story of that downfall is a chapter in commercial throttling.

While Villa stuck to the goodly life of a brigand everything was lovely. He looted wheresoever it pleased him; and as a looter he stood high, even in Mexico, which is praise indeed. He was as absolute as Ivan the Terrible. If a man offended him all he had to say was "Shoot the son-of-a-gun!" and it was done.

Then he progressed to the activities of trade. He came into contact with business men of various nationalities. Alas for the hapless tenderfoot! What some of them did to him—friends, it is a harrowing tale.

It would be well to understand first the aptitude of the average Mexican for business. From our standpoint he is hopeless—a good deal like a child. He has cunning, but little else. The utter disregard for time that he displays gets on an American's nerves; it is always *mañana*, or the day after. And he enters into an agreement with mental reservations; he will keep to a contract so long as it pays him to do so and no longer. In that respect, of course, he isn't so unlike us.

How to Make the Railroad Business Pay

THOSE are the national characteristics. A few Mexicans of exceptional ability or advantages can hold their own in affairs anywhere in the world, but the ordinary native of the poorer class is as innocent of this kind of sense as a babe.

Eusabio Calczado, general manager of the National Lines of Mexico for a period, sat at his desk one day with cost sheets of operation in front of him. What he had been before he got that job, heaven only knows. He studied the sheets intently.

Entered an El Paso dealer to sell him coal. To do him justice, Eusabio was seldom obliged to buy any coal. He grabbed all he could get from a mining company, never spent a nickel on repairs or improvements, and his faction had acquired the railroads by seizure—which is to say they had obtained them for nothing. You can see for yourself that he had a really nice thing.

"It's amazing!" cried Eusabio, slapping the papers in front of him—he tilted back in his chair and began to swell with satisfaction. "What do you think of this? No wonder those fellows lost money! The idiots—why, they didn't know their business. It cost 'em seven cents a ton-mile and I do it for four!" He came from the peon class; from the same class came Villa. Remember that in gauging his achievements.

Páncho's first real venture in finance occurred after his capture of Torreon. Of course he had executed financial coups before that, but they were rough stuff—crude—stringing a fellow up by the neck until he disclosed his treasure, and such. Some of our promoters would be horrified over work so coarse.

R. M. Dudley, who built three hundred miles of the Mexico and Northwestern Railroad, tells of an instance of Villa's early methods. It happened before the redoubtable outlaw joined the Madero revolution.

Not far from Santa Isabel, a bunch of his followers held up a train on which Mr. Dudley was traveling. The railroad contractor had one hundred and six thousand dollars on board in Mexican money for the pay of his gangs. The bandits demanded flour and provisions. As they were a hundred and fifty to four, Dudley courteously gave them some.

When the Bandit Tried to Best the Bankers

THE train moved on. It had to wind round considerably. Villa at once grasped the opportunity the circumstance gave him, cut across country, and a few leagues farther on some others of his party stopped the train. They asked for provisions and obtained them.

The train moved on. More winding about; suddenly a third posse appeared on the line ahead and brought the engine to a stop.

"Some more of that Villa crowd?" roared Dudley. "How many of 'em are there?"

"Six or seven. And they want some chuck."

"Six or seven, hey? Is that all? Then tell 'em to go to—well, tell 'em I just won't do it." And they brushed past.

At Torreon, Villa had a new problem to solve. He was no longer the head of a few hundred outlaws, but chief of a considerable army, with prospects of overthrowing the usurper and conquering the whole republic. And he needed cash.

As soon as he had stopped the looting and organized the city, he sent for all the bankers. You, sitting smugly at a mahogany desk with your after-breakfast cigar—picture to yourself the dismay of these Mexican banking gentlemen.

He demanded a war loan of three million pesos. Note that it was a loan, not a levy. They could not raise it all in cash, but they gave him what they had and, to make up the balance, put in drafts on New York, London and Berlin. The amount of these was about eight hundred thousand dollars. They were drawn in favor of Páncho and one or two of those closest to him. Villa had gone up against business men for the first time in his life and had been outwitted. "You've got all our money, General," one of the bankers protested. "Now what are we going to do to carry on business?"

"Why, issue *banco á banco*," replied the rebel chief readily. "Put out certificates against one another. I'll give you authority for that. And you can make them good later."

They thanked him. The *bancos á bancos* were issued against nothing in particular except the credit of the banks; but there was nothing else to be done.

When Páncho took Juarez he brought along these drafts, and there came a message to an El Paso bank that General Francisco Villa would fain transact some business with it. This raised visions of fat profits in the minds of the bankers, and on a fine Sabbath morn the cashier crossed the river to interview the Mexican chief. He took with him a stout friend; somehow persons who call on Villa always pine for a companion.

Páncho received the two civilly and presented a bale of drafts for payment. The total of them ran close to five hundred thousand pesos.

"General," said the cashier, "I'm sorry, but we haven't received any advices on these, and under the circumstances we shouldn't be justified in paying them."

Evidently Villa was sorry too. He looked at that luckless cashier with the sweet gaze peculiar to him—they tell me it curdles the blood in one's veins—he stared at him a moment and then sprang from his seat. Up and down he strode, waving his arms and swearing a blue streak. It had dawned upon Páncho that somebody had stung him.

"If these drafts aren't paid, somebody—somebody!—will sweat for it," was the gist of his remarks.

The cashier, speculating whether the somebody would be himself or the Torreon bankers, sought to appease him.

"If the president of our bank will authorize ——"

"What?" bawled Villa. "You're the cashier and daren't sign this paper?"

"I'll have to get the president's consent."

Villa pondered a moment, then said:

"Well, ring him up on the phone."

"But it's Sunday, General, and I scarcely think we should find him at home. If you will permit me to cross over—perhaps sending one of your officers with me ——"

The chief consented to this arrangement and the two bankers piled into their automobile, accompanied by a *jefe*. The car hit the road at forty miles an hour; and, once on the American side, they ceased to worry about their companion.

Naturally the bank declined to honor the drafts. Villa was furious and threatened fire and brimstone. That method failing, he offered them twenty-five per cent of the money for collecting it; on meeting with opposition he invariably surmises that it can be overcome by splitting the rake-off.

Payment was stopped on the bulk of those drafts by the banks that gave them. Subsequently Páncho planned to execute the whole crowd when he captured Torreon the second time; but they had fled to Mexico City.

New Wrinkles in the Cattle Business

A FEW were collected by another El Paso institution. One was for twenty thousand dollars on a New York bank and payable to Luz Corral, Villa's first wife. The El Paso bank was notified that the draft would be honored if the indorsement was guaranteed. Immediately one of the vice presidents got General Villa on the telephone and explained the delicate situation.

"They'll pay that twenty thousand if the indorsement is guaranteed?" demanded Páncho.

"So they've wired us."

"Well, do it, then."

"But, General ——"

"How much do you want to do it?"

The banker did some swift figuring and said:

"Ten per cent."

"All right," replied Villa without hesitation.

The bank received two thousand dollars and Páncho eighteen thousand, and he was well satisfied with the bargain.

Juarez was a feather in the rebel's cap. Its possession gave him an outlet to the American market and he was swift to take advantage of it. With the entire resources of a rich state to draw upon, Villa had fine prospects.

The procedure he employed showed a flash of genius. He didn't go out and steal what he wanted. That had been all right when Páncho was nothing but an outlaw, dodging the *rurales;* but, now that he was "the Napoleon of Mexico," something more civilized was expected of him. Well, he had it; he delivered the goods.

He rounded up cattle, seized cotton and bullion; and he paid for them. Aye, he paid for them at a low market rate in Villa currency. Was ever a neater stroke?

To illustrate: Suppose he rounded up a thousand of your cattle and bought them at fifteen dollars a head. You received in payment fifteen dollars of his flat money, the equivalent of which in American greenbacks was about three dollars and seventy-five cents at that time. Then he exported the cattle through El Paso at twenty dollars a head, gold. Not so bad for an ingenuous peon!

Don L. Terrazas was one of the chief sufferers from these operations. Not only had Villa strung up his son and namesake by the neck to a beam in Chihuahua City until the latter confessed the hiding place of a gold hoard amounting to nine hundred and eighty-five thousand pesos, but the chief pounced on all the Terrazas cattle, cotton and other property he needed that he could lay hands on.

Of course there was no redress for Terrazas on the Mexican side. He was a refugee and his vast domains were the prey of the man who had sworn an oath to break up his class and distribute their possessions to the peons. But Don L—— knows a trick or two in business and is still an alert man of affairs, despite the weight of his many years. He exerted himself on this side with injunctions and brought pressure to bear on Villa through the fear of shutting down the American markets to him. The stroke would have cut off a tremendous revenue, which the revolutionaries needed badly. So Páncho agreed to pay Terrazas seventeen dollars, gold, a head on some stuff he sold through Juarez.

Where Villa Got His Millions

SO MANY obstacles were thrown in the way of his export trade in cattle that Villa determined to establish a packing plant of his own. There was one of sorts in Juarez which he used as the nucleus. It simplified his operations considerably to slaughter the stuff on the Mexican side. Injunctions did not have force there. No claimants to ownership could hamper him. To his brother, Hipolito, was assigned the active superintendence of this venture, but an American built the plant; American brains and capital were back of it.

Money, money—Villa always needed more. There was never sufficient in his treasury for the demands of his army and government and the greed of his henchmen. Once he ordered some millions of currency printed in the United States and when the shipment arrived there was no real money available to pay the express charges. Millions in bundles, and not a dollar to release it!

It was this eternal necessity for cash that prompted most of his peremptory demands. He would enter into a contract and, before the deal was put through, try to hold up the other party to it when he thought he had him helpless.

A cowman of my acquaintance arranged with him for the purchase of twenty thousand head of cattle from Terrazas. Don L—— was to receive so much a head; Villa's share was to consist of an export duty ranging from four dollars on young stuff to seven dollars and fifty cents for threes and up, and ten dollars a head on bulls. In the matter of duty Páncho had a sliding scale. He got what he could; put on all the traffic would bear. The rates ranged as low as three dollars a head and as high as fifteen dollars, gold.

Suddenly, before the cattle were delivered, he asked for a cash advance of fifty thousand dollars. It was promptly refused. Villa flew into one of his rages, but the American remained firm, and the two eventually got together on the deal and the stuff was shipped into the United States.

"Yet I regard Villa as a man of his word," said a banker. "He is wholly ignorant of business and, therefore, subject to every impulse of suspicion an ignorant man feels. So long as he is convinced that the other party intends to do the square thing by him, he will stick to his agreement; but the trouble is that some of those about him are forever persuading Villa that he is getting the double cross. And then——Well, let Páncho get the notion that anyone is about to make big profits out of him—or let the financial shoe begin to pinch—and up he blows. He'll turn right round and put the screws on in order to get his share quick."

A prominent railroad official who has had numerous dealings with Villa spoke highly of the bandit's regard for his pledges.

"We had a large herd ready for export from Mexico," he said, "and the duty had been fixed at five dollars a head. But before we could get them out General Villa got the notion that he wasn't receiving a fair share of the profits of the cattle business and raised the duty on shipments.

"I went to him and protested. I pointed out what a hardship it would work on us and the loss we should sustain. You see, we had the stuff all gathered and ready; the duty he proposed would have meant turning them loose. Finally I shoved our written agreement down in front of him.

"He glanced at it and grew angry. Yet he stuck to his promise. 'All right!' he bellowed. 'That's my signature there and I'll stand by it. The new rates are set aside in your case. Take your cattle out at five dollars a head.'

"Few Americans have had more transactions with him and his government, and I say without hesitation that in every deal in which he personally took a part Villa played fair with us. I consider him a man of probity. Of course he'll fret and waver some when things go against him, and he'll about face like lightning if he thinks he is being done; but, tell me—who doesn't?"

"Has he business sense?"

"Not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. You see, he never had any training; he started life as a peon. But he has great shrewdness. He has vision, too, and a pronounced faculty for grasping instantly any proposition you put up to him. Talk about quick decisions! He can give you an answer on anything right on the spot. And usually he shows fine judgment."

Villa's capacity for work is tremendous, and he will never put over to-day's business until to-morrow. He rises just after dawn and all his mail is attended to in the morning. Often it comes in stacks—letters, petitions, military reports, financial statements, telegrams, requisitions, pleas—great piles of them descend upon him daily.

Secretaries read it all to him, for Páncho is not an adept at either reading or writing, and he sits, with a far-away look, concentrating on each problem as it comes up. Hardly has the reading finished before he is ready with his decision and answer. He will not permit a document to be laid aside for later consideration; he disposes of everything immediately. It is the only method by which his multifarious activities could be handled.

His memory is little short of marvelous. Tell Villa a thing and then try, a year later, to alter the telling one iota—and watch what happens. He can carry the disposition of an entire army in his head and direct a wholly new arrangement of its units without consulting a map or report.

But *revenons á nos moutons*, as the French have it. We were saying that Páncho did a thriving traffic in cattle bought at low values in his own currency, which he subsequently sold for good American dollars.

The owners didn't like the arrangement at all. Sometimes they would get injunctions on this side and tie up the business. In these emergencies Villa would split the profits to release the stuff, for he is a practical man. He worked the same plan with cotton and hides.

An Annual Turnover of Fifty Millions

HIS operations were on a big scale. Probably not one out of a hundred residents of this country realize the sway the bandit wielded at the height of his success. Between December, 1913, and December, 1915, Villa shipped, through the port of El Paso alone, cattle, hides and cotton worth $11,710,500. During a considerable period his exports brought him in a revenue of a million dollars, gold, a month. All told, he sent into the United States in those two years 112,210 hides, 268,595 cattle, and 58,226,191 pounds of cotton.

There was all sorts of trouble over the hides. Cowmen clamored at the doors of every shipment to inspect them, and thousands were returned to their rightful owners.

Villa had several other sources of income on the Border. During his régime Juarez was wide open as a gambling resort and he handed over control of the concessions to his brother, Hipolito. They brought in at their best two thousand dollars a day; never less than fifty thousand, gold, a month. Men who ought to know have assured me that Villa's transactions in all lines exceeded fifty million dollars when he was at the pinnacle of his triumphs.

Speaking of poor old battered Juarez reminds me of Páncho's project to make it a city beautiful. The fellow really had ambitious plans to transform it into one of the show places of Mexico. He gave a contract to an American for a sewage and paving system. The price was princely, but Villa accepted it, declaring that he wanted nothing but the best.

"One day he announced that he wished to look over the work," this contractor told me. "So I took him round in an automobile. Villa stared at everything and began to swell up like a balloon. 'Ah,' he said, 'Diaz would never have done all this—never! What a beautiful sewage system!' Well, sir, what he was looking at was the paving! He didn't know the difference. Such an ignorance!"

Assuredly he was ignorant of prices. The figures he paid for rifles and ammunition were staggering. His troops were ever in want of both and Villa always wanted them quick. Most of the shipments came by express. On one order of $14,000 worth of shells the express charges totaled more than $7500.

(Concluded on Page 81)

THE GOAT

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

ON THE top floor of a damaged apartment house, in that zone of New York which the psychological mapmaker should color a watery claret-pink, expressive of the state of mind therein prevailing, a goddess of a woman sat drumming busily at a rented piano. She was wearing a light yellow wrapper, and as her vocal notes progressed up an invisible stairway—"*yah-oo-ah-eeee*"—struggling, agonized but eager, from chest tones to head tones, the lovely lines of her milk-white neck, below great quantities of dusky hair, were pleasantly revealed to her husband. Dumpy little man that he was, he stood in an attitude of critical regard at the door of their kitchenette, his left hand dangling a moist dishcloth, while his right hand, clutching a half-dried tablespoon, waved cadence to the flight.

"Bully!" he encouraged, adjusting the blue-gingham apron under his armpits. But the mind of Adelia Rumley was apparently concentrated upon her vocal cords, which were now executing a rapid downstairs movement—"*ee-ah-oo-ya-a-ah!*"

Nathaniel W. Rumley, seasoned to unencouragement in the field of art, returned meekly to the kitchenette and pursued his daily practical task of "redding up" the breakfast dishes. To this indignity he had long been a martyr, receiving for his pains the martyr's regular salary of thorns. Yet the cruel stings gave to him still the stimulus of hope. Famed sopranos, whose notes he had heard surging forth from the mahogany front doors of friendly phonographs, enchanted the world with no such angelic strains as those which floated to him hourly from the throat of his adored one. Strangely enough, she did not seem to get on; but there were many amateur savants, in the Bohemian zone wherein they dwelt, who could account for that. "Nothing great was ever done in a hurry," the insurgent sculptor, Pedro McKonkie, had often whinnied in his ear. And from the lips of Ambrose Blaize, musical critic by day, poet by night, had come the tribute: "Genuine Art—and all true Art is genuine—must be gained upon the heights of blood and tears."

"He's Coming Here To-Night to Try Out My Voice"

Ambrose had said this so often that Nathaniel W. Rumley, whose knowledge of life had been gathered over the counter of a village hardware store, had learned the lines by heart. He was willing to stand for the blood and tears, he reflected loyally. It was only the hard pinch that worried him, for he was bitterly unwilling to see her suffer. And things were getting pretty close for the Rumleys.

The dangling of the human hand into hot soapy water is wont to bring a dreamy stimulation to the brain. And as the vocalist's husband turned a steaming flood into a panful of nicked chinaware, he cogitated idly but without comfort.

There was an expensive music teacher still to pay. The hospitality which their metropolitan life seemed to demand of them was forcing the grocery bill up, up, as rapidly as the soarings of Adelia's musical scale. And the circle of free souls who gathered about them nightly and gibbered in a dialect Nathaniel had given up trying to understand had an insinuating habit of confiding financial difficulties at the occasional times when vulgar money seemed to them something other than the sordid foe of Art. Lofty minds, who was Rumley to permit their earthbound torments? Gold, to them, was only a means to an end. Adelia had struggled to make that point clear as his bank account lightened to a feather's gravity.

The kitchen was becoming very moist and warm as Rumley mooned over his clattering toil. He paused and lighted a poor man's cigarette. A tin can, which had once guarded its freight of evaporated cream, he tossed despondently into a yawning garbage pail.

"Nat, dear!" The aspiring notes had hardened to a querulous call.

"Yes, dearie!"

"Can't you be a little quiet?"

"Excuse me, honey." Rumley's tone was contrite as he resumed his household cares, making clumsy efforts to suppress the senseless habit of china cups to clatter against their mates.

It had been over a year now since the Rumleys, radiant, hopeful pilgrims to the shrine, had shaken from their shoes the colorless dust of Bushelville, where, as Adelia had truthfully explained, "there was no appreciation." It was he who urged that rash departure; for the enchantment of a honeymoon was still upon him. It had been scarce three months since, sitting in the Rumley pew, he had first bowed down in worship to an image and a voice which—theoretically—had no place for man in that house of prayer. The leading hardware dealer of Bushelville, he was quite eligible to look upon that radiant vision who each Sunday bade him "Flee as a bird!" as, turning beautiful topaz eyes toward the gates of song, she stood divinely fair beside the small pipe organ, Bushelville's boasted pride. From the hour of their meeting he had wallowed, and she, angel of the sweet acceptance, had stooped to raise him to her level. Result: Mr. Jones, Bushelville's official organist, had sweetened one June day by an appropriate two-four selection from the works of Mendelssohn.

"She has voice!" the congratulatory Mr. Jones had informed him at the wedding reception. "A few faults . . . training . . . there's no field in Bushelville."

And it was in the month of September, his hardware business sold at a discount, a few items of inherited real estate liberally mortgaged, that Nathaniel W. Rumley had heard his prodigy, for the last time before a Bushelville audience, trill My Rosary as the well-wishing élite of the town gathered sentimentally for farewell.

It had been a queer sort of year since then!

"Poor child—looks tired!" mused Rumley, dousing his cigarette stump in the moisture of his galley sink.

The vocalist in the large bleak studio room was now executing a sort of musical pyramid, climbing a laborious "*O-o-o-o*" up one side and sliding an ecstatic "*Ah-h-h-h!*" down on the other. Rumley admitted that he had never until recently considered the price of Art. Madame Lunetti, who guaranteed to make operatic stars, given sufficient time at so much per lesson, continued to flatter and to temporize. Mrs. Rumley was young, her voice required placing—and it was not disinterested friendship which prompted Madame Lunetti to seek so carefully, so tirelessly, its true and ultimate place.

The great city, which the optimist in the kitchenette still viewed with the starry eyes of hope, had considered him no more seriously in a business way than in an artistic guise. He had held and lost several small jobs in retail hardware establishments, he had sought vainly for capital with which to put on the market the humble household inventions which bore the Rumley name—Rumley Eraser, Rumley Noiseless Lawn Mower. He had accomplished nothing in the past few weeks, except to work up the details of a device which had at least made Adelia's morning exercises less a trial to her nerves—the Rumley Radiator Silencer. It was the promise of another serene hour of filing and scraping at this complicated metal bit, an hour of repose in the little workshop off the kitchenette, that caused Rumley to clutter hurriedly through with his dishwashing. That littered, dusty den out there, what a sanctuary it was to him when the inhabitants of Adelia's world came to praise the Eternal Beauties in the language of angry magpies!

Meanwhile, Nathaniel W. Rumley washed dishes, according to his lot. Adelia wasn't strong, and someone must keep the house in order.

"Dearie!" came again the petulant summons.

"Yes, honey!" He wiped his hands on the gingham apron and came distrustfully forward. Already he suspected that his goddess had sensed the gloomy tenor of his thoughts.

"The gasman was here twice yesterday. He bothered me to death just as Mr. Blaize and Mr. Poole came in. It was horribly mortifying. Seems to me you could leave a little change round the house when you go away gadding ——"

"I had to keep a date with the International Metal Contrivance people," he apologized.

"Did they promise anything?" She was fingering her score dreamily.

"Oh, I didn't ask for a job. I went to show my silencer."

"Well, I hope they'll make your fortune," she sniffed, never looking up from the sheet music she was turning.

"The engineer, he attends to the patent end of the concern. He'll be back from New Rochelle this afternoon."

"I'm surprised." Adelia had learned a trick of barbed marksmanship from her cultured circle, and it was growing habitual with her to choose her husband's patient skin as target for her archery.

"I've had the thing in the shop, reassembling it," he went on, seemingly unwounded. "I'm putting a new type of gasket in the air chamber. That'll keep the International people guessing. You know, they control everything in this line."

"Will their line include paying for the gas?" she snapped; then added more gently: "Nat, I'm all nerves this morning."

"Sorry, honey." He laid a stubby hand on her beautifully rounded shoulder. She yielded no response.

"Ambrose Blaize and Hildreth Sunder are coming in to lunch," she sighed at last wearily. "Anything in the flat?"

"We're all out of vermouth."

"Can't you get some?"

"Y-yes. Or maybe we could make orange juice do."

"I don't know whether he likes his cocktails that way," she replied, pitching her voice to a tone of rebuke.

"Say, Delia, I think that highbrow has got his nerve! He's using the place as a sort of charity boarding house. I don't object to cooking for him and shaking up the drinks day and night to his order. But I can't see where it's up to him to stick up his nose at my style of mixing cocktails."

"Nathaniel!" Her mysterious topaz eyes came suddenly upon him in an accent of horror. "How can you talk that way?"

"I know. He's helped you a lot in your career, and introduced us into his set ——"

"It's not a circle everyone can belong to, my dear," she assured him, and went on fingering the ivory keys.

"I don't just quite get the life here, honey," he shamefacedly confessed. "To play the game, you've got to take the cards as they come, I'll admit; and if it's what you need to build up your Art—oh, I ain't saying a word!"

"That's a dear," she relented, and permitted her earnest, uninitiated spouse to touch her ever so lightly on the lips.

"What was that German stuff you were singing about an hour ago?" he ventured by way of penance.

"*Still wie die Nacht*, you mean?" asked she as her fingers made rather uncertain work of Böhm's introduction to love and ocean's deeps.

"*Still wie die Nacht,*
Tief wie das Meer ——"

"What does it mean?" Rumley inquired, adoring her with eyes which were round and blue as a child's.

"Still as the night, deep as the sea, so thy love must be," she answered dreamily.

"Oh." He waited a moment and shyly cleared his throat. "Say, Delia, sing it again, will you?"

Once more her hands brought the still, sweet water music from the keys. Tide upon tide, chord upon chord, swelled the prelude. Then the maddeningly expected thing happened.

Bang-bang-bang!

A Hunnish monster of a noise, it smote upon the nerves in a horrible tattoo, violating the æsthetic sense like the metallic salute of ironworkers caressing the skeleton of a skyscraper with heavy sledges.

"Oh!" Hysterically the pretty songstress raised her hands to her ears. "That radiator—merciful heavens!"

"Full head o' steam on this morning," called out Rumley, his chubby face lighting with a new enthusiasm. "The silencer's in shape now—just watch me!"

Clang-boom-clash!

Louder and louder rang the chorus of invisible steelsmiths. In a moment the inspired Rumley had plunged into the depths of his workshop and was back again. Skating hastily over bare spaces of floor he advanced on the offending radiator, a cup-shaped billet of metal borne threateningly in his right hand.

Bang! G-g-r-r-r! Bang-pang!

The army of the steam shouted to him a loud defiance.

"Just a minute, honey!" he reassured her as, his face now purple with concentration, he leaned over and screwed his patent appliance to the valve-end of the boisterous heater.

With a strangled growl the noise died away into silence. Triumphantly Nathaniel W. Rumley, inventor, stood viewing his work. Secure in his protection his wife pursued the running chords of her prelude.

"*Still wie die Nacht!*" she chanted clearly.

Nathaniel's face was radiant beyond compare.

II

RUMLEY paid for the dinner that night at Vermicellio's. Mainly he remembered that the claret had been rank and the conversation ranker. The painter of queer, pale-green miniatures, Miss Hildreth Sunder, who chose to wear her hair bobbed over a face which was all concaves like a new moon, occupied the place next his and, being half a yard taller than he, was able to talk over his head, physically as well as intellectually.

"Baskt—oo!" she chirped at Pedro McKonkie, insurgent sculptor, whose jaws were knifelike and whose black hair fell a trifle longer than Miss Sunder's own.

Adelia, her bewitching topaz eyes turned, now in laughter, now in admiration, was easily the prettiest woman in the room. Rumley felt this with the sense of obscure proprietorship which a clownish fellow must enjoy upon inheriting a priceless object of art. She sat beside Blaize and looked at no one else, as garlic called unto garlic throughout the length and breadth of Vermicellio's feast.

Ambrose Blaize was good-looking in a bushy sort of way. His reddish-brown mane differed from the competing manes round the table in that it displayed the beauty of the horizontal line. Bolingbroke Squashe, designer of damp landscapes, wore his tow-colored hair in the manner of Buster Brown. Miss Sunder's coiffure remotely resembled the palm thatch on a Kafir hut. Pedro McKonkie had apparently cajoled his barber into trimming his locks into a straight-edged form that gave to him the appearance of wearing some regal Egyptian headdress of patent leather. But Blaize was always different.

The capillary ornament upon the head of Blaize shot out sidewise and frontwise in tight, curly masses, like the foliage of those picturesque cypress trees which, for ages enduring the trade winds of a California sea, have become flat on top and ornate at the edges. Blaize's mouth was thin and small, his eyes wide and expressive. When he spoke it was like the rich sighing of summer winds through an empty aqueduct. He was endowed with the amphibious gift of expressing himself in two different ways at the same time, sweetly with his lips, eloquently with his eyes.

"Let's go over to the flat," at last suggested Rumley. It was about the only audible remark he had uttered in this sitting upon the oniony Parnassus. And the suggestion seemed to spread the quick fires of emulation among the feasters. It was check-paying time, and every bottle at the table had been emptied of its claret.

As they walked home, under a drizzling rain, little Freddie Poole, excellently tailored in a pin-check suit which showed an increasing rust among the pins at knees and elbows, took Rumley familiarly by the arm and snuggled under his umbrella. Poole's intoxication was just striking its general average. Engaging, ne'er-do-well younger son of a good English family, he lived in a studio somewhere under the illusion that he was painting something. He was not shaggy like the rest of Adelia's friends, and although Rumley hated a dude—which Freddie undoubtedly still struggled to be—yet Adelia's husband honored the scapegrace for the shortness of his hair and the bluntness of his opinions.

"Blaizie's going strong on soul harmonies to-night," Freddie rambled along. "Blaizie is very musical—musical comedy—if you follow me."

"You're going kind of strong yourself, Freddie," Rumley suggested, fixing a paternal hand under the Englishman's elbow in order that he might not collide with one of the sentry ash cans which lined their way.

"I'm strong on one thing, Blaizie's strong on another. My weakness is liquor."

"What's Blaizie's?" was Rumley's obvious question.

"My word, here we are!" The vanguard of Vermicellio's legions was turning in at the gargoyled and greasy brownstone arch which guarded the apartment where the Rumleys lived.

"I say, Rumley, old top, you've got some of that firewater in the ice-box—eh, what?"

Freddie had shuffled off his favorite theme in the anticipation of his dearest weakness.

The guests were already making themselves at home in the big, bleak studio room. Couples were seated, paired off, heads leaning bush-to-thatch, on the numerous divans which edged the walls. McKonkie, the insurgent, was engaging his soul to that of Miss Sunder, the two being seated on a small chest right below the shelf where contorted the gymnastic plaster sketch of McKonkie's first masterpiece, The Vampire Resurrection. Bolingbroke Squashe slightly disarrayed his Buster Brown adornment in order to inform a little lady, worshiping him under her Mona Lisa bangs, that there was no such thing as color. Pedro McKonkie, in his corner, assured an equally reverential lady that "all life is a background."

"By George, Rumley," He Said at Last; "it's Wonderful!"

Adelia was seated on the piano stool, Ambrose Blaize hovering tenderly above.

"Nothing can be unbeautiful that your eyes have seen," he was lisping in his sweetest wood-note as Rumley came upon them. Her face held the rhapsodical, hypnotized look peculiar to ladies art-bound in this charmed circle. Rumley broke the eye-locked spell by a brash inquiry.

"Drinks now, dearie?" he ventured.

Adelia looked sharply round. Blaize straightened up, the raptures of a yearning saint which had but now paled his cheeks giving way to a graceful cynicism.

"Oh, anything, bartender!" he faintly smiled.

"Nat, dear, you ought to know what the crowd wants," she supplemented with less sarcasm than her adorer.

Rumley drilled meekly away to the kitchenette. In the depths of that foody compartment he beheld the figure of a young man in a pin-check suit, stooping down, head completely obscured behind the door of the ice box.

"Cherry brandy," a voice from the depths was chanting. "Sweet, sticky benedictine—two other kinds of French perfumery ——"

"What's matter, Freddie?" Nathaniel W. Rumley inquired. The Englishman's small, flushed face came forth from its ostrich concealment.

"Not a bally drop of blessed cognac, dear soul!"

"Guess it's all gone."

"Oh, no matter. Here's rye. The Stars and Stripes forever—eh, what?"

"Say, Freddie," said the unbefriended host, urged by his obsessing spirit, "what's the matter with Blaize that you're so down on him?"

"Silly ass, I used to call him that. But no, dear boy—by no means silly ass. Wise adder."

Freddie Poole leaned against the ice-box door, the picture of a gently born, well-reared Englishman shaking himself to pieces under the tearing waste of alcohol.

"Rummie, old pal, I'm a bit of all wrong to-night. No more poison, waspish stings from me, I say. We're all brothers and sisters and mothers-in-law in the sight of heaven. Peace, peace! *Vive l'Art!* and all that sort of rot. Blaize? To the philosophical mind he's but a splotch of pale mauve in the foreground of the composition. I say, let's bear forth the rye and pour it into the bacchanal!"

Suiting action to word, Freddie strode bravely out, the spirit of revelry, bottled, in the clasp of his elbow.

As soon as Rumley was left alone in the kitchenette he experienced, for the first time in years, a feeling of resentment. Clattering glasses upon a cheaply lacquered tray and banging soda siphons on the board beside them, he wondered just what drug was creeping under Adelia's lovely skin. Loiterers of the Blaize type he had learned to call by a crude name in the bourgeois atmosphere of Bushelville. Blaize could talk circles round the moon and bring down the stars to gem the silver-gilt of his speech. But what right had he to stand gauping into the face of another man's wife and, in the next grimace, address her husband as a bartender?

Rumley tottered rapidly into the studio room, the hooked noses of three siphons looped over the fingers of his left hand, a trayful of tall glasses poised dizzily on his elevated right. So deep was he in the thrall of uncomfortable speculations that he never paused for apology when he tunked the sky-soaring McKonkie, with a glassy crash, on the very summit of his patent-leather headdress. The sculptor rubbed the wound and glowered, but Rumley passed on toward the isolated pair at the piano.

"A musical critic worthy of the name knows these facts," the poet was breathing his soft bassoon. "In my years of observation I have seen the tragedy repeated over and over again—environment. There are chains of freedom in the mating of harmonious souls. You have the spirit to soar, but your wings are weighted. There is no progress for a woman, tied to—this."

Expressively Ambrose Blaize looked over his shoulder and caught the brief but menacing figure of Nathaniel W. Rumley just as he stood at his elbow, the tray of glasses poised as if to spill them all, a clattering rebuke, upon the offensive rhapsodist.

"Tied to what?" asked Rumley, edging closer.

"My dear man," said Ambrose, twisting his little mouth to a smile, "your behavior is—well, comic, shall I say?"

"Say what you damn please!" bawled Adelia's husband, brave before his

tormentor, but not daring to look at his adored. "I don't need you to go on telling my wife what she's chained to."

"Nat, dear, you're having a brain storm," came Adelia's soothing voice, and Nathaniel, like a silly, puffing Atlas, bore aloft his tray and departed under the impression that he had been making a fool of himself.

It was under the influence of an artificial calm that he played Ganymede to this thirsty Parnassus. From guest to guest he passed, his fingers tingling to the angry squirting of his siphon. As he poured conciliatory libations before the offended shrine of Pedro McKonkie, he felt Adelia's hand upon his shoulder.

"Nat," she whispered, "come into the workshop."

It was hard by his mechanic's bench, cluttered with soldering devices, pliers, metal-workers' tools, copper filings, that she confronted him, menacing in her cerise gown, fire blazing from those fine topazes that could beam so gently.

"What in the world were you saying to Mr. Blaize?" she questioned coldly.

"I can't stand that durned ladykiller any longer. He's getting too fresh. He's ——"

"Nathaniel, are you aware you're insulting me by your inferences?"

"Darling!" Nathaniel was again the husband of a goddess. He strove to take her hand, but she tore it from his grasp. "Never, honey, never for an instant ——"

"Well, you've offended him for life. He's going away—unless you hurry."

"I will, dearie, I will!" At the words Rumley skated forth, eager to intercept the poet's progress toward the door.

"I'm sorry, Blaize," he blurted out, seizing the cool hand which reached for the doorknob. "I guess I misunderstood. I've been worried all day and sort of peevish about everything."

A vast magnanimity swam in his guest's expressive orbs.

"Don't speak of it, Rumley! Let's forget it. I admire you for coming to me like a man. And we're all of us at fever heat to-night. It was a feast of reason in quart bottles at Vermicellio's and we're saying a number of things we'll forget in the morning."

"You're—you're very kind," faltered the embarrassed host of the evening.

"Not a bit of it! And perhaps, Rumley, you'll be interested in what I was telling Mrs. Rumley at the time our duet became a—trio?"

"Maybe I might." Nathaniel was at once in a listening mood.

"I have been interested—purely as an artist—in the possibilities of Adelia's career. She has talent, Rumley—personality, dramatic power, charm. No great voice perhaps; but then ——" Blaize shrugged a critic's shrug. "What shall we say of Farrar, Garden, Cavalieri?"

"Give it up," confessed Rumley with the promptitude of happy ignorance.

"I am related, on my mother's side, with a certain powerful financial influence behind the Metropolitan. I don't care a snap of my finger for these money-getters, you understand, but then ——" The Blaize shrug was repeated. "*Que voulez-vous?* As dramatic critic on the Limelight I am thrown in contact—my opinions carry weight in certain quarters ——"

"Sure," said Rumley, although he was not in the least sure.

"And I think—I am not certain, mind—but I think I can get Adelia—Mrs. Rumley, that is—a hearing before well-known authorities, with a view to an engagement in grand opera."

"You don't mean it!" The promise had come like a blinding surge of elf-light to that soul so long nurtured upon poor hopes.

Dizzy with contemplation Rumley glanced over to the rented piano at which his queen sat again enthroned. He caught her eye, and there was condemnation in the look she shot him.

"Blaize," said Rumley thickly, again grasping the poet by the hand, "I didn't know—I've spilled the beans something awful."

"S-s-sh! Your wife is going to sing," Ambrose informed him, generously permitting the handshake.

The babel of artistic jargons had died at someone's signal to a whisper throughout the room. Adelia sat perfectly still for a moment, the angelic contour of her face

"I Don't Need You to Go on Telling My Wife What She's Chained To"

turned to the lyre-shaped music stand above the keyboard. Proud, crushed, happy, heartbroken, Rumley caught the first surging chords of the song he worshiped on her lips. Swelling, swelling came the harmonious idyl of unfathomed tides; then ——

Bang! Clatter-tatter! Clash!

The radiator had been lurking in its corner, awaiting the fatal opportunity.

"Darn it," whispered Rumley, "I've left the silencer in the shop!"

Handy minuteman that he was, he rushed headlong toward his laboratory.

Clang! Clang! Br-r-r-r!

"In a minute, dearie!" Adelia's husband, gallant as any helmeted fireman, rushed back, his marvel-working silencer gleaming between thumb and forefinger. In a moment he was squatting beside the maddened radiator. In another he had screwed upon the hissing valve the small, ugly, miraculous device that never failed to strangle those apocalyptic bellowings.

"Funny little man," smiled Hildreth Sunder, rodent teeth showing in the midst of her sallow, concave face beneath its Kafir palm thatch.

III

NATHANIEL W. RUMLEY, on the drizzly morning after Vermicellio's feast, had gone forth to pay his ninth visit to the offices of the International Metal Contrivance Company. Adelia had been headachy and morose that morning, and the cup of special percolator coffee which he had so industriously prepared and carried to her bedside had done little to revive her from her indifference and exhaustion.

"I don't believe the life's agreeing with us, honey," he had sagely begun, but she had deigned no comment on his homily. Neither had said a word on the subject of Ambrose Blaize, but the specter stood between them as Nathaniel W. Rumley, his hard hat crammed tightly over his bullet head, the silencer bulging a side pocket of his dull coat, had gone his way and permitted the ghost to walk the Rumley apartment.

At the International Metal Contrivance Company's offices he was told the old, old story by the brisk lady who sat at the desk outside a door marked "Chief Engineer."

Mr. McCall would not be back until three o'clock, she informed him. No, he had returned from New Rochelle, but he was usually late on Thursday. Would Mr. Rumley leave his card and state his business? Mr. Rumley surrendered card and statement, according to request. After which he surrendered hope and went forth to take the air. Yet he was in no mood to return home until he had made another pitiful try at the mythical engineer. It wore on past noon, and Rumley walked over to Fourth Avenue, where he joined the tribe who eat standing, a glass of beer in one hand, a plate of Frankfurters in the other.

At three o'clock he returned to interview the brisk lady outside the engineer's office. Again apologetic, she explained that Mr. McCall had just telephoned. He was delayed again. Would Mr. Rumley take a seat in the waiting room? Life's scene was all one waiting room to Rumley, who tilted a philosophical hour in the company's hospitable chair, seeking to strain new humor from the comic section of an evening newspaper. At half past four the brisk lady smiled again. Mr. McCall had decided upon to-morrow as a more convenient date for a visit to his office.

Twilight thickened in the room as Nathaniel entered the flat, brain-fagged and foot-weary.

"Are you there, Rummie, my boy?"

Rumley turned to the cheerful source of sound and observed that blessed rake, Freddie Poole.

"Hello, Freddie!" Rumley's feet were tired, so he threw himself into a handy chair and started taking off his shoes. Finally he inquired: "Where's Delia?"

"She lunches," quoth the cheerful alcoholic. "The great-hearted poet—he pays for food at times, you understand?"

"Blaize?"

"Right-o!" Freddie dropped a cigarette stub into his empty glass and fixed upon his friend a wild and whimsical stare. "I say, old Rummie, between you and me and the bottomless pit, wouldn't you call this atmosphere"—in pantomime he snuffed exotic scents—"Florida water, ha'penny a bottle—eh, what? No air for woodland violets, and all that sort of thing."

"I get you," replied Rumley very earnestly.

"I'm glad you do, faithful Rummie! I was taking a bit of an eyeful of the whole mess last night, and, by George, it flashed across me like a touch of sun. With the exception of Mrs. Rumley, of course, you and I are the only genuine animals in the menagerie! We ain't any birds of paradise, Rummie; but we're just what we pretend to be."

"And what's that?" the weary seeker questioned.

"I'm a grafter, Rummie—no two ways about it. And you're a splendid, well-developed specimen of the domesticated capricorn species. You understand—what you Americans call a Goat."

"Now, why in thunder, Freddie ——" Nathaniel was pursuing his zoological investigation, when the Englishman turned startled eyes toward the door.

"Mrs. Rumley," he said in a dramatic whisper, viewing that lady's distant entrance at the twilit door. "Well, I'll be heeling it!"

He paused for a brief gallantry as Adelia came forward, cool from outdoor winds. Then with a sketchy "'Bye! I'm off!" he banged the front door behind the figure which somehow always managed to remain undisreputable.

"Tired, honey?" asked Rumley, lighting a gas jet by the mantel and observing her as she stood removing her little blue hat before the ugly mirror.

"No. Why should I be?" The face he saw distinctly in the glass expressed a curious neutral emotion he had never before beheld there. There had been cocktails for lunch, that he knew by the heightened color of her cheeks. But it wasn't that so much.

The simple Rumley continued to eye her in puzzlement. A curious inward look was in those topaz eyes; in some manner she had grown older, more experienced—she knew an added something. There was a repressed excitement in the movement of her pliant fingers among the wisps that strayed across her temples.

"Do you know, Nathaniel," she said, facing him and speaking brightly, "I've gotten a piece of splendid news—something is going to happen to us at last!"

"Dearie!" he cried, keening to the announcement. But he did not rise to embrace her as he might have done yesterday. *(Continued on Page 45)*

FIELD OF HONOR

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

With a Quick, Hard Jerk She Broke Away From Him and Ran Back the Way She Had Come

THIS war, which started with the assassination of an archduke and his archduchess—a thing we are apt to forget about in the face of a tragedy a billionfold greater—this war, which started thus and so, already has touched or is touching or yet will touch, at some angle and in some fashion, every one of us in every corner of the world. Some it has touched indirectly, by the oblique. Upon others, who are as numberless now as the sands on the shore, it has come with such brutal emphasis that it must seem to them—such of them as survive—that the whole incredible business was devised and set afoot for the one and the sole purpose of leveling them, their lives and their own small personal affairs in the bloodied red mire of this thing.

For example, let us take the case of Paul Gaston Michel Misereux, his orphaned sister Marie and his orphaned half-sister Helene. In the summer of year before last they lived in a three-room flat in a five-story tenement house in East Thirteenth Street in New York, not far from the East River. New York seemed a long, long way then from the town of Sarajevo wherein the egg of war was hatching. Indeed, to the three I have just named New York seemed a long way from most of the things which to their uncomplex natures stood for what was comfortable and domestic and satisfying. They were desperately homesick very often for the Paris where they had been born and reared, and from where they had emigrated two years before after the death of their father.

But that summer the homesickness was wearing off a little. The city, which at the moment of seeing its notched and fangy skyline as they came up the bay had appeared to them not as a gateway into a promised land but as a great saber-toothed shark of a city lying in wait to grind them up between its jaws, and which for the first few months of their life here had been so cold, so inhospitable, so strange in all its ways, so terribly intent upon its own matters and so terribly disregardful of theirs, was beginning to be something more than a mere abiding place to them. To them it was beginning to be home. The lonesomeness was losing some of its smart. In another year or two more France would be the old country and America would be their country. Indeed, Paul fancied himself half an American already. He had taken out his first papers, which, as he figured it, made him part way a citizen. Before very long he would be all a citizen. Likewise, by the practice of a thousand petty economies common among the first generation of foreigners who settle here and most remarkably uncommon among their descendants, they were starting in a small frugal way to prosper. If New York had given them a stone when they came into it asking for bread, it was giving them now the bread, and the butter to go on the bread.

Paul Misereux was a pastry cook. He worked as assistant to a chief pastry cook in a basement kitchen under a big, medium-priced restaurant near Union Square. He was small and dumpy and unhandsome, with the dead-white face of a man cook. His skin, seen by daylight, had a queer glaze on it, like the surface of well-fluxed, well-baked crockery. Once it had been a blistery red; that though was in the days of his apprenticeship to this trade. The constant heat of it had acted upon him as alcohol does upon the complexion of a man who gets drunk quickly—it made him deathly white at the last, but before that it made him red.

He was the chief breadwinner. Marie had a place as trimmer and saleswoman in a small millinery shop on lower Sixth Avenue. Helene, the half sister and youngest of the three, was the housekeeper. She was inclined to be frail and she had a persistent cough. She was not in the least pretty. For the matter of that, none of them had any provable claim upon beauty. So far as looks went Marie was the pick of the lot. At least she had fine eyes and a trim round figure that showed to its best advantage in the close-fitting, smooth-fronted uniform of her employment—a black frock with white collar and cuffs.

In June, 1914, there was a balance showing on the happy side of their partnership ledger. Paul had his mind set upon some day owning a business of his own—a bakeshop, perhaps, or even a small café. For her part Marie meant to be a fashionable milliner in her own right. When Paul was the proprietor of the biggest restaurant on Broadway she would be Madame, the mistress and the owner of the smartest hatshop along Fifth Avenue. Helene was content to go on keeping house for the other two. The limit of her present ambitions was to be well of her cough. To marrying and to the rearing of families none of them gave thought yet; there would be time for such things in due season, after affluence had come. Meanwhile, they would dwell together and save and save and save. Deposited to their joint account in the savings bank, the nest-egg of their hopes grew at the rate of a few dollars each week, drawing interest besides; and there was meat in the pot when they felt the need of meat to stay them.

Over yonder in Sarajevo a stumpy Serbian man, with twisted ideas regarding his patriotic duties, loaded up an automatic pistol and waited for a certain carriage of state to pass a given point. The carriage did pass, and presently the man and the woman who rode in it were both of them dead—the first to fall in the war which has to date claimed so rich a toll of the manhood of this planet, and which, being the unslakable glutton that it is, continues to claim more and more with every day that passes. The echoes of those pistol shots ran round the world and round again. A monarch on a throne in Germany exchanged telegrams with his beloved cousin in Russia, and with his revered and venerated cousin in England, and with a dear but distant kinsman of his in Belgium, and with a respected friend, not related to him by ties of blood or marriage, who chanced for the moment to be the president of a republic in France. A family quarrel started up. The quarrel having progressed to a point where the correspondents lost their affection for one another, they severally called upon the people who suffered them to be what they were to go out and settle the grudge according to a fashion which originated when Cain clouted Abel in the first trade-war of which there is record. Because every other war from that day to this has been a trade-war, too, the plan of settlement has remained the same that was employed by Cain when he made carrion of his brother. The tools of this fashionable industry have been altered and greatly improved, and for that civilization is to be thanked; but the results do not in the least differ from the original forms.

The people obeyed their rulers' calls. Looking back on it now it seems to us, who are onlookers, that there was no good and sufficient reason why they should have done this, but we know that obedience in such contingencies is a habit which has come down to them—and to us—from our remotest common ancestors, and it runs in the blood with the corpuscles of the blood. It is like a contagious miasma, which, being breathed into the body, afflicts all its victims with the same symptoms. So they put on the liveries designed for them by their lords against the coming of just such an occasion—shoddy-wools, or khakis, or red-and-blue fustians, as the case might be—and they went out, these men and these boys who were not yet men, to adjudicate the misunderstanding which had arisen as between the occupants of sundry palaces in sundry capital cities.

The tide of war—such being the pretty phrase coined by those who would further popularize the institution—lapped one shore after another. It went from hemisphere to continent, from continent to archipelago, from archipelago to scattered islands in seas suddenly growing barren of commerce. It flooded jungles in South Africa; it inundated the back corners of Australia; it picked up and carried away on its backwash men of every color and of every creed and of every breed. It crossed the Atlantic Ocean to New York, and having crossed, it reached into a basement near Union Square for Paul Misereux. And the way of that was this:

France called out her reserves. Paul Misereux, although half an American, as has been stated, was likewise a French reservist. So at length the call came to him. Although he was French he was not excitable. He accepted the summons very calmly and as a matter of course. He had been expecting that it would come, sooner or later. That same day he visited the office of the French consul where certain formalities were speedily concluded. Then he went home and to his sister and his half-sister he very quietly broke the news of what had happened and what he had done; and very quietly they took it. For they were not outwardly emotional either.

For six days life in the three-room flat went on very much as it had gone on before, except that the sisters went daily now to early mass, and on the first morning following the brother did not shave himself when he got up. French soldiers mainly wear beards, and he meant his beard should be well sprouted when he reported for service. At the end of those six days, on the seventh day, a new assistant pastry cook began serving in the restaurant cellar and a steamer drew out of her New York dock with flags flying, being bound—God and the submarines willing—for foreign parts. On the deck set apart for the second-class passengers, close up against the rail that was next the shore, Paul Misereux stood, a most dumpy and unheroic figure of a man, with patches of woolly beard showing on his pale chops, waving his hand, and with many others singing the Marseillaise Hymn. When the steamer was gone from sight down the river toward open water the sisters left the pierhead where they had been standing and went away, Marie going to her job in the millinery place on Sixth Avenue and Helene to hers in the small flat.

Except that Paul was gone, life for the remaining two continued for a while after this to be materially unaltered. Beyond a single long letter written on the voyage across and posted upon his arrival at Bordeaux, they had no word of him. For this, though, he was not to blame. A thing so systematic it had no aspect of being of human devisement and subject to human control had caught him. This system took him in hand in the same hour that his feet touched dry land. It gave him a number, it clothed him in a uniform, put a gun in his hands, strapped upon his back and about his waist and on his flanks all the other tools needful for the prosecution of the highly specialized modern trade of manslaughter, and set him aboard a train and started him north. Thereafter the north swallowed him up and concerning him no news whatsoever came back. He was an atom in a world event, and the atoms do not count even though they contribute to the progress of the event itself.

While these sisters of his waited, hoping each day the postman would bring them a letter with a French stamp and a French postmark on it, but sorely dreading what the portent of that letter might be, a stroke of bad fortune befell them. The man who owned the place where Marie worked professed to deal in French wares exclusively; but he had a German name and he spoke with a German accent. Perhaps he felt deeply the things some people said

to him and about him and about his Fatherland. Perhaps he found it hard to be neutral in his words and all his acts when so many about him were so passionately unneutral in their words and their acts. Perhaps in those papers which avowedly were pro-German, and in those which avowedly were anti-German, he read editorials that changed his views on certain subjects. You see, the tide of war had searched him out too.

Or perhaps after all he merely realized the need, in a time when business conditions were so unsettled, of economizing. At any rate one Saturday, without prior warning, he dismissed from his employ three of his women workers—an outspoken Irish girl, a silent Russian Jewess, whose brothers wore the uniform of a government which oppressed them, and a French girl, this last being Marie Misereux.

Monday morning early Marie was abroad, trying to find for herself a new job. She was deft enough with her fingers, but there were handicaps which denied her opportunity of proving to any interested person just how deft those fingers of hers were. For one thing, millinery shops, big and little, were retrenching in their expenses or trying to. For another, she was ignorant of the town and of the ways of the millinery trade—her first job had been her only one. Finally, she had only a faulty knowledge of English, and that in some lines is yet a bar against the applicant for work even in the polyglot, more-than-half-foreign city of New York. The week which began with that Monday morning went by; other Mondays and other weeks went by, and Marie, walking the soles off her shoes upon the pavements uptown and downtown, earned nothing at all. The account in the savings bank, which always before Paul went away had grown steadily and which for the first month or so after he went had grown in a lesser degree, was dwindling and dwindling. Now when Helene coughed she pressed her hand against her side. There was no news of their brother. Except for a few distant cousins three thousand miles away, they had no kinspeople. And in this country they had no friends. They were as much alone, as isolated, as though they had been maroons on a desert island.

Along the crest of a low hill, like a seam, ran a succession of shattered tree trunks, hemming earthline to skyline with ragged and irregular stitches. Once upon a time, not so very long before, a fine little grove of half-grown poplars had crowned that small eminence. But the cannon and the spouting volleys from the rapid-fire guns had mowed down every tree, leaving only the mutilated and homely boles.

Upon one slope of the hill—the slope that was nearer the city—a triangular-shaped patch of woodland projected its point like a promontory well up toward the hilltop. The shells had wrought most grievously here, too, but, being protected somewhat by the dip in the land, the forest, as they call such a stretch of park timber in Europe, had not suffered in the same proportionate extent that the comb of saplings higher up suffered. The twistified masses of shot-down boughs made good cover for the French sharpshooters.

Just under the far shoulder of the rise, zigzagging this way and that after the fashion of a worm that has stiff joints, was a German trench—the foremost German trench of all the myriad trenches and cross-trenches that formed the sector of the investments at this particular point. Behind the Germans as they squatted in this trench was the village of Brimont. It had been a village once. Now it was a flattened huddle of broken masonry and shattered woodwork from which arose constantly a sour stench of rotting things. Back of the site of the village, where a little valley made out between more hills, was a sunken road winding off to the north. Upon either side of the road were fields gouged by misaimed shells until the mangled earth looked as though a thousand swine had rooted there for mast.

That was what the Germans saw when they looked over their shoulders. What they saw when they looked straight ahead was, first, the patch of woodland sheltering their foes and beyond that, three miles away, the old French city of Rheims, with the damaged towers of the great cathedral rising above lesser buildings, and on beyond, melting away into blue reaches of space, the fields of Champagne. That is to say, they could see so much when the weather was clear, which generally it wasn't. Nine days in ten, this time of the year, it rained—the cold, constant, searching rain of mid-October. It was raining on this particular day, and up on this saucer-rim of land, which ringed the plain in, the wind blew steadily with a raw bite to it.

Firing back and forth between defenders and besiegers went on intermittently. At this spot there was no hard fighting; there had been none for weeks. Farther away, right and left, along the battle line which stretched from Switzerland to the sea, the big guns roared like bulls. But here the men lay in their shelters and nibbled at their foes like mice.

On second thought I beg to withdraw the latter simile. These men were not so much like mice as they were like moles. For they grubbed in the earth, as moles do, eating and sleeping, living and dying down in their mud burrows. Only, moles keep their fur tidied and fine, while these men were coated and clogged with the tough clayey substance in which they wallowed. It was as much as they could do to keep their rifles in cleansed working order.

Over in the German trench a slim Saxon youth was squatted, ankle-deep in cold yellow water. At intervals he climbed into a small scarp in the wall of the trench, a kind of niche just large enough to hold his body, and kneeling there, with his head tucked down and his shoulders drawn in, he swapped shots with a Frenchman in the woods slightly beneath and directly in front of him. Neither of them ever saw the other. Each in his firing was guided by the smack of his enemy's gun and the tiny puff of white smoke which marked its discharge; each knowing in a general way only the approximate location of the man he coveted to kill, for after an exchange of shots both would shift, the German to another scarp, the Frenchman to another tangle of felled boughs. There was nothing particularly personal, nothing especially hateful or passionate in the present ambition of either. It was merely the job in hand.

As between these two—the Frenchman and the German—there was, excusing the differences of language and religion, no great amount of distinction to be drawn. Temperamentally they were of much the same cast. Each in his separate small sphere of endeavor had been a reasonably law-abiding, reasonably industrious, fairly useful individual, until somebody else, sitting in a high place, had willed it for him that he should put by whatsoever task he might be concerned with and engage in this business of gunning for his fellow-man.

Their uniforms, to be sure, differed in cut and color, or had so differed until the mud of Champagne had made them of a pattern together. The German soldier's helmet had a sharp spike set in it; the Frenchman's cap had a flattened top. Also the German carried his name and number in a small leather pouch which hung on a thong about his neck and lay snugly against the chilled skin of his breast under his shirt, whereas the Frenchman wore his name and his number on a small brass token that was made fast to a slender wire bracelet riveted about his left wrist.

Concerning these methods of marking men there had been argument from time to time, the German authorities contending that their system is the better of the two. For proof of the claim they point out that in the case of a Frenchman an arm may be torn away, bodily carrying the bracelet and the tag with it, whereas as regards a German, he may be shot in two and yet retain his identification label since it is not so very often that the head is entirely dissevered from the trunk. Here again, as in many other details, they contend German efficiency maintains its superiority over all. On both sides the matter is discussed dispassionately, just as the toxic properties of various makes of poisonous gases are discussed, or the rending powers of shrapnel upon human flesh.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the German climbed up into his favorite scarp once more. Hoping to draw his opponent's fire, he jerked his head up into sight for half a second, then jerked it down again. The trick worked; the Frenchman fired, but fired high. The German shoved his gun barrel out between two clods, shut both eyes—for he was by no means a clever marksman—and pumped a shot back in reply. The bullet from his rifle, which was a long, sharp-nosed, steel-jacketed bullet, devised in accordance with the most scientific experiments, found its billet. It struck the Frenchman as he lay belly downward on the earth with his gunstock against his cheek. It removed two fingers of the Frenchman's right hand, three fingers of his left hand, tore away his lower jaw, beard and all, and passed out at the back of his neck, taking splintered fragments of his spinal processes with it. He turned over on his back, flapping with his arms and legs, threshing about in the wet leaves and in the mud, making grotesque bubbling sounds down in his throat.

Pretty soon after that twilight came on and the rifle firing slackened. The Saxon youth, never knowing he had killed his enemy, called it a day and knocked off. He hunkered down in the slime to eat a tallowy stew of bull meat and barley from a metal pannikin. Having eaten, he immediately thereafter crawled, in his wet clothes and soaked boots, into a sort of dugout hollowed in the wall of his trench, and slept there with four of his comrades on a bed of moldy, damp rye straw. While they slept the vermin traveled from one to another of them, making discriminative choice of which body to bite.

Down in the little forest below, the Frenchman presently quit flapping and quietly bled to death. During the night a burial party of his own people came and found him and shoveled him underground where he lay. But first the sergeant in command of the squad removed the bangle from his wrist. In due course of time, therefore, word was carried back and back by succeeding stages to headquarters, and from there on to Paris, and from Paris on to New York, so that within a month's time or a little less it became the painful duty of a consular clerk in New York to transmit by mail to the deceased's next of kin, a sister, the intelligence, as conveyed in the official notification, that her brother, Paul Gaston Michel Misereux, was heroically dead on the Field of Honor.

For the repose of their brother's soul they had a mass said at the little

"You Don't Want Your Sister to be a Pauper Patient, Do You? If You Do, Just Say So"

French Catholic Church where they worshiped, and in his memory candles burned upon the altar. Out of a length of cheap sleazy stuff they made a mourning frock for Helene. Wearing it, her face seemed whiter than ever and the two red spots in her cheeks seemed redder. Marie had the black frock, with the white collars and cuffs, which had been her uniform as a saleswoman in the place on lower Sixth Avenue: she wore that as she hunted for work. Regardless of their sorrow, the hunt must go on. It went on, and was a vain quest. From much weeping her eyes were swollen and puffy and her face was drawn out of all comeliness. Even though through merciful forbearance each forbore to tell her so, none of those to whom she applied for work cared to hire so homely appearing a sewing woman. In another week, or at most two, they would be scraping the bottom of their savings account.

Before this they had lived on scanty rations, wasting never a crumb. Now they trimmed the food allowance still finer. It may have been the lack of sufficient nourishment that caused Helene to drop down in a faint on the floor of the tiny kitchen one evening in the middle of the second week following the receipt of the news from the consul's office. As Marie bent to raise her head in her arms, a little stream of blood began to run from one corner of Helene's mouth. For some time after she recovered consciousness and had opened her eyes the little trickle of blood continued, and Marie, sitting beside her, wiped it away as fast as it oozed out between her lips. The younger girl appeared to suffer no pain, but was very weak. Marie got her undressed and into her bed in the small middle room. Then she ran downstairs to the basement to find out from the caretaker where the nearest doctor was to be found.

It seemed there was one only two doors away. He came presently, a testy man of sixty who was lame. One of his legs was inches shorter than its mate. He lived in a tenement himself and his practice was among tenement dwellers, and he was underpaid and overworked and had trouble enough sometimes to make both ends meet. He grew shorter of breath and of disposition at every step as he wallowed up the stairs, Marie going ahead to show him the way to the rear flat at the top of the house. Wheezing until the sound of his breathing filled the room, he sat down alongside Helene, and while he held one of her bony wrists in his hand he asked Marie certain questions. Then he told Marie to go into the front room and wait for him there.

In ten minutes or less he limped in to her where she sat with her hands clenched between her knees and her eyes big and rounded with apprehension. He thought he closed the intervening door behind him, but the latch failed to catch in the slot and it swung ajar for a space of two or three inches. Neither of them took note of this.

"She's quiet now," he said; "and the hemorrhage is checked. I took a sample of her blood. I'll make a blood test to-morrow morning. How long has this been going on—this cough?"

A good long time, Marie told him—several months. She went on, in her broken English, to explain: "We thought it was but a bad cold, that soon she would be well ——"

He broke in on her impatiently:

"That's what you said before. That's no excuse." He looked about him. "How many are there of you living here—just you two?"

"We are quite alone," she told him. "We had also a brother, but—but he now is dead."

It did not occur to her to tell him how the brother had died, or when.

"What's your business?" he demanded. Then as she seemed not to get his intent, he added:

"Can't you understand plain English? What do you do for a living?"

"Your pardon, doctor; I am a milliner."

"And this other girl—your sister—she's been staying at home and doing the housekeeping, you said?"

She nodded. For a moment there was silence, she still seated, he before her balancing himself on the longer leg of the two and on his heavy cane. "I'll make a blood test in the morning," he said at length, repeating what he had said a moment before.

"Doctor," said Marie, "tell me, please, the truth. My sister—is she then so ill?"

"Ill?" he burst out at her irritably. "Ill? I should say she is ill. She's got tuberculosis, if you know what that means—consumption."

She sucked her breath in sharply. Her next question came slowly: "What is there then to do?"

"Well, she couldn't last long here—that's dead certain. You've got to get her away from here. You've got to get her up into the North Woods, in the mountains—Saranac or some place like that—in a sanitarium or an invalids' camp where she can have the right kind of treatment. Then she'll have a chance."

By a chance he meant that with proper care the sick girl might live for three months or for four, or at the outside for six. The case was as good as hopeless now; he knew that. Still his duty was to see that his patients' lives were prolonged—if possible.

"These mountains now, I do not know them. We are strangers in this country."

"I'll find out about a place where you can get her in," he volunteered. "I'll bring you the information in the morning—names and addresses and everything. Somebody'll have to go up there with her—you, I guess—and get her settled. She's in no shape to be traveling alone. Then you can leave her there and arrange to send up so much a week to pay for her keep and the treatment and all. Oh, yes—and until we get her away from here you'll have to lay off from your work and stay with her, or else hire somebody to stay with her. She mustn't be left alone for long at a time—she's too sick for that. Something might happen. Understand?"

"And all this—it will cost much money perhaps?"

The cripple misread the note in her voice as she asked him this. This flat now, it was infinitely cleaner than the abodes of nine-tenths of those among whom he was called to minister. To his man's eyes the furnishings, considering the neighborhood, appeared almost luxurious. That bed yonder against the wall was very much whiter and looked very much softer than the one upon which he slept. And the woman herself was well clad. He had no patience with these scrimping, stingy foreigners—thank God he was himself native-born—these cheap, penurious aliens who would haggle over pennies when a life was the stake. And there was no patience in his uplifted, rumbling voice as he answered her:

"Say, you don't want your sister to be a pauper patient, do you? If you do, just say so and I'll notify the department and they'll put her in a charity institution ——"

"No, no, no," she said, "not charity—for my sister."

"I thought not," he said a little mollified. "All right then, I'll write a letter to the sanitarium people; they ought to make you a special rate. Oh, it'll cost you twenty-five dollars a week maybe—say, at the outside, thirty dollars a week. And that'll be cheap enough, figuring in the food she'll have to have and the care and the nursing and all. Then, of course, there'll be your railroad tickets on top of that. You'd better have some ready money on hand so we can get her shipped out of here before it's too—Well, before many days anyhow."

She nodded.

"I shall have the money," she promised.

"All right," he said; "then you'd better hand me two dollars now. That's the price of my call. I don't figure on charging you for making the blood test. And the information about the sanitarium and the letter I'm going to write—I'll throw that all in too."

She paid him his fee from a small handbag. At the hall door he paused on his stumping way out.

"I think she'll be all right for to-night—I gave her something," he said with a jerk of his thumb toward the middle room. "If you just let her stay quiet that'll be the best thing for her. But you'd better run in my place the first thing in the morning and tell me how she passed the night. Good night."

"Good night, doctor—and we thank you!"

He went clumping down the steps, cursing the darkness of the stairwell and the steep pitch of the stairs. Before the sound of his fumbling feet had quite died away Marie, left alone, had made up her mind as to a certain course. In so short a time as that had the definite resolution come to her. And as she still sat there, in an attitude of listening, Helene, in the middle room, dragged herself up from her knees where she had been crouched at the slitted door between. She had heard all or nearly all the gruff, lame doctor said. Indeed, she had sensed the truth for herself before she heard him speak it. What he told her sister was no news to the eavesdropper; merely it was confirmation of a thing she already knew. Once up on her bare feet, she got across the floor and into her bed, and put her head on the pillow and closed her eyes, counterfeiting sleep. In her mind, too, a plan had formed.

It was only a minute or two after this that Marie came silently to the door and peered in, looking and listening. She heard the regular sound of the sick girl's breathing. By the light of the gas that was turned down low she saw, or thought she saw, that Helene was asleep. She closed the door very softly. She freshened her frock with a crisp collarband and with crisp wristbands. She clasped about her neck a small gold chain and she put on her head her small, neat black hat. And then this girl, who meant to defile her body, knelt alongside her bed and prayed the Blessed Virgin to keep her soul clean.

With her handbag on her arm she passed out into the hall. Across the hall a Jewish family lived—by name, the Levinski family—consisting of a father who was a push-cart peddler, a gross and slattern mother who was continually occupied with the duties of being a mother, and any number of small Levinskis. In answer to her knock at their door Mrs. Levinski came, a shapeless, vast shape in her nightdress, bringing with her across the threshold strong smells of garlic, soiled flannel and cold fried carp. Marie had a nodding acquaintance with this neighbor of hers and no more.

"My sister, she is sick," she told Mrs. Levinski. "And I must go out. Please, will you listen? If she should awake and call out for me, you will please to tell her I am gone but soon will be back again. If you please?"

Mrs. Levinski said she would, and to show she meant it opened wide her door before she returned to her household duties.

For November the weather was warm, but it was damp and would be damper. A fine drizzle was falling as Marie Misereux came to the lower hallway entrance and looked out into the night; and East Thirteenth Street, which is never entirely empty, was almost empty. She hesitated a moment, with her left hand clenched tight against her breast, and then stepped out, heading westward. At the first avenue crossing she came upon a man, a

(Continued on Page 49)

Her Eyes Looked at Him With a Dumb, Questioning Misery

NAMING THE NOBLE BOYS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"François—Alphonse—Bertrand!—Over My Dead Body!"

WHAT I like about you, Henree," remarked M'sieu Hicks feelingly, "is that you don't talk about 'em all the time."

"Thanks, thanks, my friend."

"Yes, sir. Twice this week I've heard you mention something else."

"Indeed?" I said with satisfaction.

"You just hate to brag on them twins, don't you?"

"It is true. I have never had patience with the conceited father who inflicts on his acquaintances boastful recitals of his child's cleverness. Moreover, what has he to boast of? The doings of one very ordinary infant—a single boy or girl, as the case may be—that is all. While I have two—two noble, lusty boys."

"Heaven help us," exclaimed M'sieu Joe, "he's off agin"

"Off where, m'sieu?" I demanded in considerable surprise.

"Oh, I was just thinkin' out loud—it don't matter. What do you say to a quiet drink, Henree—me and you and Sam?"

"They claim it's good for grippe," observed M'sieu Field.

"My friends, you must go without me."

"Why?"

"I do not drink."

Had a thunderbolt descended upon them they could not have been more dumfounded.

"What? On the wagon?"

"You have guessed it."

At this M'sieu Field burst into hearty laughter.

"Great!" he cried. "Don't look so surprised, Joe. The father of twins ought to quit—he surely ought to do something."

"Well, then," said my partner to me in deep distress, "come take a cigar. But stick with us and watch how we do it."

"Alas, my friends, I cannot oblige you in that respect, either. I have ceased to smoke."

They halted in their tracks. Yes—both stopped and gaped at me.

"Better be careful, Henree," warned M'sieu Field. "If you throw on the brakes too sudden you're liable to skid."

"Never fear."

"Man to man," he went on earnestly, "and cross your heart, have you really cut it out?"

"I have."

"When there's nothing between you and your Maker but the blue sky," thundered M'sieu Field, "don't you just take a couple of puffs? Remember—God hears you!"

"Of course not," I returned indignantly.

"Then what the Sam Hill has got into you? When did you start this fell thing?"

"Last night."

M'sieu Field emitted a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I see. Holy cats, but you threw a scare into me, Henree. At first I thought I'd found somebody who was perfect."

The observation struck me as sufficiently curious, but before I had time to ascertain his precise meaning a lady approached us; and who should it be but Madame Patsy. She was attired in the height of fashion, with high white shoes and white stockings, and there was fur about her neck and other places.

Indeed, she was a vision of radiant loveliness. Yet at sight of his wife M'sieu Joe groaned aloud. Yes, my friend; he groaned in anguish. Her appearance seemed to throw him into a condition of pitiful panic, and he maneuvered to interpose his body between her and us, exclaiming as he did so with the liveliest apprehension:

"Gee, Patsy, go on back home. You've forgot something."

"What're you trying to do? Act fresh? It just shows what a bonehead you are, Joe Hicks. This is the very latest thing. What're you staring like that for? I'm all here."

My worthy friend pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

"It's a mild spring. That's some comfort," said he.

"Isn't that just like a husband?" cried madame, turning to us. "I never did get anything Joe approved of. If Mrs. Field or Henree's wife had this suit on he'd go crazy over it."

"Maybe so. Miz Field and Jane ain't my wife."

"No, the lucky creatures!"

"What I say is," continued M'sieu Joe stubbornly, "these new fashions are demoralizin'. They ain't fair. They don't give a man a chance."

"How come?"

"It's the solemn truth. Only yesterday pore ol' Sam wore himself out almost to catch up with a short skirt on Fifth Street, and when he did manage to pull alongside, guess what! It was Grandma Johnson."

M'sieu Field cleared his throat and, very red in the face, remarked:

"Don't you believe a word he says, Mrs. Hicks. You know me better'n that, don't you?"

"I don't believe you'd make that kind of a mistake," she admitted. "Anyhow I'll wear whatever I feel like, Joe, so you may as well quit your roaring. Don't you think I've got a perfect right to wear this skirt, Henree?"

"And left, too, madame," I answered gallantly.

M'sieu Field capped my ready quip with an enthusiastic "Hear, hear!" While I deplore self-satisfaction, I could not conceal from myself that the compliment was well turned and I looked for some expression of his pleasure from my partner. But to my amazement he glowered. He bent his brows and growled: "Say, I'm here, remember!"

"Cheer up, Joe," chirruped madame gleefully. "And for heaven's sake let's move along. We're blocking traffic. What're they all staring at?"

"Where you going?"

"Over to Henree's house to see the twins. Want to come along?"

"Let's take a taxi," proposed M'sieu Joe.

His wife eyed him balefully.

"I know what you mean," she said through her teeth. "Yes, you won't say a thing right out like a man, but you stand round and think 'em. Now you keep quiet. I'm going to walk."

In order to avert the storm I saw impending, I said:

"*Eh bien*, my friends, I have an idea."

"Hush, everybody! Henree's got an idea."

"We will all go to my house. It is near the hour when my two sons receive their bath. Do you begin to see?"

The faces of my friends reflected nothing but mystification.

"Why," I cried triumphantly, "I will accord you the privilege of witnessing their ablutions, of beholding them in the tub."

They glanced silently at one another and then M'sieu Field reached out and seized my hand. "Always thinking of your friends," he said.

"I got a date," began my partner, but madame cut him short. "Forget it, Joe! You're coming along."

Accordingly all four of us repaired to my residence on the Bluff and entered the nursery just as Madame Giraud began to remove the twins' outer garments. Grouped expectantly about them were my father-in-law, my wife's sister, and an ancient colored person who was favored with the care of my noble boys. She responded to the sobriquet of Mammy.

Yes, m'sieu, Old Man Huckens was there as usual. He scarcely troubled to nod at us; my own greeting was tinged with hauteur. I will not dissemble—my father-in-law's conduct since the birth of the twins had left much to be desired. Granted that his relationship to the mother gave him a certain claim upon their time and attention, it did not excuse his constant monopoly of my adorable babies or his grandiloquent assertions that they already recognized him. It did not excuse his insufferable air of proprietorship.

He did nothing but haunt my home the livelong day. And he persisted in talking to the twins in a fashion that could not fail to imbue them with an exceedingly poor opinion of his intelligence. Though close to seventy years of age, M'sieu Huckens would station himself squarely in front of the helpless *bébés* and contort his features into horrible grimaces, hoping, forsooth, to earn a smile from their rosebud mouths.

It cannot be denied that his grotesque antics occasionally compelled my sons to take cognizance of them, but that they were amused, to the extent he and their mother fondly imagined, passes belief. No child of Henri Giraud could be diverted so fatuously.

Eh bien, Old Man Huckens was there, and he was patting the bare back of one of the twins and adjuring the world to produce a finer. A safe enough challenge—so far so good—but his conceit was so overweening that he did not scruple to add:

"These here kids git more like me every day, Jane. Look at the busters! Ain't they got my nose? And those laigs—eggsactly like yours, Jane—you never seen any kid but a Huckens with laigs like them."

Was it not monstrous? His presumption passed all bounds. A mist swam before my eyes. I felt myself tremble. Yet he was so thick-skinned that my agitation went unnoticed. Yes, he failed to remark it and continued:

"They're the spittin' image of me, bless 'em."

It was not to be longer endured. I fixed him with a stern glance and said:

"Pardon me, m'sieu, but the *bébés* are Girauds. Never have I seen children show so faithfully the family characteristics. Consider their heads. Remark the admirable curve of the dome, the eyes flashing with intelligence, the delicate chin ——"

My father-in-law exploded into a coarse guffaw.

"Yes," he jeered, "and I suppose they drool like Girauds too, hey?"

"Now you boys stop fighting," admonished my faithful wife. "You're the limit. Honestly, Patsy, they're like a couple of children. Dad keeps on insisting the children resemble him and Henree says he won't have them insulted. Can you beat it?"

They all laughed, but it was out of politeness, I knew! As for me, I carried a chair to the side of the tub removed from M'sieu Huckens and endeavored not to look at him.

"What're you fixing to name 'em, Henree?" asked my partner in order, perhaps, to create a diversion.

The question was one I had been anticipating.

"I thank you, m'sieu, for asking that. It is a matter of importance and one to which I have devoted earnest thought. One shall be Jean Baptiste Alexandre Philippe François Duverger — "

"Gee!" ejaculated Madame Patsy, "sounds like pouring a carafe."

My father-in-law listened with his eyes bulging from their sockets. He appeared overcome. Yea, m'sieu; he ran a finger inside the band of his collar as though to loosen it and took one or two deep breaths. Finally he said in a stifled voice:

"They's only two of these twins. Don't forgit that!"

"Precisely," was my reply. "The other shall be called Henri René Bertrand Alphonse Constant Giraud."

Before anybody else could utter a word my partner exclaimed mournfully:

"It's all off then."

"What is all off, m'sieu?"

"Why," he said with a measure of hesitation, "I thought maybe if you was to name one of 'em 'Joe,' I might—well, me and Patsy sort of figured we might do something for the li'l' beggar. Yes, sir, that's what we aimed to do."

It was generously conceived, it was like my worthy friend. But, of course, the idea could not be entertained for a moment. Imagine a child of refined and engaging manners bearing the cognomen of Joe! No, I have very firm convictions in this matter of nomenclature, and it seemed to me that I could not do better than bestow those indicating our family lineage and honorable connections.

Cried Old Man Huckens:

"François—Alphonse—Bertrand!—over my dead body! Open a window, somebody, and let's air the place!" He fairly fought for breath. Suddenly he banged his knee with his fist. "Now, so help me, if you try to tie a bunch of dining-car names to them pore helpless babes—say, how many do you reckon you've got, anyway? They ain't a crowd. No, siree, I won't stand for it. I'm a-telling you, Henree."

His rage afforded me unmixed delight, but I could not brook any interference from him.

"Possibly," I sneered, "you have a suggestion to offer? It would be surprising if you had not."

"I have," he responded with detestable assurance. "One of these kids is going to be Robert E. Lee, and the other Thomas Jefferson."

"They're Not Sick. You Might Just as Well Get Used to It!"

My patience was wholly exhausted.

"What?" I shrieked. "Robert E. Lee? Ha! This is the last straw. He would name one of my beautiful sons after a steamboat!"

"Steamboat? What d'you mean? Steamboat?"

"Why, I have myself heard you sing the feats of this vessel, accomplished, it would seem, on the Mississippi under the guiding hand of an individual known as Steamboat Bill."

Perceiving that he was hopelessly worsted and could make no headway against me, my father-in-law snorted and threw out his hands. "I pass the buck," he said.

A loud cackle broke from the colored person.

"Har, har! Yo'—all hear 'em? Wow!"

"And pray what do you find so ridiculous?" I inquired.

She started and rolled the whites of her eyes at me.

"Yo' quit now," she said threateningly. "Don' yo' go and look at me in that tone of voice. Nobody cain't scare me. Huh! Pickin' out them depravious names for his own flesh and blood."

"Indeed?" I said with a sarcastic glance at M'sieu Huckens. "Perhaps you also have selected something suitable "

Wholly unabashed by my demeanor, the colored person replied:

"I sho' have. I done named 'em already. This one is Malachi and that one's Ephrum."

The company applauded uproariously, which encouraged the colored person to complacent chuckles.

"I would take the liberty of pointing out," I told her severely, "that you are not holding the child in the tub in a proper manner. The head should be—here, let me have him and I will illustrate."

M'sieu, never shall I forget the positive horror reflected on her wrinkled features. Holding me off with one arm she cried in a cracked voice:

"Yo'—all hear him? Yo'—all hear what he done say? Not holdin' the child—I warns yo', I warns yo'—not holdin' the child —— Merciful Lawd, and I raisin' em when he was still chewin' on a spittin'-rag."

My wife, up to now a passive auditor of these disputes, immediately took a hand.

"That'll do, mammy," she rebuked. "And, Henree, I'd be ashamed. Look—you've got poor mammy all excited! She'll never get over it."

The colored person was, indeed, mumbling and muttering.

"Hand me that warm towel, mammy. Now there's no use scolding me—I can't be blamed for everything he does." She dried one of the twins and kissed its fat creases. "If you're all through naming my babies," she announced, "I'll tell you what they're going to be called."

"I think Hubert and Gerald are right pretty names," murmured Madame Patsy, but her husband let out a yelp of anguish.

"No," answered my wife with the note of finality she employed in all our arguments. "I want something simple—something strong and manly, but nice."

"How'd 'Joe' do, ma'am?"

It seemed to me that the moment had arrived for me to assert myself; otherwise the situation threatened to get out of hand.

"Madame," I said respectfully but firmly, "I have already informed you of my decision. If they were daughters now, which is not for a moment to be thought of, our positions would be altered. Then, indeed, yours would be the final word. I should permit you to name them, with due regard, of course, to any predilection I might express."

"Help!" came from Madame Patsy; but my wife silenced her with a look.

She smiled at me and replied:

"You honestly want to crowd Alphonse and René on our boys? What do you suppose the gang would call 'em?"

"It might well happen," I admitted, "that little Jean's playmates might not always find it expedient in the excitement of their gambols to address him as Jean Baptiste Alexandre Philippe François Duverger, and the young companions of my other sturdy son might abridge Henri René Bertrand Alphonse Constant. But what of it? They would at least be fortified by the consciousness that their father had done his duty."

A short silence ensued, broken by M'sieu Field:

"Don't mind him, people. Henree isn't himself. He's quit smoking."

"So!" said Old Man Huckens, breathing through his nose. "That's it, hey? I knowed something was the matter."

"He has also sworn off the use of alcoholic beverages," added M'sieu Field with a sanctimonious air I suspected was not entirely sincere.

To Me, My Father-in-Law's Exhibition Seemed Puerile to a Degree

"What?" roared Old Man Huckens.

"It is quite true, m'sieu."

"A son-in-law of mine won't neither smoke nor drink? Then, in heaven's name, what do you do?"

"When the longing for a debauch grows too strong to be resisted," said M'sieu Field, "Henree sneaks off by himself behind the garage and chews a peppermint lozenge."

This was a willful and barefaced prevarication, my friend, and I denied it vehemently.

"Whose fine notion is this anyhow?" demanded my father-in-law with scorn. "Yours, I'll bet, Jane. It sounds like you. He'd never think of that by himself."

Madame Giraud colored deeply.

"It was," she answered. "I think smoking's such a dirty habit and I can't abide the smell of whisky. So when the babies came, Henree promised to drop them. Gracious, you don't need to flare up that way, dad! It's for his own good "

"Fiddlesticks!" bellowed her father. "I know you women! Didn't you work on me for years? Didn't you hound me till I couldn't call my soul my own? Didn't you?"

He spoke with a force and authority that moved me to profound admiration. Uncouth though he was, his courage was beyond question.

"I notice you still do both."

"Yes, because I got the backbone to stand up for my rights! Why, it's just about gotten so in this country that you women'd make over all the men into li'l' tin angels in Lord Fauntleroy pants, if you had your way."

"Well, you needn't shout! Hand me the powder, mammy!"

My father-in-law waited until she had sprinkled the twins' sturdy pink bodies, then he broke out again:

"You're all alike. And I tell you right now, Jane—and you, too, ma'am—if you'd lose less time thinkin' up what sort of a husband you'd like to make of the gink you've got and spend more on the kind of wife you'd ought to be, things'd move along a heap smoother."

"You're whistlin', Ol' Settler," cried M'sieu Joe with such extraordinary fervor it drew down on him Madame Patsy's attention. He abruptly subsided.

"Henree," protested my wife, "is perfectly free to do whatever he chooses"—she folded an article diagonally and added through the safety-pins in her mouth—"but that isn't the question. You wanted to know what we're going to call the twins, and I'll tell you—one is going to be plain Henry, after his father, and the other Thomas, after you, dad. Now that'll do, mammy. I don't want to hear another sound out of you. I simply will not call him Ephrum "

All heads turned instantly toward me; they were hopeful, m'sieu, that I would flare up, that I would cry out upon madame's dictum, forbid further thought of such project. In a word, they were expectant of a scene. I sensed it in their bearing and I disappointed them. In a flash it came over me that time and place were alike unsuitable for dispute. Therefore I maintained my composure, a composure compounded of equal parts of dignity, inflexible determination and nice reserve.

"So that's settled," observed my partner in keen disappointment.

I contented myself with smiling.

That night, m'sieu, I took a short walk along the Bluff. My nerves needed quiet and the tonic of fresh air, for I had been sorely tried. Through no fault of theirs, but rather through the selfish folly of my father-in-law and his disturbing antics, the twins were restless. He had so upset them by his grimaces that their nervous organisms were

overtaxed, and they could not get to sleep with the promptitude that so effectually distinguished them from other infants. That serenity which was so marked a quality in their natures, indicating sound health and happy dispositions, was quite lacking. They fretted and wailed. It became necessary to appease them, to walk the floor, jiggling them up and down. We even found it advisable to employ Old Man Huckens' methods of amusement, since every other failed.

"*Hélas*, madame," I exclaimed at last in desperation. "What shall we do?"

"For what?"

"This dreadful sickness."

"They're not sick. Mercy, you don't expect a baby never to bawl, do you? You might just as well get used to it—don't stop! It's just temper—meanness."

"Then," I said, "I am at a loss to account for it. Where do they get such a tendency?"

"From me, I suppose; because, of course, all the Girauds are perfect."

While somewhat surprised that she should voluntarily admit it, I forbore pressing home the point. And in about an hour the pair ceased their lamentations. They grew quiet, broken only by fitful stirrings.

"Thank goodness," murmured my wife, "I'm all worn out. Don't breathe! I thought I saw one move then."

Fearful lest he wake and I should have it to do all over again, I tiptoed out of the room.

"Where're you going?" asked madame in a fierce whisper. "Don't leave me alone with 'em."

But I made no reply and she dared not raise her voice. I dressed, descended the stairs and issued onto the street. My nerves were jumping and I was filled with an inexplicable, vague discontent.

While pacing moodily up and down I heard:

"Hello, you!" and M'sieu Hicks presented himself. He was smoking and had the air of being out for a stroll.

"Well," he exclaimed savagely, "I hope you're satisfied. You've sure played hell!"

"How now, my friend?"

"Don't you 'friend' me. Is it acting like a pal to drive a man out of his own home on a windy night?"

"Drive you out? Explain yourself, m'sieu."

"It's all your fault. Yes, it is. Everything was lovely and then you go and crab the game."

"Enough, sir. Have a care."

"Shucks, go and git mad if you want to. Here Patsy starts in on me to-night about smokin'; says if you can cut it out I'd ought to be able to, and it's a filthy habit. And dadgum, it ain't two years since she was havin' her cigarette regular. Why, dash it, I couldn't even enjoy the ol' pipe in comfort with her lookin' at me—have to stay out and hang round in the dark like a bum."

"But how am I to blame in this affair?"

M'sieu Joe removed his pipe from his mouth in order to speak with greater emphasis.

"Because you started it—that's how. A li'l' house cat—that's what you are."

"M'sieu," I warned in a rage, "you have gone far enough."

"Nobody'd care if you was the only one who had to suffer. A man's got a right to make himself miserable, I reckon, if he wants to, so long as he don't make me miserable into the bargain. But when you let Jane run it over you, every woman in town thinks she's morally bound to reform her husband too. Yes, she does. And I tell you we won't stand for it. No married man has any right to be too good. It ain't fair to the rest of the bunch. Husbands had ought to stand together."

You may well suppose that this impassioned harangue amazed me to a degree.

"But, my friend," I protested, "surely you do not expect me to govern my conduct for the pleasure and convenience of my acquaintances?"

At a loss for a moment for an adequate rejoinder, he grumbled:

"Well, don't start anything! Act like the rest of us instead of a dog-gone quitter!"

"That will do," I said sternly. "Sufficient, m'sieu. Good night."

I bowed to him and passed on. But no sooner did M'sieu Joe perceive my choler than his excellence of heart asserted itself.

"Here, wait a minute, Henree," he cried, laying a detaining hand on my arm. "I reckon we're both up in the air, because we ain't had our smokes the same as usual. Try this cigar."

"You forget that I have given it up."

"Of course you have. But she'll never know the difference."

"I will not deceive my wife. Besides, m'sieu, she would certainly smell it on me."

He urged eagerly:

"Uh-uh, she wouldn't, Henree. Not if you chew some lemon peel afterward. You know how Patsy raises Cain every time I take a snort of Scotch—that's the worst of being small, your stomach's too close to your mouth. Well, now me and Sam always eat a piece of rind and we get away with it fine."

"No. Never have I lied to madame, and what you propose would be equivalent to it."

"What's the use of talkin' like that," he inquired impatiently, "when there's nobody round to hear you?"

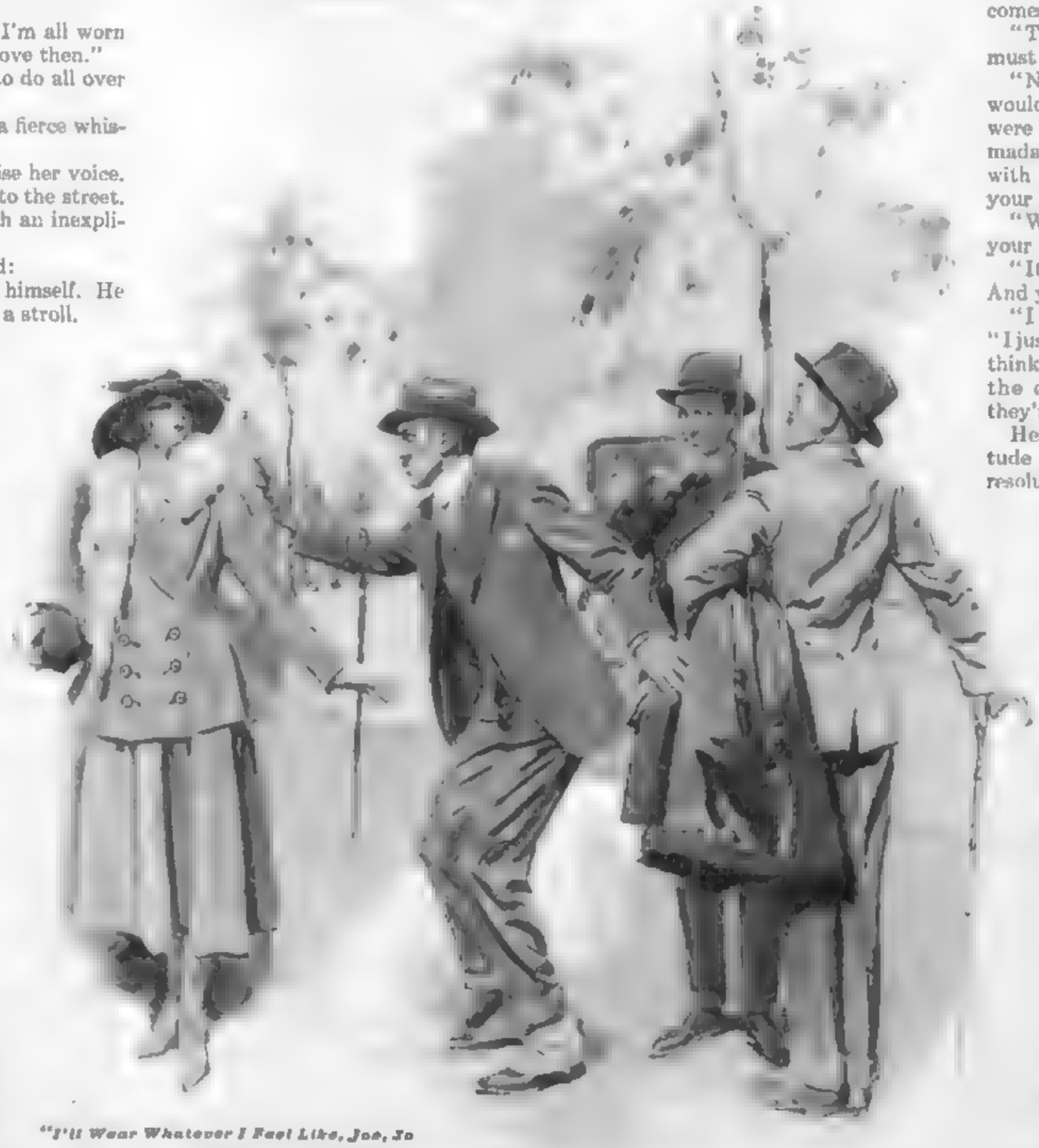
"But it is the truth."

"There ain't a married man on earth," he asserted solemnly, "who hasn't told a lie to his wife. There ain't no such animal, Henree. Women just naturally make a man lie."

"I will not believe it."

"Wait till you've been married as long as me and Sam Field and you'll find out. Why, it's right pitiful the fix Sam is in."

"Yes? In what respect, m'sieu?"



"I'll Wear Whatever I Feel Like, Joe, So You May as Well Quit Your Roaring"

"He's plumb wore out all his excuses playin' golf. Fact. Sam's had slow foursomes ahead and punctures and breakdowns week after week till now Miz Field won't believe him on oath when he comes edgin' in at eight o'clock. They're goin' to hold a meetin'."

"Who is, my friend? And for what?"

"The gang at the country club. There's a move on to organize—Sam says it's to be called the Legion of Helpless Married Liars and they'll standardize their stuff. Something for every occasion, you know. These'll be wrote up in a book for the benefit of the boneheads."

The project was typical of M'sieur Field, which made me wary of it. I had not forgotten our Equal Rights League, nor the disastrous domestic bickerings that ensued.

"Say, what've you decided about the twins?" pursued my partner, abruptly changing the subject. "Have you and Jane fought it to a finish yet?"

The query elicited a smile from me—a smile of pity that he should fail to comprehend the fact that Henri Giraud's determination, once arrived at, was not to be turned aside.

"One is to be called Jean Baptiste Alexandre Philippe François Duverger ——"

"Yes, but which one is going to be the parson and which the statesman?"

I wheeled on him sharply.

"Who told you that, m'sieu?"

"Why, Jane was tellin' Patsy. They were talkin' about the scrap you two had over which college you'd send the twins to."

The facts were almost as he said. Madame Giraud and I had argued an entire evening over the choice of vocations for our noble boys; she had stood out for a certain seat of learning, I for another. And in the end we had quarreled.

"I shall request madame," I replied in no small resentment, "to observe greater discretion in her confidences."

"Aw, Henree, don't take it that way! Don't get all awelled up! Here, wait a minute! Listen!"

But I was piqued, m'sieu, and would not listen. We separated.

On returning home I found Madame Giraud, clad in something loose, toasting her feet in front of a fire. She was sleepy, and irritated because of my prolonged absence.

"What on earth kept you so long? Where've you been?" she asked, and then she sniffed. "Aha, now I know! You've been smoking."

"I have not. What you detect comes from M'sieu Joe's pipe."

"That's a weak one to pull, I must say."

"Nevertheless, it is so. And I would point out, moreover, that were I to decide to smoke again, madame, the decision would rest with me. I should do it without your permission."

"What?" she cried. "After your promise?"

"It was not meant for a lifetime. And you inveigled me into it."

"I knew it," wailed my wife. "I just knew how it would be. Men think no more of a promise than the cook does of my dishes—they're made to break."

Her harsh and unyielding attitude only served to stiffen my resolution.

"I would respectfully suggest also, madame," I went on, "that you refrain in future from airing our private domestic affairs in public."

"Don't, Henree! Let's not fight!"

"Who wants to fight?"

"You do. I can tell. Whenever you get polite I know it's nothing but meanness."

Do you marvel, my friend, that I restrained myself with difficulty? I felt my just anger seethe.

"Who always starts the trouble in this establishment, madame?"

"You do."

"Never. Never once have you heard an unkind word from me that was not provoked by some sharpness, some unmerited criticism from you."

"Oh, shucks," she lamented. "Here I was hoping we could get through one day without a row. What's the matter with you lately? You're a regular crosspatch."

"So? Have it your own way, madame. Perhaps it would be best to forego all conversation, even an exchange of ideas concerning the naming of our two sons and their future training."

"That's all settled," she returned coolly. "So what'd be the use?"

"We will not send Jean Baptist Alexandre ——"

"No," she snapped, "but we'll send Henry and Tom to Yale."

Though pale from pent-up emotion, I contrived to answer with a measure of steadiness:

"*Eh bien*, madame. Enough for the present! We will defer talk on that to another time!"

"Suit yourself," said she, "but it's all fixed so far as I'm concerned."

I inclined my head coldly and we retired to rest in silence—that terrible, chilling silence, m'sieu, that hangs like a pall over disagreements between husband and wife. The hottest denunciation is infinitely to be preferred.

Sometime during the night my wife sat up in her bed and leaning over to mine shook me vigorously by the shoulder.

(Continued on Page 54)

Putting the Move in the Movies

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN THE first place we said that it couldn't be done, and backed up that opinion with any one of a thousand reasons; in the second place we said that it shouldn't be done, because Art would suffer and Temperament be outraged; in the third place we stood pat and dared anyone to try it—but the fact remains that it has been done: System and Efficiency have found their way into the manufacture of motion pictures. Those who do not believe me have overlooked a few significant signs of the times; they have only to sit tight and wait for the general house-cleaning that is coming to the youngest of our great industries—coming with seven-league boots.

Not that it makes the slightest difference to you, reader; but for several years I have been drawing a three-figure pay check weekly as a director of motion pictures. Unlike many of my competing brethren, I did not enter Filmland through a stage door; I climbed into it from a billing clerk's stool, for I felt that enough of my young life had gone into filing cases.

The motion-picture game was new in those days, and I thought I saw a future in it for a young man who was convinced that he was a Salvini in disguise. This conviction was by no means unanimous, but I had my fling at the grease-paint end of the game, and perhaps was no better or worse than many another recruit of the silent drama. At any rate I was permitted to remain "on the lot" long enough to study the making of pictures—long enough to qualify as a director in the days when almost anyone could qualify—and almost anyone did.

I have been a director ever since, and I tell you this so that you will affix the "expert" label to my testimony. And when I say that System and Efficiency have come to the plant where I work, and that System and Efficiency are coming to the other plants as well, I know exactly what I am talking about. I am like the man who said: "Part of the show I saw; the rest of it I was."

There is no better way to convince you of the need of system in the manufacture of film drama than to tell you how we used to make pictures, and set against it the method we employ now—a sort of a two-reeler, before and after Efficiency came.

The early days of the motion-picture industry have always reminded me of the first rush to the Klondike. A few shaggy miners appeared in the Northwest, their "pokes" crammed with yellow nuggets.

"Where did you get it?" said everybody.

"Up there," answered the miners. And with a whoop and a hurrah the rush to the Klondike was on.

A few new millionaires, with the varnish barely dry on them, appeared in the East.

"Where did you get it?"

This is a question which people always ask about money in bulk.

"In the movie business," replied the new millionaires. And immediately there was a tremendous rush to stake out claims on the Golconda these men had discovered.

Everybody wanted to begin making pictures at once; everybody wanted a share of the rich profits.

In the Days When Money Ran Like Water

ALMOST none of these eager investors knew anything about the manufacture of a motion picture. It was all a wild hurly-burly to throw film onto the market. Exhibitors were clamoring for pictures; the ten-cent customers stood in line with their dimes in their hands; any old thing would draw a crowd, and the cameras could not grind fast enough to supply the demand.

"How do we get into this business?" demanded the new men.

After a time it occurred to them that the first thing needful was a studio—any ramshackle place would answer. Nobody knew how long the craze would last; so in the beginning there was no hint of permanency about the plants. A roof for shelter, open spaces for stages—this was plenty. Having provided the studio, the new investors took another think.

"What do we need now?" said they. "Oh, yes; a director! Hire a director and tell him to start in right away!"

The investors, having supplied the money for the venture, sat down to watch the director make bricks without straw; and if he did not turn out the bricks fast enough they prodded him with criticism. He came to realize that making bricks without straw was part of his job. The only demand made on him was for film footage to feed to that hungry but generous monster, the public.

"Expense!" said the owners. "Who said anything about expense? It's results we're after. Turn out the film!"

Now it does not require a deep student of economic problems to see at a glance that an industry founded on this basis may easily develop the twin evils of waste and extravagance. It wasn't the poor director's business to pinch the pennies—and nine times out of ten he was a man without any sort of commercial instinct. Unlimited money was poured into his lap and he was told to make pictures and to keep on making pictures as fast as he knew how.

Nobody suggested that it might be a wise thing to tot up the cost of production now and then, for a brief but golden experience had taught the embryo film magnates that all pictures showed a profit. Their constant cry was for footage, and still more footage. Who cared for the expense in those days? Not a soul. No matter how much money went out, they felt certain that more would come in; so that the balance was always on the right side of the ledger.

As for the director, he soon learned to call himself an artist, to believe that he was an artist; and everybody knows that an artist cares little or nothing for a dollar, when it belongs to another man; yes, or a thousand dollars, for that matter. The director developed temperament; and why not? Is not temperament necessary to the true artist?

The director was also the mainspring of the new industry; and well he knew it. He was worth anything he could get, for he knew how to make bricks without straw.

Let us consider my own case. I had been producing a certain kind of motion pictures for some time when I received word that Mr. Jones, of the Blank Company, wished to see me. The Blank Company was a new outfit, and a big one, which promised to be still bigger. I was flattered when I received the message and lost no time in calling upon Mr. Jones. His method in hiring me is interesting, because it is typical of the period through which the industry was then passing.

"Want to work for us?" asked Mr. Jones, who was and is a man of few words.

I said that I might consider a proposition.

"Consider the proposition made. . . . How much?"

I told him how much, and he grunted:

"All right! You're hired."

"When do you want me to begin?" I asked.

"To-morrow."

"But my people—my company? I'll need a camera man and a property man and a ——"

"Get 'em," said Jones briefly. "Get all the people you need."

I next wished to know whether he had any stories in sight—any scenarios in preparation.

"Get your own stories," said he. "Same kind of stuff you've been doing. Get everything and start shooting as soon as you can. Good day!"

You see, from the beginning everything was up to the director. What Jones was after was footage; it was the only thing he could see.

"Start shooting as soon as you can!"

That was definite enough, at any rate. I went out in the open market and hired my people, using my own judgment about salaries. I found afterward—and so did they—that my figures were lower than most. I secured a camera man, an assistant for myself, a property man and his assistant, and then turned my attention to actors. The woods were full of them, and I soon gathered a stock organization round me. Between times I planned my first picture and sat up nights whipping an idea—heaven knows who owned it!—into scenario form. Of course everything had to wait on the story—everything but the salaries. They went merrily on.

After a bit I was able to give my stage hands a hint as to the sort of "interiors," or stage sets, which I wanted built for the picture; and here, if I may digress a trifle, I will give the reader a hint of the way we set about dressing our stages in the dear old days before the System came. I will tell the true story of some Oriental rugs and a set of gilded furniture—how it came to our plant and what happened to it while there. It throws a clear white light on business methods as practiced among us before the business men effected a reform.

Please imagine three characters—a director, a property man, an assistant property man. Scene, a half-dressed parlor set. Time, the dark ages.

D.: Didn't I tell you I wanted a drawing-room set?

A. P. M.: A drawing room? Drawing room?

P. M.: Aw, he means a rich millionaire's parlor! Where was you raised? What's wrong with it, chief?

D.: It looks cheap. Can't you get me some Oriental rugs?

P. M.: Surest thing you know! Jack, hop into a car and tear downtown and get some rugs—swell ones.

The A. P. M. exits with all speed, leaps into a seven-passenger touring car, which waits at the curb—they always waited at our curb in the careless days when nobody cared how much company money he spent—waited for hire by the hour, day, week or month. A. P. M. sinks back among the cushions and bids the mahout open her up wide and drive to the best furniture store in the city.

A. P. M.: Charge it to the company, kid. And can't you shake any more speed out of this old wreck? The boss is held up on his picture!

A Raid on the Gold Furniture

AT THE furniture store the A. P. M. introduces himself as a representative of the Blank Company and demands to be shown Oriental rugs—swell ones, mind. He is shown swell ones, and selects several of the swellest, to the total value of several hundred dollars.

A. P. M.: Charge 'em to the company and send 'em right out. Get a special truck to deliver 'em. The boss can't begin to shoot till they get there.

The rugs are charged to the company as rented property, the rental per week being ten per cent of the purchase price. Possibly the A. P. M. is handed a memorandum of the transaction by the furniture people; if so he forgets to turn it over to the auditing department. It remains in his pocket while he goes rocketing back to the studio, and continues to remain there—not the best place in the world for a memorandum of indebtedness that the company will be called upon some day to settle; but what does the A. P. M. care? The company will pay in the end. The company hasn't a chance not to pay.

In the meantime the director and the property man have had their heads together and agreed that a rich millionaire's drawing room would be all the richer for a set of that spindle-legged gold furniture. Immediately the property man recalls having seen the very thing in a window display the week before. He leaps into another automobile and is hurled, at so much an hour, on his quest. Gilded furniture comes high; but the property man's heart is set on it, his boss needs it, the picture halts for it. The salaries, however, continue as usual, at the rate of one hundred dollars an hour.

The Oriental rugs and the gold furniture arrive at their destination in the rich millionaire's drawing room, where they lend, at ten per cent a week, a fine touch of opulence to the pictures; and lend also an attack of heartburn to another director, strolling by in the offing.

Director B summons his own property man and the following conversation ensues:

"See that gold junk and those Oriental rugs? It's just the stuff I want for that parlor set in my picture. Keep your eyes on it, and the minute they're through shooting—grab it!"

"Right-oh!"

Now Director B does not know where that furniture came from in the first place, or how much it is costing

the company. It is an excellent bet, at any odds, that Director B does not care a brass-mounted whoop about those things. He knows he wants them for his own picture; and he knows he is going to get them, for he has a dependable property man.

In the dear old days a property man always had to answer one leading question when seeking a job with one of our directors. The question was: "Are you a good scrapper?" The best property man was the one who understood the true inwardness of the phrase "To have and to hold"—and the holding was just as important and twice as difficult as the having. That was where the scrapping came in. It was easy to get all sorts of expensive properties—a parrot could have done it if taught to say "Charge it to the company."

Returning to our rented munificence, B's property man snatches it the instant the camera ceases to click on the drawing room. He appropriates the Oriental rugs and the gilded furniture and decks a set of his own. Director B begins to shoot. Next day there is trouble.

The laboratory has ordered retakes on A's stuff. The film came out fogged, and he must get his opulence back again and shoot it a second time. Director B will not let him have it. He points out, heatedly perhaps, that the stuff is already registered in the picture—his picture, which is every bit as important a production as A's; yes, more so, by thunder!

The two directors wrangle bitterly, and A's property man steals the stuff overnight, leaving B's set bare. B's property man steals it back again—very likely he punches somebody's nose for good measure.

A sure result of this sort of snarl is that one company is idle; for, of course, A must sit down and wait. He couldn't think of going out on location or busying himself with other work until B shall have finished. Oh, bless you, no! A wants to be able to point to an idle company and say:

"Look how B is holding me up!"

Whenever a director sulks or loafs his entire company is idle.

To finish with the fancy furniture: Let us imagine that Director C craves a little opulence of his own; and what a director craves a property man steals, of course. The ten-per-cent-a-week chattels are registered in a third picture, and the battle becomes three-cornered. Nobody wins and the company loses all round—time, money, service.

Putting the Punch in the Picture

NOW that is the way we used to do it. It was every man for his own picture, and the devil take the stockholders! When a director wanted anything he wanted it bad—had to have it that instant or the next, or else his picture would be held up. Why visit the purchasing agent and unravel miles of red tape? Pooh for the red tape! We scorned it. It was so much simpler, so much quicker, to send one of the hired men scooting in an automobile after the stuff, thirty miles an hour, crossings and all.

Each one of our directors had at least three men who were clothed with all the power and authority of a purchasing agent, without in the least assuming his responsibility—or, for the matter of that, responsibility of any sort. So far as known, not one of these men ever kept a record of his transactions. For him the incident was closed when he said: "Charge it to the company!"

In the case of the spindle-legged chairs and the Oriental rugs, the real source of the trouble was that nobody considered it part of his job to see that they were returned to the furniture store. They lingered on, working in picture after picture, until our cashier was jarred with a bill every bit as opulent as the furnishings themselves.

This was only one small item of waste, one little leak from which profits trickled. There were hundreds of them. Automobile transportation was a big leak. There was no check on it so far as the individual was concerned; and all the directors, driven by the incessant yell for footage, gave imitations of busy men and burned gasoline lavishly. Nearly any employee could hop into a car, murmur "Company business!" and be transported where he would. Director, assistant director, property man, assistant property man, leading man—we all rode in those days at the price of the slogan: "Charge it to the company!"

Charged it was, to the tune of four figures a week. The director had been taught to believe that his time was immensely valuable; naturally he chose the quickest method of transportation. He had only so many hours of sunlight each day; he was forced to make haste between points. His people were necessary to him; so they also made haste. And, as I said, there was no check on the amount of riding that was done—no check but the one made out by the cashier, something between three thousand and five thousand dollars a week. It will be seen that in a year we rode through a small fortune.

And our pay roll—ah, that was another tremendous leak! I give it as my opinion—it doesn't go if my boss sees it—that motion-picture salaries are too high. I know they are much higher than salaries paid for similar services in other lines of work. The largest part of our leak, however, was not due to overpayment for services rendered, but to a deliberate stuffing of the pay roll. I do not mean by this that we defrauded the company, but that each director hired more people than he really needed.

Take my own case, for example; for I suppose I was a flagrant offender in this regard. I had twelve actors under salary all the time, and it was seldom that a scenario demanded the full strength of my stock company. There were pictures that might have been made with four people. Did I release eight actors? I did not. I carefully wrote them into the picture; dragged 'em in by the hair of the head or by the heels—anything to keep them busy. I fear these interpolated parts did not strengthen the production from an artistic point of view, but I was only doing what all the other directors were doing: I was taking care of my own. No; I was making the stockholders take care of them.

And the extra people! Heaven bless 'em, they saved many a picture for me! We believed that a picture, to go, should have the punch. If the punch was not written into the story we supplied it with a mob scene of some sort. Was the scenario weak? Did it lack vital elements? Very well; bring on the mob scene! Set two hundred men to fighting and tearing one another's clothes, and as many women to weeping and wringing their hands—at anywhere from two to five dollars a day! Get the kick into the story somehow!

A well-handled crowd effect has covered up many a wretched bit of photoplay writing—will probably cover up many more; but not for us. The punches we put into our pictures with mob scenes cost an average of a thousand dollars for every working day. The greater portion of that money could have been saved by writing punches into the scripts, instead of hiring extra people to fight them into the films.

And this brings me to the greatest waste of all—the tremendous leak through which the profits of the motion-picture industry escape in a flood. It is the waste of sunlight—of "shooting time," as we call it. If I should attempt to estimate for you in dollars the time loss by day, by week, by year, of the companies operating in this section alone, you would not believe me. Speaking for ourselves, the total pay roll on our lot figured up to a cool thousand dollars for each photographic hour; and I am well within the truth when I say that on this basis we tossed away two thousand dollars daily.

When I look back on conditions as they were with us, I marvel that the System was so long in coming; so late in finding us out. Please believe that this wastage was not due to deliberate loafing—far from it. Speaking for myself I traveled under just as many pounds of steam as my boiler would carry. The trouble was that I did not always know where I was going, or why. All I knew was that I was playing a lone hand for my own pictures, my own pride, my own reputation as a producing director; and if my activities brought me into conflict with another director, with pictures and pride of his own—well, let him take care of himself—that was all. I had my own picture to look out for.

Speaking of this waste of time I wonder if I can give you an impression of our big stage as it used to be in the old days—crowded with "sets"; a dozen or more directors excitedly bawling orders at their assistants; hundreds of employees rushing this way and that. It was the last place in which you would say time was being wasted. But most of that sound and fury signified nothing, and most of that hustle and bustle was lost motion and a frantic beating of the empty air.

Step back with me into the old régime and listen to the monologue of a director at work on the big stage. We meet the gentleman at nine in the morning, and Jack, his assistant; Ray, the camera man, and his assistant; Bill, the property man, and his assistant; stage hands; stage carpenters; paper hangers; actors, and extra people.

The director yells:

"Jack! Hey, Jack! . . . Where's that assistant of mine? . . . Jack, what's up this morning? . . . The library, eh? . . . Well, have you got that sketch I gave you? Don't you remember what it was? . . . No, no! That ain't what I want at all! . . . Stick up a four and two deuces there. . . . Three sixes across the back. . . . A couple of fours and a deuce on the other side. . . . Here! Where's that script? . . . Now this is the action. . . . See? We enter there and we exit here. . . . The light comes from that side. . . . Stick a couple of doors and a window over there. . . .

"Let's see; this is a library. . . . Ought to have good paper here. . . . Jack! Oh, Jack! Did you get those samples of wall paper? . . . Let's have a look at 'em. . . . No, no! That won't do at all! This is a library—not a hall bedroom! Gwan and get me something decent—something rich—sort of dark. . . . Here! Where's that wall-paper man? . . . Ain't there any good tapestry paper in this joint? Show me some samples of what you've got—quick! . . . That all? . . . What does this paper cost? . . . Only fifty cents a roll? Say, do you think they'd have cheap paper on a library of this kind? . . . Get me something right! About a dollar a roll. . . . Hurry up; we've wasted enough time this morning already! . . . Bill! Where's Bill? Where's that prop man? . . . Bill, didn't you tie up that library stuff we saw the other day? . . . Well, go and get it out here! . . . Jack! Call the people! . . ."

And So the Morning Goes

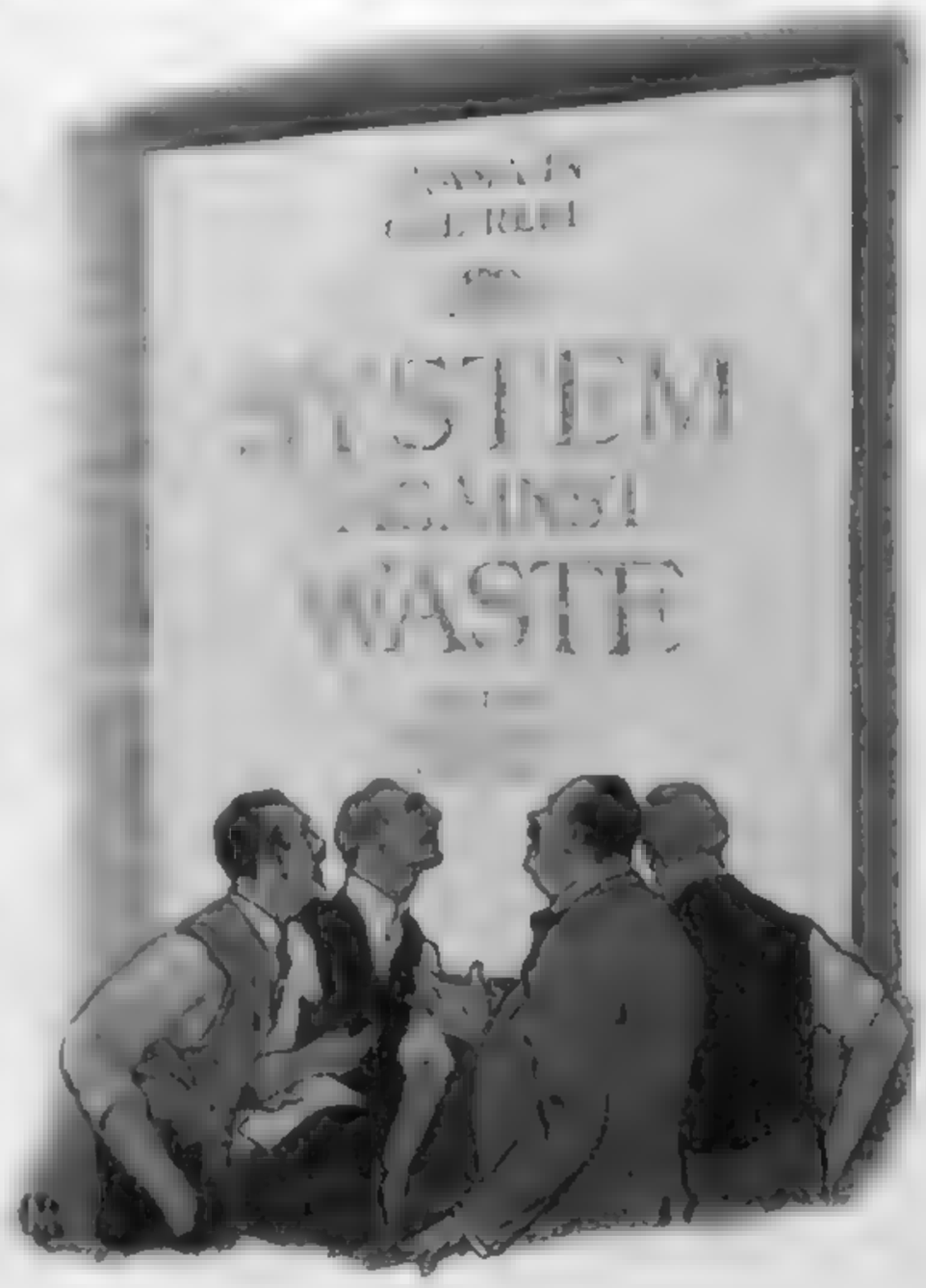
"SET your camera up over there, Ray! . . . Be sure you get that window in. . . . Got enough film? . . . Now here's what I want to get—Percy enters there, at the right. . . . Where's that script? . . . No, Bill; not a bit like it! That ain't the kind of a table I need! Get a library table; I've got a lot of action round it. . . . Is that all the furniture you could find? . . . Go and get some more. . . . This rug's awful—get another rug! . . . Hey! Get some drapes, too, and some curtains—something good—green velvet. Some pictures—don't forget the pictures. Hurry up, now! We're wasting time. Lord, can't I get anything round here? . . .

"All the people here, Jack? . . . Made up? . . . Where's Percy? . . . Percy, come here! . . . Say, what the —— Where did you get that coat, anyway? You look like an undertaker! . . . Go over to the wardrobe and get something that fits the part—something nifty. . . . Jack! Where's Miss Smythe? . . . That woman will drive me crazy yet! . . . What? Gone to lunch! Twelve o'clock already? . . . Another morning gone! . . . Bill, you stay here with that assistant of yours and see that this set is dressed when we come back from lunch! . . . Jack, get everybody into the restaurant and tell 'em to be back here at one o'clock."

Director, on his return from lunch:

"People all ready, Jack! . . . What! . . . Your extras didn't show up? This is a fine time to be telling me

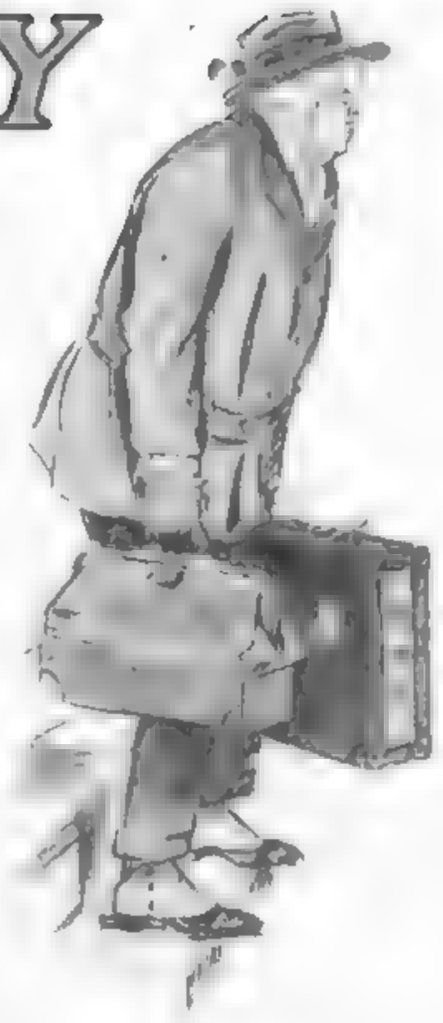
(Continued on Page 98)



BLUE MONDAY

By Henry Rucker

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



JOB had his boils and Lazarus had his eczema, or whatever it was, and I had my Frederick Ferdinand Flagg. I shouldn't be surprised, considering the three afflictions, if I had a slight shade the worst of it. There were plenty of times when I would have traded Ferdie for the most painful set of boils on the local market; and, compared with him, a violent rash would have been a pleasant relief.

The whole trouble started with a letter. I have noticed, as I wag on toward the period of life when a man doesn't care whether he is shaved or not, that most everything disagreeable begins with a letter. I got my first job with one and I've been working for somebody ever since. This particular fatal missive steamed into Hassayampa Station one sunny morning on the through train; and, as I happened to be the only representative of the J. Porter Ranch in sight, the United States Postal Department, in the person of Brick Landers, handed me the letter for Boss Porter. It contained information that Ferdie was coming; and if the Boss felt any great joy he concealed it.

It is generally best to buck in and tackle the most disagreeable part of a job while you are fresh and strong; so we will go at this Frederick Ferdinand Flagg person right here. He was the son of Boss Porter's sister, who had married a New York banker, and he was an only child. They say you can spoil an only child by merely leaving him in the sun; and I should judge that Ferdie had been deteriorating for a long time.

Well, the New York parents had decided that Ferdie ought to go West for his health; and maybe they expected he would work some of the meanness out of his system. Possibly, also, they were figuring on a few months of pleasant life during his absence; but, anyway, he was sawed off on Boss Porter and came through on schedule, his train unfortunately missing all the open switches between New York and Hassayampa.

I rode in to the station to meet the arriving guest and it took me all of three seconds to begin disliking him. I introduced myself and he sized me up like I was a lizard.

"Very well," he said; "be good enough to look after my trunks. And get me a New York newspaper, little man."

I am little and I don't mind being reminded of it by my friends, but the worst part was the way this fresh bird said it. I repeated the introduction.

"My name's Andy Cullison," I told him. "I'm the foreman of the Porter Ranch."

"Just so," he yawned. "Ask for the latest paper."

Rather than begin the day with trouble I got him the paper; and while he criticized what he could see of the State of Arizona I studied him. The minute he spoke to you, you began thinking how nice he would look in a coffin. I have met a number of unlikable men, but I can't remember anybody who stacked up with Ferdie. When he shook hands and said "How do you do?" you wanted to kick him. He didn't have to do anything in particular or say anything nasty. It was enough to have him stand there before you with a superior smile on his fat face. After that you had to remember he was related to the Boss.

"Be Good Enough to Look After My Trunks. And Get Me a New York Newspaper, Little Man"

I overcame my feelings and drove him out to our hitherto happy desert home. The J. Porter Ranch spreads over a generous slab of the Arizona earth in the neighborhood of Hassayampa, which is where we get our letters and send to the Chicago mail-order houses for shotguns and lingerie. It is a plenteous and far-reaching property; but one hour after Ferdie arrived it was plain that the ranch wouldn't be big enough for him and the rest of us.

"How do you make our new guest?" I asked Jake Davis, Jake being the assistant foreman under me and my tried and loyal bunkie.

"You can have him," Jake answered. "He looks like seven years' bad luck to me."

And that was the general impression. Joe Knight, our best cattleman, listened to Frederick talk for a few minutes and then walked away, compressing his nostrils with his thumb and forefinger, which is Joe's playful way of indicating his lack of pleasure about anything.

That night Boss Porter sent for me and we sat on a wagon-tongue back of the corral while he broke the news. It struck me then that you never know your luck till it changes.

"You're one of my dependable men, Andy," the Boss remarked with apology in his tone. "I've raised your pay a couple of times and I'm liable to do it again any minute. I made you foreman of this ranch because you have qualities of reliability and the men do what you say."

"They sure do!" I answered, remembering several rough guys who had decided to question my authority and later changed their minds under bandages.

"And that's why I'm going to turn young Flagg over to you," the Chief went on, getting right down to the climax in a hurry.

I switched my chew of Plainsmen's Delight and looked gloomily at him.

"Meaning what?" I inquired, knowing the answer would be bad news.

"Ferdie came out here for his health," the Boss continued, looking away. "If I'm a judge of my own employees he ain't liable to acquire any new health on this ranch without protection; in fact, he'll probably lose all his old health. I am not to blame for him, because he was wished on me; but I am going to El Paso and while I am gone somebody has got to take charge of him. You are hereby appointed to the job. It will be your duty to keep the boys from playing horse with my sister's only child. Do you follow me?"

"I'm ahead of you," I said disconsolately.

"All this is under your hat. I have said nothing to Ferdie or the boys. You are to be pleasant to him even when you don't want to be, and ride herd on him generally. When I come back I'll take him off your hands. That'll be about all."

"That'll be enough too," I told the Boss. "I'm not stuck on this job, but I never yet refused to obey orders. I'll do my best; but if anybody puts poison in Ferdie's soup don't blame me—that's all!"

The Boss grinned and walked away. He knew darn' well he had just sawed off a mighty mean piece of hocus on a deserving and faithful employee. He had seen his nephew and figured him out, from the little feather on his hat down to his tan shoes. He knew that the young gent would be about as popular with the boys as a wet dog in bed.

Later on I gave some close study to my new job to see if I could make out just what was wrong with Ferdie. He certainly was not a soothing lotion to the eye. Just to start with, Frederick Ferdinand Flagg's face was too fat for the rest of him, and his cheeks were rosy, like a girl's. He had large, fat shoulders and a roll under his chin which became moist when he moved about. And his clothes!

He had about fifteen suits, and any one of them was loud enough to make a boiler factory seem like an inchworm crooning to its mate. All his coats were belted round the back and made you feel you'd enjoy seeing Ferdie belted round the back too. His shirts were made of colored silk, with floppy collars, like you might expect to find on a young lady about to recite The Prisoner of Chillon before the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Uplift Guild.

He stood over six feet, and when he walked his pearl-gray spats flashed on you and you could see that his socks matched his necktie. On his lip was a pale yellow mustache which was making an effort to curl up toward his skull. He had thin, blond hair, and wore silk gloves and a watch on his wrist. Naturally you would think any human being who looked like that would let the rest of it go, and try to avoid further outrage on his fellowman. But no; in addition to looking like something you see when you're sleeping fitfully, Ferdie went round the Porter Ranch annoying the hired help with his sneering conversation. He was just a plain, bullheaded fool, who had been used to waiters and flunkies, and didn't know Americans when he saw them. And I knew in a minute if I kept the boys off his back I'd have a busier job than a street sweeper in Venice.

Two days after the Boss handed me my instructions he started for El Paso; and before the station buckboard was out of sight in the dust I found Jake Davis removing his collar and coat and putting on his heavy boots. It being the middle of the day, I failed to understand until I noticed the gleam in Jake's good eye. One of them can't gleam at all, no matter how mad Jake gets, on account of his having lost it in a pitchfork battle down in Tempe.

"Well," I demanded, "why the disrobing act?"

"I've been waitin' for this chance and now it's come," Jake answered viciously. "I'm goin' out there and kick a hole in that guy's roof."

I knew in a minute.

"What for?" I inquired.

"Because I feel like it," Jake replied defiantly. "You know what the big jellyfish called me?"

"I do not."

"Well, he called me his good man. I don't let nobody get away with that kind of talk. And the other day he remarked that I must have been born in a barn. The Boss is gone and here's where I carve my 'nitials on the sucker's gizzard."

"I'm sorry to have to spoil a pleasant time," I told Jake sadly; "but there won't be anything doing. I'm the boss now and Ferdie is under my jurisdiction. You can't go and clean him up, because I won't let you. The Old Man said to have all you boys lay off this New York clothing dummy, and that's about what you're going to do. Otherwise, I suppose I'll have to tend to you personally."

Well, it took me half an hour to steer Jake away from assault and battery; but Jake knows I can clean him, on account of my having done it in the past. I told him I had no personal interest in keeping the employees from tearing the hide off the fatted calf, but that I was under official instructions; and finally Jake saw the sense of it.

Three times within the next twenty-four hours I was called out to interfere and save Ferdie from what was rightfully coming to him. Eddie Bean, Dave Cranby and Joe Knight all felt the stern hand of my authority; and, though they called me the regular names used under such circumstances, they refrained from wiping up the earth with the Chief's relation. After that things went along as peaceful as a couple of cows in a convent.

Each day's work was done up on schedule time, as slick and neat as when the Old Man was on the job; but, on account of our loathed guest, I had to drop my ordinary daily affairs and follow that big, soft hunk of human error round the Porter Ranch and to Hassayampa. Everywhere he went he made new enemies. He couldn't make a friend

Jake and I Observed a Bandaged Individual Coming Down the Steps

any more than he could make a Swiss watch. I never saw anything like him to create foes; and to this minute I have never understood how he lived so long in New York. New Yorkers must be different from us.

I soothed savage breasts that looked like they never would get really good and soothed again; and if it wasn't for my reputation as a two-handed fighter Ferdie would now be resting beneath the violets. I don't want you to run away with the notion that I'm a murderous and frightful citizen, because that isn't the truth. I'm inclined to quiet behavior and the ways of harmony; but when I was a few years younger, and somewhat fond of bottled goods, I blundered into a number of little affairs that are not entirely forgotten.

And the proof of my gentle nature is the fact that I stood for Ferdie's treatment without blasting him from the face of the earth. I took him to Hassayampa and showed him the beauties and amusements of the town. I acted as his guide on little shooting excursions, where he shot nothing but a Mexican sheepherder who hadn't done a thing to either of us; and a road runner, which is a crime on account of them eating up the rattlesnakes. Nobody but a complete darn' fool would shoot a road runner, and I suppose Ferdie's was the first one that ever died of a bullet in the whole state of Arizona.

I listened to his conversation with the open countenance of intelligence when it reminded me of water dropping on a pie tin in the kitchen sink. I stood for his sarcasm. I put up with his comments and opinions when I would have been justified in killing him with the butt end of my gun and burying his carcass under a Joshua tree. I let him get away with harsh criticism of my person, my dress and my manners; so you can see that I am as mild-mannered as anybody.

I taught him to sit up in the middle of a horse as well as you can teach a fat bag of meal anything, and I showed him how to avoid rattlesnakes when I'd rather have put in with the snake. Nobody will ever know the full depths of my patience and forbearance; but I will pause here to give an instance.

In Hassayampa Station Ed Burbank's Harness and Hardware Store occupies the main corner, across from the railroad station; and whenever a lowly ranch hand rides into town he just naturally stops before Ed's place and fastens a hungry gaze on the show window. Inside that window was everything you might expect to find in a harness store, but principally there was a Saddle.

I put that Saddle in the capital-letter class because it belonged there. It outshone every other saddle I ever saw, like a lighthouse outshines a piece of Chinese punk; and it had a little story. For two years it had laid there untouched and protected from the dust by a special glass case, something like you see over wax lilies. It was the doggonedest saddle the human mind can conjure up and it fascinated me every time I hit town. I have yearned for a good many things in my life, but I darn' near busted my yearner on this one saddle; and I will state that every other cowchaser round Hassayampa did the same thing. The large reason why it reposed there in state, unsullied by mortal leg, was the price tag. It said in the most understandable and discouraging way—$1200.

Every time Ed Burbank took a look into his window he brought out the ancient Cossack curse and put it on a man named Murray. Murray came to Arizona a little more than two years ago, full of plans and enthusiasm, and promoted what was to be the biggest broncho-busting contest the West had ever seen. Then, on the eve of the great event and after Ed Burbank had sunk a small fortune in prizes for the successful contestants, Mr. Murray folded his tent, put the dough in his jeans, and departed in a general southerly direction. So there remained on Ed's hands, among other painful mementos, one Saddle—price, twelve hundred iron men.

Now you know as well as I do that you can buy a good, ordinary saddle for sixty dollars. The one I've nearly worn out cost forty-five dollars and I've had it for seven years; so you can see. And that silver-mounted, high-toned aristocrat of a saddle in the window was as far away from being mine as I am from being the next King of Bulgaria. I never knew what the word "covet" meant until I began to hang round the front of Ed Burbank's store.

To begin with, it looked like exactly twelve hundred beans—no more, no less. It was made of seasoned leather, tanned to a mellow and sirupy brown, and with it naturally went the bridle and spurs. The spurs were mostly solid silver and the bridle was decorated like a plush fire horse. But the saddle! Listen:

On the back of the cantle was a shining plate of gold about four by eight inches, on which was to be engraved the name of the lucky guy who won the prize in the bucking contests, which there wasn't any such lucky guy on account of Murray's defalcation.

It was all covered with carvings of knights hurling the spear and cowboys tossing the bull, with rampant steers galloping round the bastos and rosaderos—which are the back and sides, if you don't know saddles. The stirrup leathers were four inches wide and ornamented with gold filigree, and the conchas were solid silver tipped with gold. The pommel was decorated with a carved angel apparently trying to lasso the Gates Ajar, and the stirrups were gold-bound and as dainty as a girl's new shoe. On the anqueras, which is right under the cantle, was a flock of antelope, with a buffalo here and there, and a caravan crossing the desert on little gold wheels. Even the saddle strings were all riotous with curlicues and ridges, and were edged with silver, ending in little silver stickers.

And the horn was solid silver, with gold lines and a single diamond that glistened like a cat's eye on a clear night. The genius who designed that saddle must have died right after he finished it, because it certainly was a lifework. I wanted that saddle and I would have done anything except die to get it.

Likewise, the bridle was chased with silver ornaments until your eye began to water down your vest, and the spurs were something like a Mexican's dream of Paradise—all little shiny dewflingers, which would jingle melodiously if any lucky stiff ever got a chance to walk in them.

As I said, there lay this royal outfit under its glass case, an object of general covetousness and the principal sorrow of Ed Burbank's life. Though Ed had got himself good and stuck by the Murray person, he had also announced that he would see everybody in the Bottomless Pit before he would chop a dollar off the price. So the best anyone hoped for was an occasional look.

Well, among my other efforts to amuse Ferdie I took him to town and stood him up in front of the King of Saddles. I thought the sight of such a peerless thing would cheer him some.

"I suppose it's the finest saddle in the whole world," I told him.

He laughed in his slow, annoying manner.

"And I presume you'd like to have it," he said, looking amused.

"I've got three aunts," I answered, "and I'd set them all on fire to get it."

Then I told him briefly what I thought of it and what we all thought, and how I'd gazed on it longingly for two years with watering and hopeless eyes. He listened with the expression you see on the face of a carp about three hours out of water.

"A crazy mess of decorated junk like that might be all right for a Mexican," Ferdie said; "but for a white man to want such a thing is a sign of mental decay."

The poor flathead went on this way for a minute or two, standing in the Valley of the Shadow without knowing it. I turned away to hide my feelings and calm my hands, and then we went on down to the drug store to get some talcum powder for his sunburn. This is a sample of the sort of life I led for three mortal and endless weeks, restraining the boys from personal attack on my charge and keeping my own hands off him by sheer will power and nothing else.

Then came that Sunday night. It rained hard all day Sunday and the employees of the Porter Ranch were submerged in gloom and hatred of their fellowmen. I recall that a sulky poker game started in the bunkhouse about seven in the evening—one of those slow, smoldering sessions where not much conversation is wasted and the

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"I've Got Three Aunts and I'd Set Them All on Fire to Get That Saddle"

RUMORS OF WAR

By Samuel G. Blythe

ONE of my Mexican friends came to me in vast excitement on the morning of April tenth. His condition was not unusual. He has but two mental phases: Either he is vastly excited or he is vastly torpid; he never is otherwise.

"Great news!" he exclaimed. "Great news I have for you this morning!"

I looked at him rather coldly. Ten times a day he came round with great news.

Ten times a day he was imaginative about what he had—to give him his Mexican meed of courtesy, and not to say bluntly that he was lying

"What is it?"

"The currency of the First Chief Carranza has increase in value feefty per cent—feefty—feefty! Great news!"

"What do you mean by fifty per cent? Is a Carranza peso worth half its par value now—twenty-five cents?"

He looked at me reproachfully.

"Ah, no, señor; not that! It has increase feefty per cent, the currency of the First Chief Carranza. Great news!"

"Well," I said, "let's see. If Carranza currency has increased fifty per cent in value, then it is worth three cents and a half a peso. Is that it?"

"But, señor, you must not say it that way. It has increase in value feefty per cent. That is the way to say it."

"Sure; that is the Mexican way to say it. But, as a matter of fact, a fifty-cent Carranza peso is now worth three cents and a half, gold. That's right, isn't it?"

He backed away.

"Feefty per cent!" he repeated, waving his hands. "Feefty per cent!"

"And," I continued, "a currency that has attained the astonishing value of seven cents on the dollar is a grand little currency with which to rehabilitate the finances of a country. Is that the idea?"

"Señor," he remonstrated sadly, "you do not understand the Mexican temperament. Feefty per cent!"

"Probably not," I replied; "but I understand that a seven-cent dollar isn't much as an example of legal tender."

He left me.

My Mexican friend's great news is the type of almost all other Mexican news. There is no people in the world more adroit in putting the good face on their side of a Mexican occurrence. The truth about anything that has happened, is happening, or is going to happen, always is at the bottom of the well; and the well is deep and covered over and ambuscaded, and the map of its location lost.

The Poor Come From Miles Round to the Few Wells From Which They Can Get Water

High Finance With Seven-Cent Dollars

FURTHERMORE, I have been dealing with partisans of one sort and another for a considerable period of years, and listening to them, and sorting over what they have said; but I never before came in contact with such frenzy of partisanship as is shown by the various adherents of the various factions in Mexico, whether those adherents are Americans—as many of them are—or Mexicans. A discussion of the Mexican situation always begins with the inclusive statement by the partisan that all others along the border, in Washington, in Mexico, or elsewhere, are liars, the particular partisan speaking being the one lily-white, unbiased, honest person in the mess. That basis being established by the partisan, the discussion proceeds to wind its devious way until such time as the partisan uncovers his particular interest, which he always does. They have been face to face with this Mexican business down along the border for more than five years, and they are intense about it.

The Mexican, in the bulk, may be ignorant; but the Mexican at the select top isn't. He is a smart person; and he has from the first realized the value of favorable opinion in the United States for his particular sector of the business. Consequently there have been swarms of professional and amateur press agents at work, and the truth that has been sent out and disseminated assays about a pennyweight to the ton.

My Mexican friend's yarn about the increase of value of Carranza currency is a fair example of the way they do it. He wasn't the only person who circulated that story. Even Washington had a hand in it. Said a dispatch from that capital on the morning I wrote this: "Official advices to the State Department report that the value of Carranza currency has risen materially during the last few days, advances of over fifty per cent being noted in some districts." Sounds big and reassuring, doesn't it? Carranza seems to be doing well down there, putting the country on a better financial basis. Still, it isn't quite so reassuring when you realize that, even at an advance of fifty per cent, Carranza money was, on April tenth, worth only three and a half cents a peso, or seven cents on the American dollar.

It may go to five cents a peso, or ten. They have the means for doing some financial juggling down in Mexico City, and the adroitness; and there is no telling what that juggling will be. But, even if it does go to ten cents a peso, it will still be largely fiat money; and it will not alter the fact that the country is bankrupt, or that First Chief Carranza can issue new notes, decree values and manipulate Banco Nacional notes and still not get the country out of that bankruptcy.

However, it is a genial financial condition for those who can use it. And many have used it. For instance: A man I know about had a mine in Mexico. He closed down and came out early in the troubled period, leaving cyanides valued at six thousand dollars, gold, in a warehouse in Vera Cruz. He owed in Mexico, to Mexicans mostly, considerably more than three hundred thousand pesos, which, with pesos worth forty cents, gold, as they were at that time, made his debt some one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, gold. The European war came along. Cyanides rose in value. He made a killing.

At about the time I am writing he sold his cyanides for seventeen thousand dollars, gold. With that seventeen thousand dollars he bought Carranza money at $1.90 a hundred pesos, or less than two cents a peso. Inasmuch as it has been decreed by First Chief Carranza that Carranza money must be accepted at par by Mexicans in payment of all obligations of this sort, this man paid off a debt that really amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, gold, for seventeen thousand dollars, gold, by converting that seventeen thousand dollars into Carranza pesos and discharging his indebtedness with those. The Mexicans had to take the two-cent money at its face value. The First Chief had decreed that. If they refused it they were guilty of treason to this magical creator of fiat values. And that is the country which Mexicans—and some Americans—are trying to make all Americans think is becoming financially stable!

This depreciation of the Carranza money, coupled with the First Chief's decree that it must be taken at its face value, was a great gift to many others besides my friend of the cyanides. Some banks, for example. Many, including many Americans, who had deposits in these Mexican banks—deposits of good American money, or of Mexican money that was fairly good when they put it in the banks—have been notified to withdraw their deposits from those banks.

"Take out your money," the banks said. "We desire to close your accounts."

Those who were bluffed into this were paid in Carranza money at its face value—legal tender by decree, you understand. The banks recognized the decree. They upheld it. To do otherwise would be treason and might mean execution—standing up against a wall to be weighted down with lead fired by Carranza soldiers. The integrity of the decree must be maintained, no matter who suffers. If the depositor had a hundred dollars in gold in a bank he received therefor from the bank, not a hundred dollars, gold, but the equivalent of a hundred dollars in Carranza money at its face value. The banks bought the money for two cents a peso, or less. They paid it out at fifty cents a peso, or thereabouts. Not all the smart bankers are north of the Rio Grande.

However, the Mexican financial situation is as messed as the Mexican political situation, and there are many other similar things that have happened. What will happen nobody knows, or can guess.

Setting that aside, to develop with time, did you know that Carranza is assassinated every morning between the hours of seven and nine? Did you know that Villa was shot in the leg, arm, body, head, had his leg broken, his hip broken, suffered from housemaid's knee, and had a bad case of mumps? Were you aware that the American troops had taken Juarez? Did you, by any chance, hear that Villa had surrounded and slaughtered the entire American Army? Perhaps you didn't hear that the Mexicans had risen at Douglas and had exterminated every gringo in that fine little city!

Up and Down the Rumor Factory

OR MAYHAP it may have escaped you that President Wilson had fled to Canada; that the Mexicans had captured St. Louis; that General Bell and General Gavira had had a fist fight; that a platoon of American regulars had been executed by Mexicans; that General P. Elias Calles had declared war on us; that there had been a complete assassination of all Americans in Chihuahua; that the Mexicans had all joined Villa; that Carranza had finally decided to let us use the railroad, and had finally decided not to let us use it; that all housewives in El Paso practice target shooting just after breakfast; that there are two fourteen-inch guns on top of the Paso del Norte Hotel; that shopgirls tote automatic pistols in their hand bags; that they bound ten Americans to railroad ties with barbed wire down in Durango, and burned them; that there is an uprising every ten feet from Laredo to Nogales; that the governor of Texas intends to secede and fight Mexico on his own account; that thirty-seven American motor trucks had been found thirty miles from the road, below Columbus, disabled, and all drivers and guards killed and horribly mutilated; that Carranza troops had joined Villa, and that Villa troops had deserted to Carranza; that Villa isn't in Mexico at all, but on his way to Washington; that the Japanese are dressed up as Mexicans and are fighting with Villa; that the Germans paid Villa a million dollars to make the raid at Columbus; that England and France really are responsible for the dilatoriness of Carranza, planning to get American intervention and thus secure for themselves the money Mexico owes them; that the "interests" are financing Villa; that the plan is not to produce Villa until Democratic National Convention time at St. Louis, and to bring him there then for political effect—hold him in captivity somewhere until that time, you know.

Hadn't heard these things? Well, that means you haven't been in El Paso or San Antonio, or along the border between Nogales and Laredo recently. You would have

heard them if you had stopped anywhere in this border vicinity, and plenty more, all backed by the most impeccable authority—true as truth! There are big green onyxized pillars in the hotel at El Paso, and you can find a rumor lurking behind any pillar, at any time, day or night. Likewise, you may discover, sitting on the chairs in the lobby, well-informed gentlemen who will set you straight on what is going on in Mexico, having their information at first hand and knowing what they are talking about.

It is merely a question of what sort of rumor one feels like hearing at any certain time. One gets finicky and temperamental about it. No person wants to have his rumors all jumbled up; and for that reason it is wise to begin the day by saying: "Now between nine and twelve to-day I would like to hear Villa rumors, and after luncheon I will hear my day's supply of Carranza rumors; reserving the evening for the bloody details of assassinations, raids, battles, executions and other pleasant Mexican pastimes. At ten o'clock at night I want a few troop-withdrawal rumors; and just before retiring I must insist on having my regular straight-from-the-White-House stuff."

Thus, if one puts a little scientific rumor management into it one may be saved the annoyance of having his Villa rumors all messed up and complicated with his Carranza rumors, and so on; for the expert rumor hearer—one becomes expert in a week or so—has no difficulty at all in arranging his meetings with his rumor sources so that there may be a reasonable synchronization. Nothing annoys one so much as to have a Carranza rumor peddler come butting in when it is the Villa rumor peddler's turn.

Villa's Troops Build Shelters on Tops of Troop Trains

The Pleasant Manners and Customs of El Paso

"OH, HUM!" one says when shaving. "Those ambush rumors I heard while I was at breakfast yesterday morning really were not up to the mark. I must hear some livelier ones this morning." It is easy. By the simple expedient of changing one's breakfast place, from one hotel to another, one changes one's rumors also. You see, most rumors have a regular habitat. They are segregated. Still, there are a considerable number of free-lance rumors working off their own. You may encounter one on the street, and are quite likely to run across a flock of them at the telegraph office—a great congregating place for very good rumors.

Another excellent place is at the night clubs. You see, the Texas law compels the shutting up of regular bars, saloons, and so on, at half past nine at night. However, Texas thirsts may be assuaged after that hour. In every city the club flourishes. You are made a member by being given a key. Except on election days and similar occasions, these clubs are open all the time—a neat little contrivance for maintaining a balance between thirst and time-limit regular bars. Speaking by and large, as the saying is, the night clubs are the very finest rumor places. If one is careful to select his keys he may hear any sort of rumor suited to his mood; one brand goes with the flat-key place, another with the round-key place, and so on.

It might naturally be thought that the constant appearance of rumors of these various kinds, and others, is due to the desire of the rumorers for additional practice in lying; but that is hardly tenable, for they need no practice. They are perfect liars now; pluperfect, indeed. That isn't the reason. I have made a careful study of the psychology of the rumor business and have discovered that it has no baffling or ultra elements. The basic reasons are two in number. The first is the genuine and unaffected hospitality of those El Paso people. They have a fine little city, and they want all comers to be at home in it. Hence, if by any chance the business of a visitor is to find out about Mexican affairs they are impelled to help him; and, being a most generous people, they fix it up any way they think will please the inquirer. Long practice has made them expert.

El Paso knows about Mexico, you understand, being just across the hot sands of the Rio Grande from it; and El Paso people are the kindliest on earth. Stop any likely looking man on the street and ask: "What's doing?" And, rather than disappoint the inquirer, the El Paso man will fix up some little incident attractively and narrate it, with great declamatory effect, in about the same manner as is used when dwelling on the virtues of El Paso as a place for business and residence; which is no slur on El Paso, it being a right smart community. With an entire population trained to oblige in this pleasant manner, El Paso is a most interesting place to visit. It is now two o'clock in the afternoon in San Antonio, where I am writing this, and one o'clock in El Paso. I'll give good odds that if I were in El Paso I could walk into the hotel lobby and pick up four or five perfectly corking rumors before I was past the green pillars.

Sort of a local pride in it too; for the El Paso people, as officially represented, consider this rumor business their personal perquisite. No outsiders need apply. They made that very certain soon after the Villa chase began. The mayor, or the board of aldermen, or something, or both, passed an ordinance establishing their right. Any correspondent, or other, knowingly sending out a false or sensational report was to be fined some sum—I forget how much—but entirely too large to get into the expense account in one gob. That came the day after the mayor sent his long exclamatory telegrams to Washington, and didn't affect the mayor, of course, for he lives there.

The second reason for the rumors is the influence reason—the press-stuff reason—the cover-up reason. The Mexican officials are very conscientious about that. They give out the news as they wish it to be and as they think the American people should have it.

The Consul's Handmade News

IN A RATHER varied experience, extending over some several years, I never saw a more interesting demonstration of handmade news and its presentation than that given almost nightly in one of the border cities by the Carranza consul.

This consul is never without telegrams with which to fortify his communications. In the earlier days he produced these telegrams—copied in great haste, no doubt on scraps of paper, usually torn from a bag that had contained tamales.

However, when it was pointed out to the Señor that telegrams ordinarily come on telegraph blanks and infrequently on tamale paper, the Señor was quick to see the point. After that his telegrams invariably were written in most excellent Spanish on telegraph blanks; and he was a carper, indeed, who would remark the fact that the telegraph blanks were sending blanks and not receiving blanks. The soul of the Mexican official revolts at such sordid details as that.

Suppose there was needed a little support for the position of the First Chief Carranza, or some news about the loyal

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A Street Mob in Front of the American Club in Mexico City

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

V

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Tall, Slight, Straight as a Wand, the Princess Came Toward Them

JACKDABOS crouched beside the dog, but only for a moment. There was nothing to do. No one, not all the king's horses and all the king's men, could be of any service here. He rose and shook his head.

"*Malheur!*" mourned the giant.

At last Puig came staggering back round the corner, sheathing his knife as he came. Tears and sweat ran grossly down his freckled cheeks. Panting and sobbing he shook both arms out rigidly before him in the gesture of a wild man.

"The cowards would not stop!" he blubbered. "They kill and run away, the cowards! They heard me, the women looked back, and they would not stop!"

Barjavel only nodded.

"If it were a child, my dear," he said, "it would be the same thing—kill and run. We mustn't expect to find a heart inside that kind of people; no, not even a brain; nothing but food."

The bitterness of his tone acted as a comfort. Puig's arms dropped to his sides.

"You're right," he answered. Bending down he raised the poor limp body from the dusty cobblestones. "It's no good talking. Just leave me alone now. Go on."

Jackdabos, overcome by the sight of this tough misanthrope in tears, remained staring till Barjavel drew him away.

"Meet us at the Arena to-night," was all that Barjavel said. "We'll wait for you by the Rond Point stairs."

The other nodded blindly.

"Your old lady," he called after them as they went, leaving him with his brindle burden in his arms—"your old lady speaks the truth altogether too well."

The Jackdaw and his leader exchanged a wondering look, and retreated in silence. They had not considered this mishap as a fulfillment of prophecy; yet here was a thing come to pass without delay, brutal outdoor fact blundering on the heels of sickroom fancy.

"I never dreamed he was fond of that dog," said the Jackdaw when they had rounded a corner out of sight.

"Men are queer," rejoined Barjavel. "Queer beasts we are! Let's go hurl the missiles a while, eh? We need some diversion."

They strolled toward the Avenue of the Aliscamps accordingly, and spent that Sunday afternoon playing at bowls. In a pleasant sunken grove near the barracks they found a crowd of soldiers and loungers, as usual, rolling the small metal balls over the bare beaten ground. Jackdabos, a champion at this sport, quickly became a center of admiration, for he tossed the balls with that inimitable "back spin" which drops them dead on a given point. "Aha, the wizard!" the holiday spectators began to murmur. "Behold, a player! Oh, marvel, he leaves it down as delicate as a poached egg!" Soon two jealous infantrymen came forward and offered a challenge, so that the Jackdaw, with Barjavel as a calm and crafty partner, fought out a glorious foursome which made the tree tops ring with its fame. The soldiers lost, but so stubbornly, so like a pair of good fellows, that when the game was done Barjavel treated them to an early dinner at the True Sausage, where before sunset they quenched a well-earned thirst with white wine of St. Gilles.

"Magnificent! It is not every day!" cried the glowing warriors, when their bugle called them to rise and run home. "We played the best piece in the bag, didn't we? To our revenge!"

Bright moonlight transfigured Arles before the winners left their coffee and climbed upstairs toward the Roman amphitheater, there to wait for Puig as they had appointed.

"Do you know," said Barjavel, while they paced back and forth under the curving bulwark of shadow reared by the circus—"do you know, Jackdaw, what excellent company you are? Crabbed age and youth, and yet we make a spanking team together. I shall be sorry to lose you, little old chap, even during the short time when we—when we must separate."

"Lose me? Separate?" echoed the youngster, halting in dismay. "Why should we?"

His colossal friend linked arms with him.

"Come, I'll tell you why."

As they paced onward together a lonely form came slouching under the ruined arches, met them, passed, then wheeled abruptly and joined them without more ado. It was Puig.

"I buried him," croaked a weary voice, "but I still keep looking behind me and making up my mouth to whistle."

The giant hooked his other arm through Puig's and bore him along in their thoughtful sentry-go. For a time no more was said. Jackdabos, warm with victory and good St. Gilles, felt pierced to the heart when he saw this dejected shadow walking beside them, still bereaved.

"Philibert," continued Barjavel at last, "I was telling the Jackdaw why we shall part company. Do you care to hear? It is like this: We're now much nearer to your gold plate." The shadow arm-in-arm with them remained passive and silent. "If our luck holds half as well as I expect we shall discover a great thing; for now we know that Goiffon's map exists, it pictures the garden with the old orange trees, it hangs in a villa near Mentone. We'll take the night train south to see that map. But for my part I can help no further."

He made them swing about and go tramping back along the Rond Point. Arch after arch as they went revealed a glimpse of the great moonlit arena within, spacious, dreamily white, the ghost of Rome.

"I can help no further," said Barjavel again. "The map is in the Villa Pervinca, downstairs, near the front door. I can't—frankly, boys, I don't dare—show my face round some parts of the Riviera."

"Police? Ah, ah!" chuckled the Jackdaw wisely. "Very well, then. You leave it all to me. I'll get the map out of that villa."

"You!" scoffed Puig. "Oh, you handsome boys can do anything. You say so with your own mouth always."

The giant laughed in his beard.

"That villa," he said, "belongs to a Princess."

He named her, a Princess beyond cavil, by a name so great and lovely that it struck his companions dumb. They stood peering up at him in the moonlight. Even the pert Jackdaw was abashed.

"Never mind," he bragged obstinately. "Princess or chambermaid, if you want your map I'll get it out of a palace or a jail or a nunnery."

Barjavel patted him on the shoulder.

"Oh, youth!" he sighed. "How you talk! Forward, then. Let's see you get it, my young jewel of a thief."

Jackdabos, whipping his arm free, recoiled from that compliment.

"Look here, I'm no thief!" said he. "Don't go calling people ——"

Barjavel gathered him back into their triumvirate.

"Well, well," he drawled with slow good humor. "Follow me, honest man; we'll watch what you can do."

They took the P. L. M. before midnight, and traveled southward in a rich, gray-padded compartment all their own, with a "Reserved" label gummed on the window. When Jackdaw first beheld this complete grandeur of the first-class railway carriage, and spied his own canvas bag by some miracle bulging overhead in the luggage net, he knew he never could sleep a wink that night. Long after his friends had curled on their noble cushions under the glowworm green light of the curtained ceiling lamp he sat watching them—Puig, an old-clothes bundle of knees and elbows, Barjavel outstretched with legs abroad in Olympian comfort.

"What a wild project we're chasing," thought the youngster. Fantastic enough it seemed, as now, wrapped in strange costliness, they whirled through the night. "Wonder if I can get that map!"

Cross-legged, clasping his arms, knitting his brows, the Jackdaw sat like a plotting imp. Plan after plan he formed and rejected. See the map he must, in the villa of a Princess; or be shown empty and vainglorious to his companions. Sometimes he cooled his nose on the window-glass, to stare at the plain and the shadowy cypresses of the Crau revolving backward under the moonlight. More often he stared at Barjavel opposite, that calm front of Jove asleep.

"He's fooling us, playing with us. Puig was right. How does he raise money for all this? What's his little dodge?" Another question rose and dwarfed the rest: "How did he know the map's near the front door? The dark lady never said so."

Working at this puzzle, and thinking himself wonderfully vigilant, he dropped asleep. It was daylight when he felt a violent shaking, and bounded into consciousness again with Puig's hands on his shoulders.

"Wake up!" Puig's voice commanded wrathfully. "Look alive, boy! What do you make of this now?"

The train ran thundering along the coast of a brilliant sea. The right-hand windows framed a flying picture of gray limestone headlands, gray islets, and the Mediterranean glowing darkly in bay upon curved bay.

"What? Are we there?" stammered Jackdaw.

"Are we! Bah!" scoffed the other with a final shake. "Are we? Yes, but how many of us?"

The cat-green eyes looked so brimful with tidings, and threw such a meaning glance round the compartment, that they roused Jackdabos to a sense of fact; and the fact was, in this padded box of luxury which roared and rattled along the Côte d'Azur their company had dwindled.

Last night they were three; this morning, two. Barjavel had gone. An upholstered corner, yawning where his large presence had reclined, showed now no trace of Barjavel.

"Gone?"

"Do you think I carry him in my pocket?" howled Puig. "Of course he has gone! The great fat thing, he got up and sneaked in the night. See what he left us."

From a metal clip for reservation cards the blacksmith snatched two bits of colored pasteboard—tickets, first class, for Mentone. Recovering his amazement the Jackdaw examined them.

"*Y a du bon*," he said. "They're good valid tickets, and Mentone is where we're going."

This calm and sensible conclusion drove Puig into a frenzy.

"You! You made me leave my tools behind at Aigo-Morto!" he raged. "Your old she-cripple put words on my dog that got him killed. Tools lost, dog dead and

It Was a Flat, Heavy Object Like an Oval Shield, Coated and Caked With Mud

buried, this sacred Bulgarian ass of a Barjavel gone. Money, where is it? I am betrayed. And now, foul child, you sit there saying the tickets are good!"

The Jackdaw's temper rose by a few degrees.

"But Barjavel told you so beforehand!" he cried loyally. "He warned us that he would leave!"

"Infant of sluttishness!"

Hotly and loudly they wrangled, so that in the end their train carried them past Mentone. Providence and a sardonic guard ejected them, squabbling tooth and nail, at the station of Garavan. On that respectable, quiet platform Jackdabos had the pleasure of putting a small but hard left fist compactly over the blacksmith's eyebrow and knocking him into the station-master's favorite potted tree.

"Now," he said, during a sullen truce which followed, "I mean to go see where that Princess keeps her villa. You can come or not, as you like."

Puig rose gradually, scowling murder.

"Princess?" he mocked. "I throw your Princess to the cats!"

"That is your method of procedure," replied the Jackdaw grandly. "For my part, I wish to find her map, also a gold plate. If I find them alone so much the better for Barjy and me. I know what you are. You're a doubter."

He snapped his fingers, left the scandalized porters agape, and marched off shouldering his canvas bag, to leave it with a man of his acquaintance who made tourist majolica on the Gorbio road. This workman, a dark nondescript who called himself Italian, received the Jackdaw with a joyful noise, embraced him in the shop, and forced him to sit down under a backyard trellis, where they ate and drank among fragments of colored statuary. When after much talk the Jackdaw departed, he had given the majolica man a brand-new design—done with breadcrumbs at table—had refused a steady job of modeling other designs in clay, and had learned exactly where to find the villa of the Princess.

As he went, rejoicing in the mild, sunny prospect of the Gulf of Peace beyond rich men's housetops, he began to consider his position.

"Now you're alone," he thought, "and you've been boasting fearfully. Jackdabos, there's no more chance of seeing that garden map than of your flying to the moon or seeing Her again—that girl with the white donkey. Ah, well!" He marched on doggedly, nevertheless, and climbed a road that rose winding among tile-capped villa walls toward a promontory of dark pines. Below, at the distant foot of the Public Garden, a band played cheerful music. The sound floated through the golden afternoon air, so that presently he halted, listened, and looked back, afar off, to where on the curved rim of the bay little white figures and colored parasols dotted the stone-girt promenade like a dribble of confetti. At this sight a notion darted through his mind—a vague notion, then a hope, then a full-grown stratagem that set him grinning at the landscape. "Good!" said he.

His black eyes caught their old energetic fire.

"Good boy! Got it! We'll do the trick. Why, this being alone is pure luck, a godsend. I'd never get inside any Princess' house with Puig tagging along. Lucky we fought when we did. Good riddance."

With great alacrity he was turning to climb onward, when he spied in the walled road below, in the sunny lane of overhanging greenery, a shabby little man toiling after him. The gait was familiar.

A tired, lonely, disreputable wanderer, the man seemed to follow without hope, as the brindle dog used to follow. It was the dog's master.

"Oh, the devil! There he comes!" thought the Jackdaw peevishly. "How can I saddle myself with an everlasting—— Hang it, Puig would spoil the whole blessed show now."

He started hurrying on; but conscience made each footfall heavy, and another backward glance undid him. The sight of that disconsolate enemy was too much. His heart melted.

"Ah, bah!" he cried. "I can't leave him out. But he does have such vile manners!"

Next moment he went running downhill, light-footed as a rabbit.

"Sorry I struck you, Puig-pig," said he as they met face to face on the hill road. "You must allow for my temper always. I've got a devilish bad disposition. No hard feeling, old boy?"

VI

THE smith was none too cordial.

"You almost got me nipped for that fight," he complained, glowering. "The chief said I broke his filthy tree, and called police. I had to climb an iron-spiked fence."

And he exhibited his trousers, torn with triangular gaps which disclosed a pair of hairy knees.

"Teach you to move faster," quoth Jackdabos. "Keep up with me after this. Are you ready? Go."

"Where?" demanded the unreasonable Puig.

"To leave our cards on a Princess."

The Jackdaw set off at the word, climbing uphill again. Puig trudged along beside him, with nothing more to say but a bitter word now and then—"Open, shut. Penny a peep. Flipflap. Cuckoo!"—when his kneecaps looked out of his trousers.

So, peace again restored, they left behind the outlying houses of the town and entered the pine grove on the headland. Like Cap Martin, though smaller and less worldly wise in its landscape, the grove admitted here and there a vista of sea water, dark blue, shimmering through tangled rosemary and myrtle. Once they spied a keeper or liveried watchman roaming the wood, at sight of whom they squatted behind a rock. Once, in a sudden crossway, they dodged the porter of some Russian noble, a romantic long-beard who wore the Georgian tunic shirred across the breast with blank-cartridge pockets, and who, vaguely hearing trespassers, looked roundabout solemn as an eagle, but failed to see them when they darted past. The Jackdaw wriggled among the pine shadows like an Indian, without faltering or losing the line he seemed to follow.

"Here we are," he said at last. "Pipe the villa."

They scrambled down a bushy bank, tumbled into a hard, smooth road such as the wealthy love, and halted before a pseudo-rustic gate overhung with trained masses of blue periwinkle.

"Take it in," murmured Jackdabos. "Quickly. Here's where the Princess lives. Take it all in. Look! Front door straight ahead."

The Villa Pervinca modestly confronted them across a pink gravel path, neatly brushed. A trim white house, roofed with pale-red tiles, it stood in a hill garden full of bright flowers that ran deeply down to the Ligurian Sea. Mimosas overhung it and rendered it commonplace. The front door was closed, but sidelights flanking the door showed, by a glimmer of afternoon sunshine within, that the hallway or vestibule went clear through to westerly windows overlooking the sea.

"Good fortune," murmured Jackdabos. "Couldn't be better. This house was fairly built for us, Puig."

He caught the smith's elbow and hauled him away from the gate. "Back to town. Nobody saw us."

Puig struggled and hung behind.

"What you running away for?" he said. "We just came."

"But we know it all." The Jackdaw tugged him along. "We can go to work now. I understand all the rest."

Puig still came reluctantly, staring back over the garden hedge.

"Know all?" he cried. "Hanged if we know anything, you wild man!"

Jackdabos released him and, laughing, beckoned with one arm persuasively.

"Come, come! We know enough. I know this much: the villa's near the road, the Princess comes home from her drive at four o'clock, she's a childless woman, and I hear she's fond of children. Don't be caught loafing and staring over gates. We know plenty. Have a little faith!"

Nothing more would he disclose. They walked back to town by the road, openly and without haste, pausing on a hilltop to watch the sunset flare crimson over Mont Agel, twilight sweep in like a mist from the bays, and the Dog's Head promontory become a bluish vapor, under which gradually twinkled the pale, wicked fireflies of Monte Carlo. That night they slept in a loft over a wheelwright's

Hermance Clapped Both Fists to Her Frowzy Black Head and Tumbled Prostrate on the Road

workshop, where the torrent Gorbio sounded peacefully beneath their windows.

Puig, early next morning, found his trousers mended as well as if the torn cloth had healed.

"Fairies have been at work here!" he swore, sitting on his cot and admiring both knees.

"I did it," confessed the Jackdaw, coming into the loft all aglow. He had been swimming before daylight in the gray-green mountain torrent. "That's a poor job," he explained, "because the candle flickered. I used to work for a *stoppeur*."

"Good Lord!" said the smith. "You can do anything!"

"I believe you, my boy," replied Jackdabos, toweling his head.

The other stared at him.

"You're a puzzle. I can't understand you, Jackdaw. Now see, how can you wash all over in that cold stream?"

"Don't know," said Jackdabos frankly. "Must be the English-speaking side of me." He wriggled into his brown velveteens, then brushed them carefully, like a cat brushing his fur. "Look here, old Burn-the-Wind, will you help this wheelwright down below sweat a tire on? That will pay our lodging. Eh? Good man. I told him you would. Then meet me about two o'clock by Doctor Bennett's monument—you know, that silly English bust in the Partouneaux. Good-by. I've got to find Hermance. This is my busy day."

He shot out of the room again, thundered downstairs, and went off whistling Pedro's Mule in the road.

"That boy's growing too uppish altogether," thought Puig. "Wonder if there's anything in him?"

Something there must have been, an idea or a hope; for when the morning idlers were out in force, and strolling along the Midi where low waves gently broke to rattle the beach pebbles under the embankment, a limber youth in velveteen edged his way through to the donkey stand. Here, as always, a troop of dejected, philosophic asses waited in the glare, sleepily tilting their gray ears and hoping not to be hired. The chief donkey-woman, spare and merry, keen-eyed, swart as an Arab under her sunbonnet, was quick to spy an old friend coming.

"Good day, Sara!"

"Ah, the little Jack!" she cried, her teeth flashing in a grin. "My dear boy, are you come to break my old heart again?"

"Mother," said Jackdabos, beaming, "your heart is like Monte Carlo bank yonder, too full of gold to be broken. I only want your help."

"Son, if I were your mother in this body," retorted the woman, "I should bring you up to have better sense and more industry, like"—she waved her hand at the little concourse of donkeys—"these other children of mine."

They both laughed. Sara ignored a pompous blond Northerner who came fuming after donkeys.

"And now," she demanded, when they had talked themselves out, "what help of mine do you want, sweetheart?"

"This," explained Jackdabos. "You know everybody. Has the little dancing girl on stilts come here this season?"

"Little Hermance? You'll find her near the Place d'Armes," answered Sara, without thinking twice. "Her mother sells water colors at the bathhouse all morning. They don't do the streets till afternoon."

The Jackdaw kissed Sara's leather-brown hand, while her customer fumed louder and sputtered and threatened.

"Mother, you're an institute of learning. Good on your head. Give this fat superman a mount he'll remember, will you? A regular Kicking Dicky?"

"God bless you, kind gentleman. I will."

Thus it happened that by mid-afternoon Jackdabos and Puig once more were leaning over the pseudo-rustic gate of the Villa Pervinca. They were not sly, as on their former visit, but bold and noisy, the one playing a concertina fit to burst, the other singing *Au Clair de la Lune*. Behind them, round and round the road, a little girl on stilts clattered and skipped and staggered, dancing to the music, now sedately, now with a pirouette that made her white petticoats fly blossoming like a hamfrill about her meager legs. The song, the concertina and the quick patter of her stilts outraged all the neighborhood with rowdy cheer.

"Don't forget, Hermance," murmured the Jackdaw, playing faster and faster, "when I say 'Flop,' down you go. You're taken very sick. I'm your father. Remember, you'll get *marrons glacés* and a piece of one hundred sous."

Hermance bounded on her stilts like a goat upon a housetop. She was a dirty, wiry, sunburnt witch of a girl, with vixenish black eyes.

"Oh, papa," she answered, whirling again, "I begin to suffer already. I feel that sunstroke coming which you promised."

"Heaven reward you, daughter," said Jackdabos. "Anybody come to the windows yet, Puig?"

The freckled singer, who strained his throat aloft, warbled a false tenor which made the pine woods ring.

"No," he panted between verses. "Yes. In the sidelights by the door. An old man with whiskers."

"That is not the Princess," Jackdabos replied. "Look sharp. Continue, Hermance, my little dervish."

And he pumped his wheezing instrument like a man whose soul flew on the wings of harmony.

"Ready," said Puig, his eyes fast on the villa door. "Old whiskers gone to report. Yes, here they come. I see the skirts of a woman."

"Flop!" cried the Jackdaw.

It was well rehearsed and better played. Hermance let go her stilt handles, clapped both fists to her frowzy black head, and with a moan tumbled prostrate on the road. A critic might have thought this fall, so quick and startling, was too nearly perfect, but Puig and Jackdabos, far from being critical, ran to her with loud, compassionate cries. The concertina, left hanging by some inadvertence on the gate, collapsed and fell into the villa grounds.

"Oh, my poor child!" wailed Jackdabos. "I am a cruel father to thee! Stop laughing, Puig. Here they come. Remember you're her uncle, and howl."

Puig, who now first saw the practical drift of things, fell into a maudlin state which outdid acting. He knelt beside the dancer and writhed. Down his freckled face ran tears.

"My niece!" he whooped and hiccoughed. "Brother, you have murdered her!"

As they squatted lamenting in the road, with Hermance and her stilts between them, a face peered over the garden gate. It was a cold, agnostic face, with a Pecksniff collar and a bland throat showing between gray swallow-tail whiskers. It took a very conservative view, then opened its lips and said:

"How did you come past the keeper?"

Jackdabos knew a major-domo when he saw one.

"Sir, don't scold us!" he begged, wringing his hands. "We are poor devils at our wits' end. My daughter—see! while dancing—my own Hermance, fell down in a sunstroke. Give us half a moment, sir, till we can carry her away."

"Open the gate," said a quiet voice.

The major-domo withdrew his head; the gate swung open; and there, advancing toward them, came the Princess. Tall, slight, straight as a wand, bareheaded and plainly dressed in white, she stepped from her garden and looked down at that gaudy bundle, that sham sufferer lying on the road. Jackdabos met her eyes, dark, sorrowful eyes that looked him through calmly and put to shame his knowledge of the world. She was neither young nor old, but a woman of ageless beauty, though the black hair curving from her temples was faintly touched with a silver frost which became her like a diadem.

"Bring your child indoors," she commanded.

They obeyed. Jackdabos lifted the little fraud in his arms and carried her, Puig following, through a flower-bordered path to the villa. While they went the major-domo, like a faithful servant, undertoned some remonstrance: "I think they are internationals ——"

The Jackdaw heard that warning and flared at once.

"Madam, we are not thieves!" he cried.

The Princess turned on her threshold and, smiling, beckoned him to enter.

"I believe you, sir," she replied, so lightly that he felt rebuked for brawling.

Next moment they were in a pleasant hallway which looked through open windows, a veranda and tree tops beyond, down a hill garden to the bright western sea. Books and vases of flowers filled the room, with here and there a few small pictures.

"Lay the child down," said the Princess, pausing by a chintz-covered couch. "We'll find something to restore her."

With a sign to her major-domo she passed into an adjoining room. He followed, but looked back more than doubtfully at Puig, the Jackdaw, and their little acrobat lying asprawl on the couch. He disappeared, however, and left them alone.

"Where is it? Where is it?" whispered the smith, grinning, elated. "Where's the map? Jump lively!"

Jackdabos turned his head away.

"I thought she'd be fat and purse-proud," he declared. "I'm ashamed. Rather than lie to her, a man would throw his tongue to the cats. I'm ashamed. Here's the picture of Goiffon's garden."

He stood looking dolefully at a small, framed water color, which hung beside the mantelpiece. Delicately tinted, and drawn after the droll, picture-book fashion of some old explorer's chart, it showed in whimsical perspective a house and a walled garden full of orange trees, a fishpond, an arbor, a bit of crumbled monument or ruin. Puig darted across the room to join him in studying this long-desired landscape. Beyond any chance of error they had found it. A scroll drawn at the foot of the picture contained the words: "*Hic habitant Goiffones.*"

"Take it! Take it!" hissed Puig.

The Jackdaw remained motionless.

"I won't," he said.

"You don't dare?" mocked the other.

"Dare?" Jackdabos roared and roused like a young lion. "Me? Dare?"

With what seemed two jerks, quicker than light, he snatched the picture from the wall, stuffed it under his velveteen jacket, then whipped it out and hung it once more, straight and true, upon its hook. The thing vanished and reappeared like a flying shadow, like a miracle.

"Don't talk dare to me."

"Oh," sighed Puig, gaping round-eyed at this perfect piece of legerdemain. "Why didn't you keep it? Too late now."

He sidled awkwardly in front of the picture just as the Princess returned with a bottle of lavender salts in her hand. The major-domo sullenly followed, bringing a tray filled with various restoratives. Jackdabos ran to join them by the couch, where little Hermance lay still as death. Puig stayed by his mantelpiece.

(Continued on Page 58

"We're Indebted to Your Great Kindness. And I am—Ashamed"

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREE

XIX

IT WAS a right fine place for me—probably not. Here I was, foreman under full pay, and bound to play on the level with the boss, to say nothing of the long time I'd worked for him. Of course I ought to tell him all about that Wisners' hired man; but how could I?

It come to a question whether I liked the boss best or Bonnie Bell, which is no fair place to put a man. Any man is apt to want to favor the woman in a case like that. Come to get down to cases, I found I liked Bonnie Bell a lot more than I ever'd realized I did. I was part her dad, you know, and I couldn't stand to see her unhappy.

The trouble with a cowpuncher, like I said, is that he hasn't got no brains. I never used to notice that before, because it don't need no brains to be a puncher, as long as you stick to the ranch. But here I needed 'em right keen now.

Every day I walked the line fence; but there wasn't any work about that, for the bricks was mostly stuck back in the hole, and the hired man that had made all the trouble he kept on his own side—I didn't never see him no more at all.

Bonnie Bell didn't say a word to me, nor me to her. I thought she ought to come to me and talk things over; but she didn't. I knew she hadn't said a word to her pa.

Tom he called three times the first week. I didn't care much for him someways, though I knew I ought. Bonnie Bell knew she ought too. Her pa knew he ought too. If ever any fellow played in a game like that, with all the ways greased for him, Tom was him.

Old Man Wright he turns to me one evening when we was setting by the fire in our room, and he says to me:

"Well, Curly, how are you enjoying yourself now in this hard and downtrod position that life has gave to you?"

"I don't like it none, Colonel," says I; "not none at all, nohow."

"Why don't you join a cowpunchers' union, then?" he ast. "Pshaw! This is a good town and I rather like it. The game here is easy to beat—easier than it was in Wyoming. For instance, just the other day I bought a bunch of timber land out in Arizony—a place where I've never been nor want to go, because they've got the tick fever down there scandalous, and irrigation, which is a crime. Well, I only bought in on this timber because a friend of mine wanted me to come in with him; and, figuring I didn't know nothing about it, I allowed I certainly would lose for once—I couldn't tell a pine tree from a spruce to save my life."

"Huh!" says I. "I suppose then somebody comes along and offers you twice your money for it, maybe?"

"No; they didn't," says he. "I was hoping they would; but they didn't. No, it was old Uncle Sam come along through that part of the state, and he sees where we've got about all the best timber left on top of a range of mountains in there, and he allows he ought to keep that timber from ever being cut; so he buys it off us for four times what we give for it—not twice. Uncle Sam pays in real money."

"Huh!" says I. "I never did have no trouble like you have, Colonel, to find a game where I could lose money. I suppose maybe you made seegar money out of that too?"

"A little, maybe. I only put in a little in the first place—two, three hundred thousand dollars; not much. I was so in hopes I could lose some money, so as to sort of encourage me like, you know. But it's no use, Curly!" And he sighs right heavy.

"You have my sympathy, Colonel," says I. "If ever you want any help, so as to make the game more interesting, just let me set in and take your hand for you—I'll guarantee on my record that I'll open your eyes in ways how to lose money."

"All right, Curly," says he. "I'll ask you sometime and maybe copper your bets. I always do that when my lawyer or my stockbroker gives me any tips. It's the surest way in the world to make a killing in this here, now, stock market.

"For instance, just the other day they told me down there to be shore and buy a lot of Blue Mountain Steel, which certainly was backed by the J. B. Morgan interests and was going to get a lot of war orders. So I didn't—I bought Steel Boat Electric Common instead of that. I didn't know anything about it, but somebody must of give them some war orders, submarines or something. I notice our stock has rose around two hundred per cent the last few weeks. I don't know why it is that things of been going on this way," says he. "It bothers me a lot, Curly. Yet I only put a few hundred thousand in that too.

"I'm setting aside two-thirds of all I make in this here city in the kid's name, Curly," says he. "It's a five per cent trust for keeps. It's getting to be something awful how much that fund of hers is! And, the best I can do, I can't help its increasing right along. There don't seem to be no way in which we can get broke and go back to honest work again, such as raising cows—though making four calves grow where there wasn't none in the sagebrush before, that's really being useful in the world."

He set there for some time looking in the fire, serious, and he come around again to the same old place.

"Curly," says he, "if there is any created critter on this human footstool that I hate and despise, and that every he-man in the world hates and despises, it's the man that'll marry a girl for her money. Look at them dukes and things that come over here and marry our American girls. I never shot a duke, but I will if one of 'em blows in here and starts anything like that with our girl."

"Maybe he won't come," says I. "You never can tell."

"Curly," says he, "you can always tell. Listen to me. There's just one thing certain in the whole world—or two. If a girl's handsome men'll come around. If she's rich men'll come around. They fall out of the sky. They come up out of the ground. They break in through the fence ——"

"What's that?" says I. "Colonel, what do you mean about fences?"

"I mean to say that there ain't no fence on earth you could build that'd keep out young men from a handsome girl that's got money."

"Ain't that the truth, Colonel?" says I. "How come you to figure that out?"

"Some Women May be Able to Forget. But I Can't, Curly; It Isn't in My Blood"

"How? How come me to break through the fence that was built around Bonnie Bell's ma? But when I think that, like enough, some low-down cuss like me'll come around and break through my fence and carry off my girl, to take such chances as her ma done—I tell you it makes the sweat come right out on me."

"Well, Colonel," says I, "I reckon if any young man comes along here, no matter if he gets in at the front door or crawls in under the fence, he's got to show some revenue as well as be all right other ways."

He set some time thinking before he answered.

"That's a right hard question, Curly," says he. "I wouldn't bar a pore man if I was shore he was on the square. It wouldn't be so hard to decide if she didn't have any money; but she has, and it can't be concealed much longer."

He gets up and walks up and down a while talking.

"I declare, if I was a young man I'd never ask no rich young woman to marry me at all. I'd be afraid to ask her, for fear she'd spot me or accuse me, whichever way it was. I can't agree to no pore young man for her, for I couldn't trust him. And I can't agree to no rich young man for her, because none of 'em ain't worth a damn, as far as I've seen."

"It looks like a awful thing, Colonel, to have a cheeild that's rich and lovely."

"Yes, and it's no joke neither."

"Well now, Colonel," says I, "take the houses in this Row where we live. How many young men is there that we can tally out?"

He shook his haid.

"There ain't none at all worth mentioning—believe me!" says he.

I did believe him. That left just Tom for the entry in the Bonnie Bell Stakes. Looked like he couldn't lose.

XX

NOBODY said a word to Bonnie Bell about Tom Kimberly—neither her pa nor me; for she was so quiet and shut up like we couldn't seem to break in nowaya. We had to let it go like it laid on the board. One thing shore, being in love or not being—whichever it was—had changed Bonnie Bell a heap. She wasn't the same girl.

It used to be that Bonnie Bell didn't care so much for her piano as for things out of doors, but now she taken to soaking that pore helpless thing—sometimes sad and lonesome, and then again so hard she'd near bust the keys. Then, maybe after she'd pasted the stuffing out of it a few times, she'd set looking out of the window with her hands in her lap—and so forgetful of her hands that they lay there, little as they was, on their backs, with the fingers turned up on the ends, and even her thumbs.

Then again she'd cut off the music for days and go to reading books, mostly in the window seat, her haid puckered, like it was hard work.

"What're you reading, Hon?" says I one day. "Seems to me it must be a bad-luck story. Also, why have you took to reading books upside down?"

"Nonsense!" says she. "I been brushing up in my sikeology," says she. "That was one of our senior studies—the last year I had in Smith's, you know."

"What's it for?" says I. "Does it say anything about whether it's going to rain next Tuesday?" I ast her.

"Well, it's something needed to train us to meet the problems of life as they arrive, Curly," says she.

"Does it show you how to look any young fellow in the face," says I—"one that's got his hair combed back and no part in it, and playing La Paloma on a banjo or a guitar, and guess what he's thinking about, Bonnie?" says I.

She got a little red and tapped her foot on the carpet.

"What do you mean, Curly?" says she.

"Nothing," says I. "Only I was wondering if they'd put me in a long coat at the wedding. I never was backed into one of 'em in my whole life."

"Well, Curly," says she, "if you wait for my wedding you may need the long coat for your funeral first."

"Huh!" says I. "Huh! Is that so? You don't know your pa none," says I.

"What do you mean, Curly?" says she, sharp.

"He ain't going to be boarding you all your life, kid," says I. "He can't noways afford it."

"I reckon dad isn't worried much," says she.

"Are you so shore, kid?" says I to her. "Now look here: I'm, say, half your pa. I haven't said a word to you about certain things. What's more, I haven't said a word to your pa about them neither."

"I know it, Curly," says she, looking at me sudden. "I love you for it. You're one grand man, Curly!"

"I'm one worried man," says I. "I've gone back on my job with your pa."

"Do you feel that way, Curly?" says she, and she looked scared. "And is that my fault?"

"I shore do and it shore is," says I.

"But you haven't said a word."

"No—not yet"

"Don't, Curly!" says she, right quick. "Don't—oh, please don't!"

She puts her hand on my arm then and looks into my eyes.

She had me buffaloed right there. I couldn't get her hand off my arm. I couldn't help patting it when it laid there.

"Aw, shucks!" says I to her. "Come now!"

Right then our William he come in at the door, and stood there and coughed like he done when he had anything on his mind.

"Ahum!" says he, sadlike.

"What is it, William?" says Bonnie Bell, looking round at him.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but might Hi speak with Mr. Wilson for a moment?"

You see, he called me Mr. Wilson, that being my last name. It was in the Bible, or else I probably would of forgot it.

"Oh, all right," says I; and I got up and went out with him.

He was standing in his little hall when I come out, and he had our Boston dog, Peanut, tied to a chair leg there with a piece of rope. Peanut barked joyful at me, thinking I was going to take him outdoors, maybe.

"Hexcuse me, sir," says William, right sad, "but this little dog is a hobject of my suspicion, sir."

"What's that?" says I. "What do you suspect him of—embezzlement, maybe?"

William he stoops down then and unties something that Peanut has fastened in his collar. It was a envelope. It didn't have no name on it.

"This is the third one Hi found on 'im," says William. "Hi 'ave the other two in my desk. Hi don't know for whom they may be hintended."

"Well, who sent 'em? Is anybody going to blow up our place unlessen we put twelve thousand dollars under a stone on the front sidewalk?"

"That's what Hi wish to hinquire, sir. Hi became alarmed," says William. "Hi thought Hi'd awak you, sir, Mr. Wright not being at 'ome."

"Why didn't you ask Miss Wright?" says I.

"Hi didn't wish to alarm her, possibly."

We stood there with this letter in our hands, looking it over.

"You say you don't know where this dog's been?" says I.

"Oh, no, sir; quite the contrary. I don't doubt he's often been through the—ahum!—ahum! ——"

"Well, how often has he been through the ahum, William?" says I. "What made you let him go? You know it's against orders."

"Hi am quite hinnocent of hany hinfraction of my duties," says he. "Hon the contrary, Hi've watched this Peanut dog most closely, sir. Yet at times 'e is hubsent. Hi'm of the belief that the notes come from the hother side of the fence, sir. But has to their haddress, and has to their contents, sir, Hi assure you Hi'm hutterly hignorant; and hit was for that reason that Hi awaked you to come and see this one. Hit's just at 'and, sir."

I taken all three of them letters away from him and opened them, me being foreman; but when I begun to read I didn't tell William what they was. I only laughed.

"This is just a joke, William," says I. "Don't pay no attention to it. You see, Peanut's been over there again, digging up some petunies," says I.

I went back into the room where Bonnie Bell was. I looked at her for a while.

"Miss Wright," says I—the second time I ever called her that—"I've played the game with you on the square, haven't I? You thanked me for that."

"Yes, Curly; yes," says she. "Why?"

"Have you played it on the square with me?"

"Yes, Curly, I have."

"I told you not to have nothing more to do acrost the fence, didn't I?"

"Yes. I haven't."

"Is that so, Bonnie Bell Wright?" says I. "Then what's this?"

I put in her hand the note—the one I'd read. It was my business to do that, the way it come to me

"Read it," says I to her.

Near as I can remember, it run about like this:

Why don't you come again? When shall I see you? I'm in the same place every day and I wait and wait. Please, please, please!

It wasn't signed with no name—only just "The man next door."

Bonnie Bell went pale as a sheet when she read that.

"Curly," says she, "I never seen it before."

I believed her. She'd of died rather'n lie straight out to me. Maybe she'd lie some—almost any woman would—but not straight out from the shoulder between the eyes. So I believed her now.

"Read the next one," says I.

"Have you read my letters, Curly?" says she.

She looked at me savage now.

"I read one of 'em," says I, "and part of the next one. I didn't only read the first page on that one. I didn't read the other one at all. But I read enough to get a general line on it."

On the first page of this second letter was something more:

"I've waited and waited," it said. "I ought never to have met you as I did—I ought never to have said what I did. I am in the deepest distress over all this, for I would not be guilty of an act to cause you pain. How could I when I ——"

Right there's where the first page ended and the second page begun.

"Did you read it all, Curly?" says she to me once more.

"No; only the first page," I says. "This last one we just took offen Peanut's collar. He brought 'em over."

"Curly," Says He, "If There Is Any Critter That I Hate and Despise, It's the Man That'll Marry a Girl for Her Money"

She was reading the last letter now—the one I never did see. Her face got soft somehow. Her eyes got bigger and brighter, and softer, somehow, too.

She folded the letters all up and put 'em in her lap and looked up at me.

"You didn't read all my letters, Curly?" says she.

"No," says I; "and I won't never read no more. There mustn't be no more, Bonnie Bell. You know that."

"Yes," says she; "I know that."

But somehow she didn't seem unhappy like she ought to of been. I could see that.

"How did Peanut get through the fence, Curly?" says she at last.

"There's a hole in the lower corner near the garridge. I thought it was kept shut. Their hired man dug it through. He said it was to let Peanut through to enjoy hisself digging up their petunies," says I, "or to have a sociable fight with their dog. I reckon that's how Peanut got through. It was easy enough to fasten things on his neck. Whether it was a square thing to do, him knowing what he does—well, that's something you ought to know."

She didn't say anything at that.

"A honorable man," says I, "would of come around to the front door, Bonnie Bell."

"He had no part in this quarrel," says Bonnie Bell at last, quietlike. "Why blame him?"

That made me hot.

"Why blame him?" I broke out. "Didn't I see him? Ain't I heard him? Can't I see now? He ain't no part of a man at all or he wouldn't of done this way. Now," says I, "I've shore got to tell the old man. I hoped I wouldn't ever have to. But now I got to. The safest bet you ever made is that hell will pop!"

She turned around right quick then and jumped up on her feet, and her face was so white it scared me. She come up again and put her arms right around my neck and looked at me.

"Honey," says I, "you've got us in wrong—awful wrong! Now us men has got to square it the best we can."

"Stop, Curly!" says she, and she shook me by the shoulder. "Stop! He's—he's a good man. He's—he's honest. He's meant all right. Give him a chance."

"He don't deserve no chance," says I, "and he won't get none."

"It was the best he could do! He had no chance to come here openly—not a chance in the world. You know he hadn't. Maybe he only wanted to say good-by—oh, how do you know?"

"Did he say good-by or good morning in that last letter, Bonnie Bell?" I ast her. "Not that it makes much difference either way."

"I won't tell you what he said, Curly," she flared up at me now. "I only say he did the best he could. He asked for his chance—that's all."

"His chance! The hired man of the worst enemy we got! His chance! His chance! What chance has he give you? How fair is he playing the game where all your happiness is up? Oh, Bonnie, shore you don't care for him?" says I. "Now do you?"

She didn't say a word and I turned toward the door.

"Where you going, Curly?" says she, coming after me.

"I'm going down town," I says to her.

"Why?"

"To see your pa," says I. "I got to tell him all about this, and do it now."

She made a quick run at me then, and her arms come around my neck again.

"Oh, Curly! Curly!" she says; and she was crying now. "Oh, what have I done? It'll kill dad if anything of this gets out—I couldn't stand it. I can't stand to think of it, Curly. I can't! I can't!"

"Why can't you, Bonnie?" says I.

"Because, Curly"—she got me by the arms again and she was crying hard—"because —— I'll have to tell you—I'll have to, Curly. I can't help it. I didn't want it to happen—fought to keep it from happening as long as I could. I didn't want it to be this way. It was hard—so awfully hard. I tried every way I could; but I can't—I can't help it, Curly. I can't! It's no use!" She just run on, over and over.

"What is it, Bonnie?" says I. "Do you love him?"

"Yes, yes; it's true! I do, Curly—I love him!"

XXI

"NEAR as I can figure, Curly," says Old Man Wright to me soon after what had happened between me and Bonnie Bell—"near as I can figure, Old Man Wisner's been advertising that the old Circle Arrow Range is a great little place for the honest granger to raise bananas, pineapples and other tropercal fruits."

"It ain't," says I, "except tomatoes—and them in tin cans."

"The honest yeoman," says he, "according to Old Man Wisner's description, he don't never have to eat anything as common as bread and butter, not after he's bought some of that land at four hundred and fifty dollars a acre. He lives after that time on bird tongues and omelet souflay, and all he has to do is to set on his wide veranda and watch his lowing herds increase and multiply at eighty-five dollars a haid—and prices going up all the time. Ain't that fine, Curly! Things never used to happen just thataway when you and me owned that range, did they?"

"Not hardly," says I.

"No," says the old man, falling into one of them thinking spells. "No; they didn't."

Then after about half a hour he says:

"Nor they can't, neither. It'll cost that old miser, Dave Wisner, about three or four million dollars," says he. "He's put up his life, his fortune and his sacred honor on

that irrigation scheme, and he's going to be lucky if he gets through with any of them before I call it off."

"Colonel," says I, "you and him remind me of two old Galloways out on the range, standing haid to haid, and pushing for a couple of hours or so at a time—only, you two been pushing for a couple of years."

"Uh-huh!" says he. "But I'm right cheerful; and I don't feel my neck giving none yet," says he; and he rubs his hand up and down it.

"Has Tom Kimberly been here lately?" the old man ast me, real suddenlike, right soon after that.

"He was here this afternoon," says I. "He ast after Miss Bonnie. She says she was sick, had a cold, and couldn't see no one."

"I'll give Tom sixty days for to propose to Bonnie Bell," says he. "If he don't, then I'll have to. It don't stand to reason that girl's going to have a bad cold that's going to last for sixty days; so she'll be home sometime when he comes over. I know how his ma and pa feel about it, and I know how I feel too. Maybe we can get Tom to part his hair after a while, or take up some manly habit like chawing tobacco instead of touching the light guitar. Just to take a look at him, I'd say he didn't have to shave. For all I know, he may wear garters. Still, time alters many things.

"He's marrying into crowned haids when he comes into our family," says he, going on; "because I'm alderman here, and if my freckles lasts I'm liable to keep on being alderman. Sometimes I wish't I'd put in the papers that I was clean broke and dependent on the savings which a faithful old servitor—that's you, Curly—had brung me in my time of need. But I'm afraid it's too late for that now, though the time to test them things is before the wedding obserquies and not after."

"Colonel," says I, "suppose a young man would of come along that didn't have no family back of him, nor no money, but parted his hair, and shaved with a real razor, and wore no garters, and et tobacco, and was right husky-looking—what would you think?"

"I'd think the millennium had came, here in Chicago," says Old Man Wright. "I won't deny, Curly, if I had found a young man that could ride setting down, and chawed tobacco, I wouldn't needed to of thought about him twice—always provided he played a wide-open game and acted like he knew what he wanted."

"We don't seem to get together none," says I, despondent.

"Get together!" says he. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," says I. There I was again.

XXII

I HAD to own it up to myself—I'd lost my nerve. I tried more'n fifteen times to come out and tell Old Man Wright about them Peanut letters from their hired man to Bonnie Bell, and I couldn't—I would see her face every time come in between him and me.

I kept my eyes on that hole in the fence. Once I was setting there fixing up the bricks, ready to put them in, when I heard someone talking on the other side of the fence. You couldn't see nobody through the fence, no more'n if they was a thousand miles away; but you could hear 'em talk, all right, there, through the hole. I could tell who one of 'em was—it was the voice of Old Lady Wisner. She had the sort of a voice a woman has who has got a nose like a eagle. But I couldn't tell who she was talking to, for nobody seemed to answer much at first.

"James," says she—"James, what are you doing there?"

No one answered, but I felt sure now she was talking to their gardener. So he was home!

"Who made that hole? Who has done this, James?" says she again. "Who made that hole in the wall?"

Still, he didn't answer none; and she went on:

"I see! It must of been some of them awful Wrights that live acrost there. How dare they break through our fence? I'll have them sued!"

"Oh, no, you won't. It was done from this side."

I knew his voice. It was him.

"Whoever did it," he went on, "I'm going to close it up. I saw their dog in our yard the other day. Did you see him in here to-day?"

"No—that same awful little cur?" says she. "They are the worst people, James! I certainly am glad you want nothing to do with them; but of course you couldn't."

"No; it seemed not," says he.

"What do you mean?" says she, harshlike. "As for that maid of theirs, I was inexpressibly shocked, James, when I found that you so far forgot yourself ——"

"I wouldn't say any more," says he.

"I shall say all I like, and you'll please remember who you are! The David Wisners can't afford to have it understood that they associate any way whatsoever with the Wright family. Not even our servants can visit acrost. I've been suspecting for some time."

"Well, that's plain enough," says he. "I don't see any use trying to make it any plainer."

"If I had a servant," says she, right pointed, "who'd look at the best of them I'd discharge him as soon as I knew it. I've got my eye on Emmy, my second-floor maid, too. All I can say is, you'd all better be more careful, or, the first thing some of you know ——"

"Natural," says he, "I can imagine that," says he. "It's hell to belong to the lower classes!"

"What do you mean, James?" says she, solemn. "I'll not have profanity from you! Besides, you talk like a socialist person, and I'll not have that."

"Socialist, eh? Well, I'll admit, if I had all the money in the world," says he, "no wall nor bars would make any difference to me. Nor they wouldn't when I didn't have."

"I Read One of 'Em," Says I, "and Part of the Next One. But I Read Enough"

"James, continually you shock me beyond words!" says she, gasping. "What words from one in your position in life!"

He didn't say much then, but only sort of growled.

"James," says she, "what on earth are you doing—what's that you're eating?"

"It's good old tobacco I'm eating," says he. "I first found it out West and I've used no other since."

"James! James!" says she. "You to chew the filthy weed! It's impossible!"

"No, it ain't," says he. "You watch me and I'll show you how far it is from impossible. I chaw it and I like it, same as any other socialist; and I want you to understand, ma'am, that I'm my own man, tobacco and all, while I stay here. If you don't like it, fire me again!"

She begun to gasp again, like I heard her once before.

"You don't care!" says she. "Nothing is sacred to you!"

Them two had me guessing. I'd heard of middle-age women getting infatuwated with chauffores. Why not gardeners then? Something was going on between them two, else why should she be so damned jealous? And why should he be so damned sassy to her? I wondered what Old Man Wisner would think if he knew what I knew now about his wife. Didn't this even things up some? I wouldn't tell him, of course; but didn't it beat all how many secrets I was getting into?

Them folks didn't have so much on us, after all; for that hired man was shore a gay bird, and playing both sides the fence. I seen he was a socialist, all right—but, Lord, her, with that face!

XXIII

TOM KIMBERLY he come to our house steady now. Every day he sent flowers in bundles, like he owned a flower ranch somewhere. Bonnie Bell put them in the dining room, and the music room, and the reception parlors, and the staircase, and the bedrooms—and even in our ranch room.

"Whatever the papers says about bad crops, sis," says I one morning when a bunch of red roses come in about as big as a sheaf from a self-binder, "the flower crop is shore copious this year, ain't it? Likewise it seems to be getting better right along."

"He's a good boy," says she after a while—"a fine boy. And he comes of such a good family, and I like all his people so much. And Katherine—what could I do without Katherine?"

"Uh-huh!" says I. "Of course, if you like a young man's sister you ought to marry him. That stands to reason, don't it?" says I.

"And dad likes 'em all—Mr. Kimberly and Tom's mother."

"Shore he does! For all them reasons you ought to marry the boy."

"They're the best people we've met in this town," says she, "and there aren't any better in any town. They're not only charming people but good people. They're everything you could ask, Curly."

"Yes," says I; "so it stands to reason you ought to marry that family," says I. "Here's them Better Things we come for."

You see, I was half her pa. Us two had raised her from a baby together. I couldn't tell the old man what I knew, but I had to talk to her like her pa would of talked. I allowed, if she'd get married to Tom Kimberly right quick, that'd sort of keep things from breaking loose the way they might, and keep me from having to tell Old Man Wright about the man next door. I knew plenty more about him now that I wouldn't tell her. All I could do was to hope she'd quit caring for him. It was a slim hope, for I knew her.

Well, she set around all that day sort of moping, with a green poetry book in her lap; and she had a letter in her hands. It didn't come by the Peanut route, neither, but by the postman. It was square.

"Tell me, is that from Tom Kimberly, Bonnie?" says I.

"It's absolutely none of your business, Mr. Curly Wilson," says she; "and I wouldn't tell you in any circumstances. But it is."

"Let me see it," says I.

"Indeed!" She looks me square in the face.

"Don't tell me a word, sis," says I. "I'm not so hard as you think."

"He's coming over to-night," says Bonnie Bell to me after a time.

"That's to get his answer?" says I; and she nodded then. I felt a lot better right away.

"Well, Colonel," says I to the old man that evening when he come in and we was having a nip before dinner, "I reckon I got this thing all fixed up at last. It's been a hard pull for me, being half a pa to a girl like ours; but I done it."

"Is that so, Curly?" says he. "Well, it's been some chore, ain't it, for both of us? Well, how!"

When Old Man Wright takes a drink he never did say "Here's how!" He just said "How!" which is Western. When a man says "Here's how!" he comes from the East and is trying to hide it.

"How!" says I. "And a good health to the young and happy couple."

"What's that?" says he, sudden. "Has anything happened? She hasn't said anything to me. Why is she so tight-mouthed with me, Curly, and so free with you?" says he.

"Oh, it's a way I have with women," says I. "They all come and tell me their troubles. It's because I got red hair and a open countenance."

"Tell me, what's my girl confided to your red hair and open face?" says he. "I'd like to know."

"You notice a good many flowers around the last few weeks?" says I.

"I haven't noticed anything else," says he.

"And that didn't make nothing occur to your mind?"

"Oh, yes, it did; only I didn't want to say anything to the kid—I didn't want to try to influence her in any way, shape or manner, in a time like this. Only I told her quite a while ago that Tom Kimberly was the only young man I seen in town that I'd allow to come around at all. I only said to her that the old man was my best friend and I liked Tom's ma as much as I could any woman with gray hair.

"Still, I said gray hair was all right for a grandma. Why, Curly," says he, "I been plumb thoughtful and tactful.

(Continued on Page 41)

HUMAN NATURE IN STORES

By FRED C. KELLY

SEVERAL years ago department-store managers viewed with grave concern certain revolutionary tendencies of the times with regard to underwear. People were wearing the same weight of underwear the year round. They bought lightweight stuff for summer and made it do all winter. The idea was that extra warmth needed for outdoors in winter had better be in the form of garments easily removed on coming into a steam-heated building. It had been discovered that it is much less of a nuisance simply to take off a heavy overcoat on entering an overheated home than to change one's underclothes. The person who insisted on going upstairs and changing his inside clothes every time he called would in time be subjected to criticism and be twitted in gay, bantering fashion almost beyond endurance.

And so it came to pass that comparatively few persons flocked to department stores for special seasonable outfits of underwear in spring and fall. In a short time the department-store men found that the change-of-underwear sentiment, instead of proving a curse to retail business, was indeed a great boon. It not only spread underwear sales over the entire year but it greatly increased the total sales. The light underwear now worn lacks the durability of the red flannels of other days.

Moreover, in the case of women's goods, the garments are more attractive and there is more incentive for the customer to spend her money for them. There is only a scant amount of romance about a set of plain, unfrilled, old-fashioned woolen underwear; but the woman who sits before her dressing table preening herself, while all fussed up in the various articles of lace and frills that she puts on to-day, is quite likely to look cute and chic and to be not a little pleased with herself. So long as the effect is gratifying to the eye she is willing to spend twice the sum she formerly devoted to garments that merely kept her snug and warm.

By means of advertising and by offers of good values, big stores are able to change a dull month in any line to the biggest month of the year. For instance, August is naturally the worst month out of the twelve in which to sell furs. Comparatively few persons feel the need of a muff or a sealskin cloak on the average August day; yet I know of at least one mammoth department store where more furs are sold in August than in midwinter. It is done by means of a Great August Advance Sale of New Furs, priced so attractively that buyers are coaxed to overcome their natural aversion to buying anything not yet needed.

The same is true of furniture. Nobody really wants much new furniture in summer; but many stores sell more furniture in August than in May or October. The Great Midsummer Furniture Sale does it. By giving enough reduction in values to make it an object, the stores coax men and women to buy several weeks or months in advance of the natural impulse to do so.

It is the constant aim of stores so to modify human nature that trade will be of approximately the same volume the year round. To have clerks in such a rush one month that customers cannot be waited on, and then to have half the salesforce sitting about for another month comparatively idle, is an expensive proposition. In most places the Christmas-shopping period is now forced under way as early as the middle of November.

The Convincing Quality of Understatement

A DEPARTMENT-STORE manager can bring about more or less of a rush in almost any department any day. He can have attention called to his soda water in a way that will cause almost a riot at the soda counter the next day, even though the soda is just the same as has been sold there right along. It is simply a matter of obtaining the most results from an advertising appropriation. There is just so much money to spend in the course of a year, and if the manager lays too much stress on soda water he has less money to buy space in which to tell of bargains in women's cloaks or hosiery.

Ordinarily women's cloaks comprise the most profitable line of goods offered in a big department store for the amount of floor space occupied. But in certain establishments the leader may be millinery or something else. I know of one big store where it is shoes. This does not mean that the shoes there are any better or any cheaper than at rival stores, but is simply due to the fact that the merchandise chief used to be at the head of a shoe department and has a habit of pushing the shoe trade.

Many big stores charge various departments with their proportionate share of advertising space used in the course of a year, just as they charge them with their floor space. The same plan is applied to space in the show windows.

Styles in advertisements have changed a great deal in the last few years. Exaggerated statements and superlatives are no longer popular. A merchant does not set forth that a line of overcoats at twenty-one dollars is the greatest cut-rate offer ever placed before the public of any nation since the dawn of the Christian Era. He is more likely to state simply that he has overcoats at twenty-one dollars which he thinks are well worth the money, and of a style that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

Understatement has proved to be better than overstatement. This has been discovered in other lines entirely apart from selling goods. Former Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, used to make great use in his speeches of the trick of understatement. If he wished to accuse a man of being a thief, let us say—a man everybody knew had stolen at least a million dollars—Bailey would aver that he had every reason to believe that the man had appropriated not less than two dollars and a half.

Years ago there was a hotel proprietor out in Carson City, Nevada, who hit upon the efficacy of understatement rather than boastful exaggeration in his advertisements. His hotel did a thriving business, much of which was directly traceable to his scheme of making his claims modest and plausible. One of his advertisements appeared in the Appeal of Carson City along about 1889, and was substantially as follows:

ARLINGTON HOTEL

Worst Hotel in the United States!

Homely chambermaids, coarse linen, dingy halls, bad ventilation. The cooking disappoints everybody. Jockeys come here to reduce weight. I carry only average wines and liquors.

But my cigars are fairly good, and I can sell you one accompanied by the pleasantest kind of a smile.

OLIVER ROBERTS, Proprietor.

The method of presenting an advertisement varies greatly according to the kind of store. If it is a store that caters to the so-called highbrow trade, the advertisement may be in the form of little editorial-like discussions of values and seasonable offerings. But for a store that seeks the trade of the masses there is nothing so compelling, nothing so full of appeal and logic, as the simple statement: "Was $18; now $11.95!"

Every department-store manager must deal constantly with human nature in a big way, both as to individual and aggregate traits. For example, there is the bargain-sale feature. It is not mere chance that frequently places these on Monday. The merchandise man knows that more housewives have remained away from the shopping district on Sunday—naturally—than any other day in the week. Therefore they are more in the mood to go shopping on a Monday than on other days.

However, there must be some inducement, because only two days previous was Saturday—pay day—and a great many women have satisfied their shopping desires with their share of the money in the little yellow envelopes. They are willing enough to visit a store on Monday provided there is an excellent bargain reason for drawing further from a pocketbook already flattened somewhat on Saturday.

The store manager goes farther in making capital of human nature on bargain day. Not always does he place his counter of advertised bargains near the front entrance. More frequently it is at the rear, and the route to it takes one along aisles bordered with various other lines of tempting merchandise. A certain ratio of all who come in to take advantage of a bargain rate on soap buy other commodities before leaving—and the manager knows in advance from past experience just about what this ratio will be. Moreover, those who buy only the bargain soap go away at least subconsciously associating that store with the idea of big value for one's money.

The greater the number of persons enticed to a store by special bargains, the more accurately can the manager forecast the effect this extra rush of customers will have on other departments. You see, individual persons are never just alike; but masses of people average up about the same. The greater the mass, the easier it is to tell what ratio will buy a certain thing or do a certain thing. If only fifty men walked along a certain street in a day and one of those fifty stopped to tie his shoestring it would hardly be justifiable to predict that one out of each fifty, day after day, would do so; but if it were found that ten men out of one hundred thousand tied their shoestrings on a given day, the chances are that about the same proportion would pause to perform the same little chore, on an average, every day in the year.

To Have Half the Salesforce Comparatively Idle Is an Expensive Proposition

The Niceties of Advertising

THE number of persons attracted to a store by an advertisement depends in a large measure on the size of the advertisement and the way it is presented. Advertising managers sometimes boast of their ability to make the public respond to their art with scientific precision.

"How much business do you want to do in your department to-morrow?" I once heard an advertising manager ask a department manager. "About four thousand dollars? All right; I'll frame an ad. accordingly."

That, doubtless, was mostly big talk; and yet it stands to reason that after long experience a man can learn approximately how large an advertisement will be necessary to draw enough customers to a department to make four thousand dollars' worth of sales. It is obvious, too, that this would be true only within certain limits. A certain-size advertisement might sell ten thousand dollars' worth of furniture, and one twice as large might not sell another dollar's worth. Yet the space occupied by an announcement of bargains in merchandise counts for a good deal. It stands to reason that more persons will heed a notice occupying an entire page in a newspaper than one which takes up only an inch or two in one column; and this would be true even though the smaller advertisement were seen by just as many persons as read the larger one.

One of the phases of human nature that every big-store manager knows is the difference between men and women buyers seeking the same sort of article. For example, the average man, looking at a new suit, considers quality first, price second, and style third. With women exactly the reverse is true. Style is the paramount requisite. Then comes the question of price, and quality last. After eliminating the items of style and quality, however, price is more important to a woman than to a man. Women are more careful shoppers than men. They will go farther to get exactly what they want.

Each year sees an increased tendency in nearly all lines of business to cater to women buyers. Even in men's wear, advertising appeal is made about as much to a man's wife as to the man himself. Many men wisely let their wives buy their shirts and neckties, and the consequence is that fewer red neckties are being worn with purple shirts than formerly.

If a man goes into a store accompanied by his wife to buy himself a hat, suit, shirt, or even a pair of garters, the clerk is likely to address himself chiefly to the wife. He knows that her judgment will largely govern the transaction. The reason she is along, in all probability, is that, just after some previous purchase of his, she has issued an ultimatum declaring:

"The next time you buy a hat I'm going to pick it out!"

Moreover, the clerk knows that unless he is especially polite to the wife she will take a dislike to that store and

talk her husband out of trading there again. On the other hand, if the husband should feel hurt because the clerk was inclined to ignore him, the wife, by the time they reach home, will have convinced him that his grievance was all imaginary and that the clerk was in reality a perfectly lovely man.

Not infrequently a store advertising men's underwear will describe the goods in detail something like this:

"The drawers are well made, cotton ribbed, with full gussets"—and so on.

Now not one man in a hundred or a thousand knows what gussets are. I myself should not know a gusset even if it came down and perched right on my shoulder. Is it not a waste of words, then, to tell about gussets in the advertisement? No; because most men's underwear is not bought by the wearer, but by the wearer's wife. And she knows what a gusset is if he does not.

In almost every store Saturday is the busiest day of the week, and the quietest days are usually Tuesday and Wednesday. The reason for the big business on Saturday is doubtless due to the fact that Saturday is pay day; the buyer has the money to make a purchase and wishes to satisfy, without further delay, a week-old desire for a given article. Tuesday and Wednesday are comparatively dull because they follow Saturday, the big buying day, and Monday, bargain day.

Friday, also, is a good business day. Many stores have their main bargain offers on Friday. Another reason why Saturday is busy is, of course, that people stock up with things they will wish to use over Sunday. In summer, department stores usually display sporting goods in their windows on Saturday, because men are facing not only a Sunday free from business cares but perhaps a Saturday-afternoon half holiday. The manager of the musical department of a big store was telling me that most violin and guitar strings are sold on Saturday. On the other hand, he said, for some reason music teachers buy most of their sheet music on Monday.

This same department manager noticed a number of other odd human traits. Whenever a grown man buys a mouth organ, jew's-harp, kazoo or tin fife, he almost invariably makes it a point to remark that it is for his little boy, or somebody else. Men feel apologetic over their ambition to play on that type of instrument.

Another thing: a father who says never a word about paying two hundred and fifty dollars for a piano for his daughter will dicker a long time when buying a violin for his son before paying a dollar or two more for a better instrument—this regardless of whether the boy shows twice the promise, musically, that the girl does. The reason seems to be that father feels he must buy a piano for the parlor anyhow, to be conventional; but the violin is an added expense that he hadn't been counting on, which will not add noticeably to the dignity of his home surroundings.

Women are More Careful Shoppers Than Men. They Will Go Farther to Get Exactly What They Want

Rush Hours in the Big Shops

MORE goods are sold in big stores in most of the larger cities at about four-thirty in the afternoon than at any other time. A good many women shop in the forenoon, but a much greater number look after household duties in the morning and do their shopping in the afternoon. Along about three-fifteen there are more women shoppers on the street, or looking about the various departments of the stores, than at any other hour; but they are doing more looking than buying. They wait until just before going home before finally making up their minds; and that is why the crest of the buying wave is reached at from four-twenty to four-thirty. After that they have barely time to get home and prepare dinner before six o'clock.

There is another buying wave, but a smaller one, at five o'clock, due to the crowd of women who come out of theater matinées. In the departments selling such articles as pastries and candies the biggest rush of the day sets in round five-thirty. And the buyers are more largely men than was true earlier in the day. They have received orders from home to bring along some cakes for dinner, or have been moved by some worthy saccharine impulse to stake the family to a box of candy.

A man almost invariably buys such things just before starting home, partly because he doesn't like to lug his purchases about with him any longer than necessary, and also because it is a man's tendency, more than a woman's, to postpone a purchase until the last minute. Women are twitted a great deal in the comic magazines and joke columns about being late; but every man knows that it averages the other way and that man is the procrastinator. Go into any big store just before closing time and note the sex of the shoppers who are rushing madly about after articles they really intended to buy much earlier in the day.

Big-store proprietors and credit men know that the summer-vacation season is the most difficult time to collect bills. Men are saving their money for other purposes and are slow to give it up for something already consumed. The first of January is the easiest time for collections of all kinds, even though it follows close on Christmas, simply because everybody has firmly imbedded in his mind the idea that one should start the New Year with a clean slate—and that he will only be doing what most other people are doing and are expected to do. When a man doesn't pay a bill round the early part of January there is no telling when he will pay it. If he is allowed to go until, say, the end of February, he is all over his New-Year resolution to get squared up, and will be twice as difficult to dissociate from his money as he would have been even two or three weeks sooner.

Among educated classes lawyers are believed to be the poorest pay. The answer seems to lie in the fact that they have not the dread that others have of litigation, or of being obliged to hire somebody to defend them in court.

Across the street from one of the largest department stores in New York is a successful dry-goods establishment that few New York shoppers know by name. The place is advertised only modestly, is unobtrusive in appearance, and if you went by the store you would wonder—if you noticed it at all—how the concern manages to keep going, especially in the face of the competition of the vast establishment on the other side of the street.

The answer is that, except for the big store, the little store could not exist in that location. It would either have to move or suspend operations. Without the big store it would be like a side show with no circus to attract the crowd. As it is, the smaller plant probably makes a bigger profit for the amount invested than its overtowering competitor.

Do not get the impression, either, that the smaller store gets merely the overflow from the big one. It specializes somewhat in certain lines in which it is able to give good values, and shoppers like to inspect its stock. Frequently they spend more money there than in the larger place across the way. But the point is that if the big store were not there, with its greater variety of attractions, people would not head toward the smaller establishment for itself alone. The locality is away from the main shopping center and would be almost dead for retail purposes if it were not for the big department store on the corner.

Suppose, on the other hand, that both stores were big institutions—one about as big as the other. Would not the competition be so severe that each store would earnestly wish for the other to move? It would not. On the contrary, so long as the two stores are in operation at all in the same city, it is better for each that they should be close together—the closer the better. One helps the other. Each establishment has customers who would rather buy there than elsewhere; but if there is a chance of getting better values at another place next door they will look over the goods there before buying. In that way each store helps its neighbor to draw a crowd, and out of the number who drift in from next door many will be moved to make purchases they had no idea of making when they left home. Buying is stimulated. The management of almost any first-class big store has implicit confidence in its ability to beat, or at least to equal, its competitor in giving good value, and is willing to have customers make comparison. Where it loses in one department by having a rival close by, it gains in another.

Why Boley's Pays

I HAVE in mind two big department stores in a great Middle Western city, which stand almost side by side. One may be known as March's, the other as Boley's. Said the manager of March's store awhile ago:

"If Boley's should ever have to move because the building owner raises the rent, I should almost be disposed to pay the difference in their rental out of our own funds, if necessary, to keep them close by."

And I have no doubt the manager of Boley's feels the same way.

If you have ever had occasion to buy a piano the chances are that you found most of the piano stores in the same part of town and fairly close together. When a man starts to buy a piano he wants to examine every line in town if he can do so conveniently. But he may not bother with the dealer who is too far from the others.

Much the same condition is true of automobiles, typewriters, jewelry, and other articles. If you are in New York and think of jewelry you probably think simultaneously of Maiden Lane.

On the other hand, in selling small articles like cigars or candy, too much near-by competition is obviously an objection. People passing a given location buy just so many cigars, and if they divide their purchases between two stores neither store does so well.

I was speaking a few lines back of March's and Boley's department stores. March's offers a much more attractive line of merchandise, and people in that city often wonder how Boley's can withstand such competition. Yet Boley's is a big moneymaker. The answer is that Boley's caters almost entirely to the laboring classes—people who pay as they go and do not indulge themselves in such luxuries as charge accounts. Boley's store carries a line of goods to fit the buying capacity of these cash customers. Most of them are so accustomed to proceeding by their own effort that they usually do not even think of asking to have goods delivered. They pay as they go and carry their own purchases home. And the habit is one that Boley makes no effort to educate people out of; the saving in cost of delivering goods—even apart from the fact that a big proportion of the business is on a cash basis—is an important item.

Two or three winters ago when business was dull and many men were out of employment, the proprietor of a certain big store began making displays of skates and

(Concluded on Page 102)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 13, 1916

Financing War

UNDER the new British budget a man with an income of twelve thousand five hundred dollars a year will pay over three thousand dollars income tax. All incomes over twelve thousand pay one-fourth, and the tax falls on income from every source. Thus, if the man has invested in five-per-cent government bonds, one and a quarter per cent will be deducted for the income tax and he will receive only three and three-quarters per cent on his investment.

If he owns an automobile of over sixteen horsepower his license tax on it will be trebled. Railroad and theater tickets, coffee, chicory, matches, and various other articles, are taxed. A four-cent admission to the "movies" yields a war tax of one cent. This taxation will produce two and a half billion dollars a year—against a total tax yield of about one billion dollars before the war.

It is heroic. No doubt it is sound finance and sound politics.

It is better for the unaffluent that war costs should be met by taxes rather than by borrowing, for war taxes fall pretty largely upon the well-to-do. The British policy has been sounder than Germany's, which, until recently, has levied no extra taxes on account of the war, meeting the whole cost by borrowing.

True, when we look on the other side of this budget we see what a little way war taxes go, after all. The estimated expenditure for the year is over nine billion dollars. Drastic taxation stops only about a quarter of the gap.

Yet drastic taxation brings war home in a fashion only less poignant than the casualty lists do. The man who hands over to the government three thousand dollars out of a twelve-thousand income, besides meeting various minor imposts, cannot escape realizing one side of war. This budget squarely faces the truth that, no matter just how the war ends, every nation engaged in it must, on the material side, be a loser on a huge scale.

It is a good thing that Germany has begun facing toward that truth. No matter just how it ends, drastic taxation is going to be a standard feature of European life for many years.

Inflation

AS COMPARED with the beginning of last year, steel billets have more than doubled in price. So has copper; while lead has nearly trebled. Many articles made from those commodities have followed suit. In apologizing recently for increasing its price to consumers a manufacturing concern showed what it had to pay for all the ingredients entering into its product. Costs, as compared with those before the war, were all the way from thirty to four hundred per cent higher. The cost of labor has also advanced materially, and is still rising.

The forces that produced this result still appear to be actively operating. We not only have the highest commodity and labor prices ever known but the trend seems to be upward.

Of course this is inflation—a world inflation; for Europe experiences it in a degree probably greater than we do. In a way it had been going on nearly twenty years; but the war gave it a tremendous new impetus. Roughly a gold dollar is worth about half what it used to be. This confuses fixed monetary contracts, such as for the payment of stipulated interest, rents, salaries. If it is a long-time contract, like a thirty-year bond, the recipient is getting about half what he expected to get.

There are those who hold that prompt and painful price deflation will follow the return of peace. There are others who hold that an era of very high prices will continue long after the war, because only very gradually will the effects of war financing disappear.

In the latter case, for one thing, all salary lists should be overhauled and readjusted to the lessened value of money. In the former case, for one thing, many credits based on present prices will be put in a hazardous position. In either case the great inflation of prices is a portentous phenomenon, well worth watching.

Investments

BANKS of all kinds held nearly six billion dollars of "securities" at the date of the Comptroller's last annual report. There were eight hundred-and-odd million dollars of Government bonds, virtually all held by national banks—not for investment but to secure circulation. Deducting that, we have a little over five billions of investments; and as the banks, as a whole, are conservative investors, it may be interesting to know how they invest.

Reducing the total to five dollars—in place of five billions—they put a dollar and seventy cents in railroad bonds, a dollar and a half in state and city bonds, sixty cents in public-utility bonds, and a dollar and twenty cents in miscellaneous.

The latter probably includes a comparatively small amount of stocks held by state institutions. It also includes "industrial" bonds—such, for example, as those of the United States Steel Corporation.

But the railroad bond is still the premier investment security in the United States. With rapidly increased borrowings by cities in late years the municipal bond is now by way of crowding it for first place. In five years bank holdings of municipals increased three hundred and seventy-eight millions against an increase of two hundred and forty millions in railroad bonds; but railroad bonds are our most important security. Directly or indirectly—through savings and other banks—the money of literally millions of people goes into them.

Of course real-estate mortgages, of which the savings banks hold great amounts, are actually investment securities too; but they are not included in the above survey.

Stores That Lie

WE RECALL a shop that has been "closing out under forced sale, regardless of cost," for at least three years. We presume it swindles its patrons, selling half-cotton for all-wool, alleging that colors will not run, when they will run, and so on. We presume that, because if we know a man to be a habitual liar in one respect we naturally suppose him to be a habitual liar in all respects.

Self-respecting retail trade everywhere is more or less pestered by stores that lie. Sometimes it is the fly-by-night shop, which sets up in a certain location, advertises itself as a bargain sale of a bankrupt's stock, a fire sale, or the like, and after having worked off a collection of inferior goods, flits to a new location. Sometimes it is a fixture, in a chronic state of closing out, or selling a five-dollar article at five dollars and ten cents, "marked down from twelve dollars." Sometimes a few standard trade-marked goods are offered at cut rates as a lure. Sometimes goods with whose merits the public has become well acquainted are displayed in the street window and imitations of them are palmed off within. For the self-respecting store this competition is excessively annoying.

It is an odd fact that people in general regard lying in print as something mysteriously different from lying orally. If a man looked them in the eye and asserted by word of mouth that the common retail price of a given article was nine dollars, while he offered it at eight, and they then discovered the common retail price was eight, they would put him down for a liar and never trust his word again. If he asserts the same falsehood by a printed placard they regard it as a venial trade stratagem.

An association of merchants in New York has enlisted the district attorney and purposes to drive out some chronically lying shops in its particular line. It is a good example. By concerted action among self-respecting merchants everywhere the path of the shop that habitually depends upon lies can probably be made thorny enough to work a reformation.

The Saving Side

YOU may have come across the remark that civilization simply makes war more destructive. Certainly nothing like the destruction wrought in Europe in the last year and a half was ever before known in the same length of time. The direct money cost exceeds thirty billions. Casualties probably equal the total population of Prussia when Frederick began the Seven Years' War. You turn, for example, to the Thirty Years' War, which converted great parts of Germany into wilderness and set back the material development of Central Europe two centuries. You find great battles, such as Breitenfeld and Lützen, in which the total number of men engaged on both sides was only fifty or sixty thousand, and the deaths would amount in this war to but a trifling incident in the course of a regular day's work. And such momentous clashes as Breitenfeld and Lützen occurred only at comparatively long intervals. Naturally you ask: If that ruined half Europe, what will this do?

But there is a tremendous difference. The Thirty Years' War disorganized Germany. In important sections rule and order dropped to a savage level. Unpaid troops pillaged friend and foe, with fine impartiality. The significant saying was: "He whose house is burned must be a soldier." Cut off from livelihood otherwise, he joined the looters. Often it made no great difference which side he joined. At various times prisoners of war were simply incorporated into the conqueror's army.

Organized fighting cut but an inconsiderable figure in the war's destruction.

Whatever else this war has done, higher organization has proceeded from it. In spite of the great gash across its face, Europe was never before so tightly bound up, so thoroughly regimented and ordered. There was never before any such extensive common action or any such coördination of human energy. That is the saving side of the war—insofar as it has any saving side. Exactly that makes all forecast of its economic and social results so difficult.

A Scientific Reform

FROM superficial reading in the fields of medicine and horticulture we gather that one of Nature's admonitions to mankind is substantially this: "When pestered by a bug look round for some other bug that will eat it up; but proceed cautiously lest Bug B prove more pestiferous than Bug A."

We were reminded of it recently by coming across a strangely reminiscent term—to wit, Bucket Shop.

Time was when the bucket shop was almost as the locust in a seventh year. Every considerable town had from one to forty concerns where the inexperienced and credulous could bet away their money on variations in the price of grain, cotton, stocks. If as many as half a dozen green ears—in the shape of simple persons with detachable cash—flourished anywhere in our fair land, some bucket shop was pretty sure to extend its telegraphic feelers thither.

Our impression is that the species has been pretty nearly exterminated. Certainly it persists only sporadically and in a meager fashion. This is an important reform. Was it brought about by the outraged moral sense of the community? Not at all. It was brought about by members of "regular" exchanges who wanted the commissions on such part of the bucket-shop trade as might be deflected into regular channels.

They went for the bucket shop as the robin goes for the worm—and did a pretty effectual job.

To remedy an evil with the greatest practical celerity and thoroughness, find the men who can make a profit by stopping it. That's the natural and scientific way.

Whenever a regular broker strives to seduce persons of no experience and small means into speculating, by newspaper advertising, circulars, and so on, he is exactly as great a pest as a bucket shop. The public, like a thrifty husbandman, may well insist that remedial Bug B shall not turn pestiferous by inveigling lightweight greenhorns into the game, for that was exactly the evil of the bucket shops.

Two Sure Guesses

BANK clearings in the United States for the first quarter of this year were fifty per cent greater than a year ago, breaking all records. That connotes the general state of trade. Probably it was never before so easy to sell goods, get credit, find a job, get a salary raised or a wage rate increased—in short, to make money for those who are at all in the money-making way.

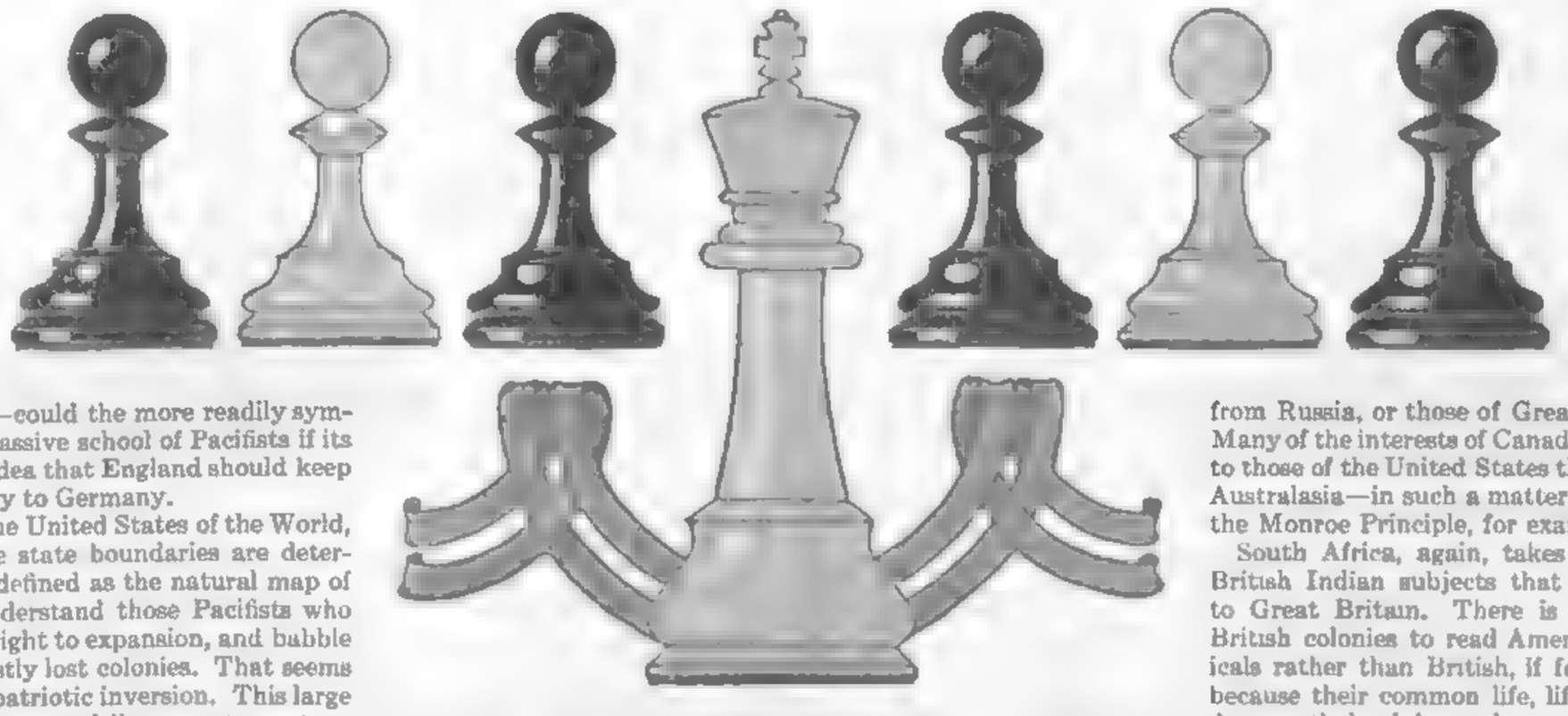
There are numberless guesses as to how long this sunny condition will last, to what heights it will go, and what will follow it. But a couple of guesses in that connection are absolutely sure:

It will not last forever, nor even for a decade. And the man who puts by something—whether it's half a million, taken out of the quarter's profits and put to reserve account, or a dollar a week taken out of the pay envelope and put in the savings bank—is going to win to that extent, whatever happens.

The man who is getting anything at all out of this boom and not salting down some of it—fifty cents a week, ten dollars a month, whatever it may be—is a sucker.

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

The White Man's Burthen



DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ONE of the most curious aspects of the British Pacifist is his willingness to give over great blocks of the black and colored races to the Hohenzollerns to exploit and experiment upon. I myself, being something of a Pacifist, and doing what I can in my corner to bring about the Peace of the World—the Peace of the World triumphant and armed against every disturber—could the more readily sympathize with the more passive school of Pacifists if its proposals involved the idea that England should keep to England and Germany to Germany.

My political ideal is the United States of the World, a union of states whose state boundaries are determined by what I have defined as the natural map of mankind. I cannot understand those Pacifists who talk about the German right to expansion, and babble about a return of her justly lost colonies. That seems to me not pacifism, but patriotic inversion. This large disposition to hand over our fellow creatures to a Teutonic educational system, with frightfulness in reserve, leaves me hot. The ghosts of the thirst-tormented Herero rise up in their thousands from the African dust, protesting.

This talk of legitimate expansion is indeed now only an exploiter's cant. The age of expansion—the age of European empires—is near its end. No one who can read the signs of the times in Japan, in India, in China, can doubt it. It ended in America a hundred years ago; it is ending now in Asia; it will end last in Africa—and even in Africa the end draws near. Spain has but led the way which other empires must follow. Look at her empire in the atlases of 1800. She fell down the steps, it is true—but they are difficult to descend. No sane man, German or anti-German, who has weighed the prospects of the new age will be desirous of a restoration of the now vanished German colonial empire—vindictive, intriguing and unscrupulous; a mere series of centers of attack on adjacent territory, to complicate the immense disentanglements and readjustments that lie already before the French and British and Italians.

Directly we discuss the problem of the absolutely necessary permanent alliance that this war has forced upon at least France, Belgium, Britain and Russia, this problem of the empires faces us. What are these Allies going to do about their subject races? What is the world going to do about the subject races? It is a matter in which the subject races are likely to have an increasingly important voice of their own. We Europeans may discuss their fate to-day among ourselves; we shall be discussing it with them to-morrow. If we do not agree with them then they will take their fates in their own hands in spite of us. Long before A. D. 2100 there will be no such thing as a subject race in all the world.

The Three Types of Oversea Possessions

HERE, again, we find ourselves asking just that same difficult question of more or less that arises at every cardinal point of our review of the probable future. How far is this thing going to be done finely? How far is it going to be done cunningly and basely? How far will greatness of mind, how far will imaginative generosity, prevail over the jealous and pettifogging spirit that lurks in every human being? Are French and British and Belgians and Italians, for example, going to help each other in Africa, or are they going to work against and cheat each other? Is the Russian seeking only a necessary outlet to the seas of the world, or has he dreams of Delhi?

Here, again, as in all these questions, personal idiosyncrasy comes in; I am strongly disposed to trust the good in the Russian. But, apart from this uncertain question of generosity, there are in this present case two powerful forces that make against disputes, secret disloyalties and meanness: One is that Germany will certainly be still dangerous at the end of the war; and the second is that the gap in education, in efficiency, in national feeling and courage of outlook, between the European and the great Asiatic and African communities, is rapidly diminishing. If the Europeans squabble much more for world ascendancy there will be no world ascendancy for which to squabble. We have still no means of measuring the relative enfeeblement of Europe in comparison with Asia already produced by this war. As it is, certain things are so inevitable—the integration of a modernized Bengal, of China and of Egypt, for example—that the question before us is practically reduced to whether this restoration of the subject peoples shall be done with the European's aid and good will, or whether it shall be done against him. That it will be done in some manner or other is certain.

The days of suppression are over. They know it in every country where white and brown and yellow mingle. If the Pledged Allies are not disposed to let in light to their subject peoples, and prepare for the days of world equality that are coming, the Germans will. If the Germans fail to be the most enslaving of people they may become the most liberating. They will set themselves, with their characteristic thoroughness, to destroy that magic prestige which, in Asia particularly, is the clew to the miracle of European ascendancy. In the long run that may prove no ill service to mankind. The European must prepare to make himself acceptable in Asia, to state his case to Asia and be understood by Asia, or to leave Asia. That is the blunt reality of the Asiatic situation.

It has already been pointed out in these papers that if the alliance of the Pledged Allies is indeed to be permanent it implies something in the nature of a Zollverein, a common policy toward the rest of the world and an arrangement involving a common control over the dependencies of all the Allies. It will be interesting, now that we have sketched a possible map of Europe after the war, to look a little more closely into the nature of the empires concerned, and to attempt a few broad details of the probable map of the Eastern Hemisphere outside Europe in the years immediately to come.

Now there are, roughly speaking, three types of oversea possessions: They may be (1) territory that was originally practically unoccupied and that was settled by the imperial people; or (2) territory with a barbaric population, having no national idea; or (3) conquered states. In the case of the British Empire all three are present; in the case of the French, only the second and third; in the case of the Russian, only the first and third. Each of these types must necessarily follow its own system of development.

Take, first, those territories originally but thinly occupied, or not occupied at all, of which at least the dominant element of the population is akin to that of the home country. These used to be called colonies by the British—though the colonies of Greece and Rome were really only garrison cities settled in foreign lands—and they are now being rechristened dominions. Australia, for instance, is a British Dominion; and Siberia and most of Russia in Asia, a Russian Dominion. Their manifest destiny is for their children to become equal citizens with the cousins and brothers they have left at home.

There has been much discussion in England during the last decade upon some modification of the British legislature that would admit representatives from the dominions to a proportional share in the government of the empire. The problem has been complicated by the unsettled status of Ireland, the mischief-making of the Tories there; and by the perplexities arising out of those British dependencies of non-British race—the Indian states, for example—whose interests are sometimes in conflict with those of the dominions. The attractiveness of the idea of an Imperial legislature is chiefly on the surface, and I have very strong doubts of its realizability. These dominions seem rather to tend to become independent and distinct sovereign states in close and affectionate alliance with Great Britain, and having a common interest in the British navy.

In many ways the interests of the dominions are more divergent from those of Great Britain than are those of Great Britain from Russia, or those of Great Britain from France. Many of the interests of Canada are more closely bound to those of the United States than they are to those of Australasia—in such a matter as the maintenance of the Monroe Principle, for example.

South Africa, again, takes a line with regard to British Indian subjects that is highly embarrassing to Great Britain. There is a tendency in all the British colonies to read American books and periodicals rather than British, if for no other reason than because their common life, life in a newish and very democratic land, is much more American than British in character.

On the other hand, Great Britain has European interests. The integrity of Holland and the integrity of Belgium are cases in point, which are much closer to the interests of France than they are to those of the younger Britains beyond the seas. A voice in an alliance that included France and the United States, and had its chief common interest in the control of the seas, might in the future seem far more desirable to these great and growing English-speaking dominions than the sending of representatives to an Imperial House of Lords at Westminster, and the adornment of elderly politicians with titles and decorations at Buckingham Palace.

I think Great Britain and her allies have all of them to prepare their minds for a certain release of their grip upon their possessions if they wish to build up a larger unity; I do not see that any secure unanimity of purpose is possible without such releases and readjustments.

The Partition of Black Africa

NOW the next class of foreign possession is that in which the French and Belgians and Italians are most interested. Britain, also, has possessions of this type in Central Africa and the less civilized districts of India; but Russia has scarcely anything of the sort. In this second class of possession the population is numerous, barbaric and incapable of any large or enduring political structure; and over it rules a small minority of European administrators. The greatest of this series of possessions are those in black Africa. The French imagination has taken a very strong hold of the idea of a great French-speaking West Africa and Central Africa, with which the ordinary British citizen will only too gladly see the conquered German colonies incorporated. The Italians have a parallel field of development in the hinterland of Tripoli. Side by side, France, Belgium and Italy, no longer troubled by hostile intrigues, may very well set themselves in the future to the task of building up a congenial Latin civilization out of the tribal confusions of those vast regions.

They will, I am convinced, do far better than the English in this domain. The English-speaking peoples have been perhaps the most successful settlers in the world—the United States and the dominions are there to prove it. Only the Russians in Siberia can compare with them; but as administrators the British are a race coldly aloof. They have nothing to give a black people and no disposition to give. The Latin-speaking peoples—the Mediterranean nations—on the other hand, have proved the most successful assimilators of other races that mankind has ever known. Alexander Dumas is not the least of the glories of France. In a hundred years' time black Africa, west of Tripoli, from Oran to Rhodesia, will, I believe, talk French. And what does not speak French will speak the closely related Italian.

I do not see why this Latin black culture should not extend across equatorial Africa to meet the Indian influence of the coast, and reach out to join hands with Madagascar. I do not see why the British flag should be any impediment to the Latinization of tropical Africa, or to the natural extension of the French and Italian languages through Egypt. I guess, however, that it will be an Islamic

(Continued on Page 64)

THE HERITAGE OF TYRE

By William Brown Meloney

The American Ship, Henry B. Hyde

And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee, How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants!

Ezekiel xxvi, 17.

SINCE the day when the first man straddled a log and, with an animal's skin or the pelt of one of his own kind for a sail, and a horny, spatulate foot for a rudder, started humanity adventuring by sea, the intervening centuries have beheld the occurrence of only seven nations possessed of sufficient genius to dominate the earth's deep waters.

During two thousand two hundred and forty-eight years Tyre has had but seven true heirs. And the United States of America, whose national existence measures no more than an hour's space in that great scheme of time, is one of these.

In the eyes of an astounded world the United States established her birthright in the freedom of the seas as no other heir of Tyre had ever done. She wrested the trident from Britain's grasp; tore the proud title of Mistress of the Seas from her breast.

And, having done this, she flung her heritage away with the abandon of a drunkard.

To-day, though rich to wantonness, a Power whose influence in the destiny of the human race is immeasurable, her starred flag is a curiosity beyond the precincts of her continental shores and insular holdings. Her commerce is paralyzed; her independence a mockery. She is able to speak to other nations overseas only by permission of their several lines of communication. Except in a few inconsequential instances, her mails move by alien will and by the grace of alien flags. She is a vassal on the seas, where only six-and-fifty years ago she was an enthroned monarch.

The Slow Growth of Steam Navigation

IN PREVIOUS articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we have treated of the magical rise of the United States to supremacy on the deep waters and described the causes responsible for the decline of the American merchant marine since 1865. But it is seldom remembered that as we conquered with sailing packet and clipper, so did we in steam navigation between 1850 and the eve of the Civil War. And it now becomes pertinent to consider this experience, for it is by and through steam that the nation must recover its heritage.

At six o'clock on the morning of September 4, 1807, American genius made steam navigation a fact in the destiny of civilization. In that hour and on that day Robert Fulton's Clermont waddled out of Paulus' Hook Ferry, New York, and headed up the Hudson River on her first trip to Albany

On May 26, 1819, the Savannah, the first steamship that ever navigated deep water, set out from Savannah, Georgia, for London. She arrived in the Thames twenty-five days afterward, to be viewed with amazement and also the distrust that was ever ready at that time for anything emanating from the United States.

The Savannah was a New York ship-rigged packet of about three hundred tons, fitted with a horizontal engine and propelled by paddle wheels, which could be hauled aboard in heavy weather. She went from London to Petrograd and returned home successfully, but only to have her engine removed and to be restored to the ranks of sailing tonnage.

There for nineteen years ocean steam navigation was to remain dormant, and until, as Lindsay says, "Britain had to take up the new ship or abandon the sea." When the Savannah made her remarkable and historical adventure the dreams of the majority of men trafficking by sea were of such stuff as hempen cordage and snowy royals and skysails, and not of steam chests and pistons and horse power. John Willis Griffiths was only ten years old. The brain that was to bear the clipper and revolutionize ship-building was still not beyond the throes of the rule of three.

It was in 1838 when the British inaugurated their steamship traffic in the North Atlantic that eventually was to restore the cross of St. George to supremacy on all the seas. That year witnessed the foundation of the Cunard Company under the inspiration of the British Admiralty; and 1840, the beginning by the Cunard Company of a fortnightly mail service between Liverpool, Quebec, Halifax and Boston, with a subsidy of sixty thousand pounds.

In the same year the British Government granted the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company a subsidy of two hundred and forty thousand pounds a year to carry on a West Indian mail service, and immediately afterward entered into similar contracts with the Peninsular and Oriental Company for a service to Gibraltar and India, and with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for a service to the West Coast of South America.

The last-mentioned company was a result of the promotion of an American, William Wheelwright, sometime United States Consul at Guayaquil, Ecuador. Nobody in this country would listen to him and he was driven to England with his dream. And never has Great Britain turned a deaf ear to any voice that promised extension of her commerce or the aggrandizement of her sea power.

Britain breathed the breath of life into these lines with a political as well as a commercial purpose. In peace they were to be the links of an everliving chain to bind her possessions beyond the seas to the mother country; in war, a bulwark of defense. All the ships were constructed under Admiralty supervision. They carried naval officers as custodians of the mails, and they were bound by contract to be available to the government on call.

With the appearance of the first Cunarder, an agitation began in the United States to appropriate forthwith a million dollars annually for mail transportation in home-owned vessels, steamships preferred! It was realized that something must be done to counter this British stroke against our North Atlantic packet lines; and, American-like, the spending of a million dollars was the first achievement that suggested itself to the popular imagination. We have yet to learn that that proverbial million dollars of ours, undirected by constructive thought, is as futile as that million of soldiers which not a few of our countrymen believe can be mustered into arms between a setting of the sun and a rising thereof.

The Dirigo, First Steel Sailing Ship Built in the United States

Five years passed before this feeling crystallized and found expression in legislation. The self-sufficiency of the shipping industry was in a great degree responsible for this delay. The barons of the winds held a broad and openly expressed contempt for England's teapots and teakettles, as it pleased them to call the Cunarders.

By 1845 a school of opinion of wider national vision than the shipowner's had formed, and the Congress adopted its first law toward meeting the competition of British steamships. This act authorized the establishment of contract lines for carrying the United States mails abroad.

Our Early Contract Mail Service

IN 1846, under a second law, a five-year contract was entered into with the Ocean Steamship Navigation Company for a bimonthly service between New York, Havre and Bremen, by way of Cowes. The contract provided a payment of one hundred thousand dollars a ship annually for the German route and seventy-five thousand dollars a ship for the French one. Further, the company, within a twelvemonth, was bound to build four first-class steamers of not less than fourteen hundred tons, "with greater speed to the distance than is performed by the Cunard Line between Boston and Liverpool and back," and to be held available and transferable for naval use in the event of war.

Britain's answer to this was to increase the Cunard subsidy to eighty-five thousand pounds, which in 1841 she had raised from sixty to eighty thousand.

In 1847 the Congress passed a third law on the subject, providing for the establishment of steam mail services between New York and Liverpool; New York and New Orleans via Havana to the Isthmus of Panama—Chagres; Panama to the then territories of California and Oregon; and between Charleston and Havana. The declared objects of this act were "to provide efficient mail services, to encourage navigation and commerce, and to build up a powerful fleet in case of war."

The contract for the New York-Liverpool service was let to Edward K. Collins, head of the famous Dramatic Line of packets, and his associates; and provided:

1. That the contractors should build, under supervision of the Navy Department, five wooden, copper-sheathed steamships of not less than two thousand tons and one thousand horse power. 2. That the first ship should be ready to be commissioned eighteen months after the signing of the agreement. 3. That each ship must carry four passed midshipmen as watch officers, and a mail agent approved by the Postmaster-General. 4. That a semi-monthly mail service should be maintained between New York and Liverpool during the spring,

Big Liners Loading at New York Docks

summer and autumn, and a monthly service during the winter season. 5. That the Secretary of the Navy should advance to the contractors twenty-five thousand dollars a month on each of the five ships from the time of their launching to the date of completion and commission. 6. That the Government should pay to the contractors for the maintenance of the service three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars a year, or at the rate of nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars each for twenty round voyages a year.

The contract for the New York-New Orleans-Havana-Panama service was let to A. G. Sloo, of Cincinnati, who transferred it to a group of New Yorkers. With three exceptions, it coincided with the North Atlantic agreement: 1. That the contractors should build ships of not less than fifteen hundred tons. 2. That these ships must be commanded by naval officers of not less than the grade of lieutenant. 3. That the Government should pay the contractors two hundred and ninety thousand dollars a year.

The contract for the Pacific service to California and Oregon was let to Arnold Harris, and provided for a monthly carrying of mails from Panama north in three steamers of not less than one thousand tons. So the recently killed Pacific Mail Steamship Company was born.

The Charleston-Havana service was given a postal subsidy of forty-five thousand dollars a year.

The Bremen-Havre line began operation on June 1, 1847; the Pacific line, on October 8, 1848; the New York-Panama line, in September, 1849; the Collins Line, on April 27, 1850.

The Bremen service was never satisfactory. It was abandoned in 1851. The ships were unspeakably slow. The Havre service was maintained until 1857, the English port of call being changed from Cowes to Southampton—the point of transfer to this day.

From the jump, however, the Collins liners Atlantic, Baltic, Pacific and Arctic carried the starred banner to the fore in competition with the British, and kept it flying there until the end. They assumed a place in the national affection and in popular imagination coequal with the clipper ships.

Out of hand their splendid equipment and, considering the time, luxurious accommodations, enabled them to command the cream and bulk of the passenger traffic, as the American sailing packets had done.

Rivalry for Transatlantic Business

THE Cunard Line cut passenger rates. The Collins Line countered by beating the best British crossing by a day. The Cunard Line cut freight rates from seven pounds and ten shillings a ton to four pounds. The Collins Line increased its lead to a day and a half.

"Carry freight for nothing if you have to do it," the British Premier is quoted as having said to the Cunard people.

"Anything to beat the Yankees!" became the slogan of the British.

And with the closing of 1851 Great Britain increased the Cunard subsidy to eight hundred and forty-three thousand dollars for forty-four trips a year.

The competition had been a losing game for the Collins Line. That lead of a day and a half had, during the year, cost nearly a million dollars in fuel, wear and tear, upkeep and loss of freight earnings. An appeal was made to the Congress for an increase of support. The subsidy was raised to thirty-three thousand dollars a voyage, or eight hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars a year.

The line continued to maintain its lead, but with no increase in earning advantages. Its administration has been called extravagant. Extravagance is a relative term, to be interpreted always by surrounding circumstances of necessity and time. Under the schedule to which these wooden vessels were bound, not only by contract but also by national pride, they had barely time for repairs at terminals. Their fires were never drawn. Never in the history of any merchant marine have ships been driven as were those brave old paddlers. They held to their schedule regardless of every circumstance, and they carried all who could find berths in them; but the dividend-paying freight went to the slower and cheaper Cunarders and the irregular sailing packets.

With a fleet of cargo steamers, or even sailing vessels, to supplement its express ships, the Collins Line would have been a dividend payer, but it never got its nose far enough above water to invest in exclusive freight tonnage. Sail—not steam—was the magnet of capital.

The line suffered a terrific blow in September, 1854, through the loss of the Arctic, which, rammed by a Frenchman in a fog, went down off Cape Race with three hundred and seven souls. Next, in 1856, the Congress served notice that in the following year it would reduce the subsidy to the original sum of nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a voyage. On the heels of this, on September 23, 1856, the Pacific sailed from Liverpool, never to be heard of again. In 1857, during the financial panic that shocked the world in that year, Collins & Company failed.

In 1858 the Congress abandoned the postal-naval subsidy system and adopted a scheme of payments for mail carriage, under which American ships received the inland postage plus sea postage, and foreign ships the sea postage only.

The South, which had taken the lead in voting to establish lines through postal subsidies, had now come to a right-about-face. Its representatives in the Congress were opposed to further increase of the North's possession of potential instruments of war. Except for the firing on Sumter, the Civil War had already opened.

The Collins Line disappeared from the seas in 1859. Its Adriatic, the fifth and last ship of the fleet to be built, was sold to the British flag, and for years afterward added to English glory and English earnings in the North Atlantic trade.

Thus, the United States triumphed in steam navigation as she had in sail; and thus she laid aside the laurels. Like a banderlog people, we climbed the tree and shook down the coconuts for strangers to gather.

During the decade of fierce competition on the North Atlantic, brought to a close by the Civil War, the English had definitely turned to iron as a cheaper material of construction than wood. They had, at last, been compelled to realize that their one hope of regaining supremacy on the seas lay in upsetting the economic advantage that the United States possessed in producing wooden-vessel property. Britain had an abundant supply of metal. Our resources were undiscovered. Perhaps, most important of all, she was developing the marine engine and applying screw propulsion.

After the Civil War what capital turned back to the sea still resisted the idea of steam's taking the place of wind; and the few who did not resist held that side-wheelers were superior to screws for ocean navigation. In 1866 the United States was actually attempting to compete in the North Atlantic with wooden paddlers! And in 1843, twenty-three years before, it had been an American warship, the Princeton Sloop, that had shown the world the application of the propeller!

In 1864 the policy of subsidizing mail steamships was revived. Under a treaty with Brazil the United States granted two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and the South American republic one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, to establish a line between Philadelphia and Rio de Janeiro. This line lasted eleven years. It simply could not be made to pay at the increased American cost of operation, even if it had not been doomed from the beginning by the excessive cost of building its ships. The same causes fifteen years afterward killed a second Brazilian line and continued, right down to August, 1914, to bar the American flag from deep water.

The Subsidies of the Sixties

THE session of the Congress that revived postal subsidies repealed a law of 1813 requiring officers and crews of all public and private American ships to be citizens, and prescribed that officers only should be citizens. The shore was competing with the ocean; the land was robbing the sea of its labor.

American mariners were turning to the higher wages of internal industries and the preëmption of Western farms and ranches.

The following year the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was granted five hundred thousand dollars a year for a monthly service—begun in 1867—to Japan and China, and seventy-five thousand dollars additional for calling at Hawaii. In 1866 the bounties that had been paid to fishermen since Washington's time were cut off. And in 1869 the Congress began an inquiry as to what could be done to restore the nation to its previous important and proud position on the seas. Capital that then would have invested in steamships, could it have built them as cheaply as Britain, proposed amending the navigation laws so as to admit ships constructed abroad to American registry. This meant, of course, buying the products of British yards. Capital invested in sail tonnage protested that this would drive its vessels out of business. Britain happened at the moment to be anathema. Her attitude during the war, her loosing of the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah against American shipping, were matters of bitter remembrance. Passion was permitted to vote on a question of economics. The laws were not amended.

In 1871, however, a law was enacted permitting the free importation of metal shipbuilding materials. It was futile. Still, the American shipbuilding industry was unorganized, its labor unskilled in metal construction. Besides, any vessel built of imported materials was excluded from our protected coastwise traffic, which included, of course, the Cape Horn passage to and from the Pacific States.

In 1872 the Pacific Mail was granted five hundred thousand dollars more for a second monthly service to Japan and China; and for all other services the Post-Office Department was authorized to pay: 1. To American carriers, "eighty cents a pound, or sixteen hundred dollars a ton, for letters and postcards; and eight cents a pound, or one hundred and sixty dollars a ton, for other articles." 2. To foreign carriers, "four francs a kilogram—about thirty-five cents a pound—or seven hundred dollars a ton, for

(Continued on Page 33)

PHOTO. FROM ARTHUR PEIRCE, BATH, MAINE

Bath Turned Out for a Launching

The store that deals in friendliness

IN some stores the proprietor comes to meet and greet you. He remembers your likes and dislikes. You receive attention.

This kind of a store is usually well located, well lighted, well arranged and carries good merchandise. Almost invariably it is equipped with up-to-date National Cash Registers.

This machine furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip.

It prints on this the amount paid or charged.

On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it.

It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.

Safeguarded with this machine the proprietor can devote his time

to his customers,
to his delivery and store systems,
to display of merchandise,
to advertising.

In some stores you seldom meet the proprietor.

Practically all his time is spent in straightening out mistakes in accounts.

His mind is full of details of bookkeeping.

You are conscious of this difference in stores.

We want you to know one reason for the difference and where to look for this better kind of service.

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LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
IN THE WINDOW

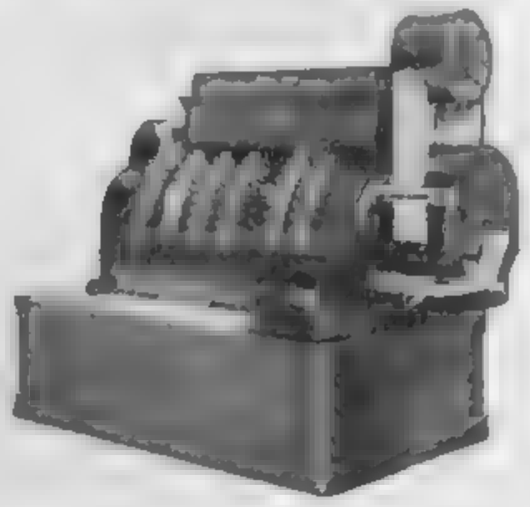
MR. MERCHANT:

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits.

We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation.

Write for full information. Address Dept. A.



THE HERITAGE OF TYRE

(Continued from Page 31)

letters and postcards; and fifty centimes—about four and a half cents a pound—or ninety dollars a ton, for other articles."

That is the law to-day, except as it is affected by the futile act of March 3, 1891, providing a scale of mileage payments for vessels of potential naval value.

In 1874 the country was set by the ears by charges that bribery had played a part in getting the Congress to vote the Pacific Mail grant of 1872. As a result of the ensuing scandal it was rescinded in 1873; and two years afterward, on the expiration of the company's contract of 1865, the direct postal-subsidy system was again abandoned. Instead of jailing the few pork-barrel congressmen involved and hamstringing their reputations and making the Pacific Mail live up to its contract, we acted like banderlogs. It was as foolish as it would have been for Britain to have abandoned India because a government impeached Warren Hastings. Ever since that time, ship subsidy, no matter what its garb, has been to American politics as the wraith of Elsinore was to Hamlet.

Before the European war was a week old the United States began to reap the harvest of folly that it had been sowing during the preceding fifty years. And a decade hence it will not have finished garnering the sheaves of its sea neglect, assuming that forthwith it begins to upbuild a merchant marine, and that meanwhile it is fortunate enough to remain at peace with all the world.

By the middle of August, 1914, Americans for the first time in nearly two generations were realizing, as a people, that they are dependent on the sea. The foreigner, that, for half a century, they had been permitting to do their carrying, had either quit the job or, according to the dictates of the law of supply and demand, increased his charter prices to what were believed to be impossible figures. The American shipowner, who had been left to live on the smell of a greased engine-room rag, or to die, had no more than a drop to contribute to the suddenly emptied bucket of ocean tonnage. And his charter prices were even higher than the foreigner's, for his ships flew a neutral flag of more than ordinary significance.

Provisions of the La Follette Bill

Yet since then the United States has been able to increase its ocean-carrying capacity only fifty per cent. In other words, having exhausted all possible sources of tonnage supply, we have, in 1916, a capacity of handling one-fifth of our commerce as against a capacity of one-tenth at the opening of the European conflict. The while we have been endeavoring to nurture a merchant marine with our right hand, we have been slitting its throat with the left.

Up to November, 1914, American shipowners, shipbuilders and students of shipping felt that of the war there was to be born a new era of commercial independence of the United States; that the changes wrought by Europe's cataclysm would bring native capital, so long denied to marine enterprise, back to the sea; that once more the nation, through its maritime genius, would be enabled to enter again into its estate in the deep waters, and maintain the place and the power to which destiny has committed it.

Yet, in a moment when this prospect was never so bright, the cloud of government ownership loomed out of Washington, and the La Follette-Alexander Seamen's Bill was passed. And five months afterward that bill, having become a law by President Wilson's approval, was compelling the American merchant marine to strike the flag in the Western Sea, forcing a nation to abandon its freedom of traffic with half a world—to abandon it to Japan—to give it over to a people whose doors our guns opened only sixty years ago for the extension of our own and the earth's commerce.

From 1905 to 1909, Germany, Great Britain, France and Norway, in the order named, responding to the demands of the decade's quickened spirit of evolution, took account of the well-being of their sea laborers by the enactment and amendment of certain legislation governing their respective merchant marines. Great Britain, Germany and France brought their seamen under employers' liability and compulsory old-age insurance laws, in keeping with similar Italian, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Austrian and Greek legislation. Great Britain, Germany, France and Norway notably provided for improved vessel housing and sanitation and increased food scales.

The United States during that time, the sea being beyond its people's vision, did none of those things; nor in the most important essentials does the legislation that we have passed notice them.

The Titanic disaster evoked a universal demand for an extension of provisions for safety of life at sea. The result of this demand was the calling by Great Britain of a congress of the Maritime Powers of the world—the International Convention for Safety at Sea; but, taking no account of the deliberations of this congress and the equitable issue thereof, La Follette introduced his bill. It was passed on November 4, 1914, to become effective as to American vessels one year from that date, and as to foreign shipping one year from the date of its approval by the President.

Summarized, the La Follette-Alexander Law's salient provisions are:

1. That American seamen in foreign ports and foreign seamen in American ports may leave their ships at will, and may demand half of their earned wages.

2. That a seagoing steam vessel of one hundred tons or over shall be manned by a crew of whom not less than seventy-five per cent in each department shall be able to understand the language of their officers.

3. That the deck crew shall be composed in the first year after the passage of the law of forty per cent of rated able seamen; in the second year, of forty-five per cent; in the third, of fifty-five per cent; and thereafter of sixty-five per cent, exclusive of officers and "apprentices."

4. That able seamen shall be rated as such only after three years' service at sea, and on certification of this service and of their physical capacity by the Department of Commerce.

5. That a passenger-carrying steamer navigating more than twenty miles offshore shall carry boats, in davits, capable of accommodating not less than seventy-five per cent of its company, and other boats or pontoons or rafts capable of accommodating the remainder.

6. That such boats shall be manned by certified "lifeboatmen"—as one to 25 persons or less; two up to 46; three up to 60; four up to 85; five up to 110; six up to 160; seven up to 210; and one additional for every 50 persons in excess of 210.

7. That a sailor's daily allotment of water shall be increased from four to five quarts and butter from one to two ounces.

Effects of the New Law

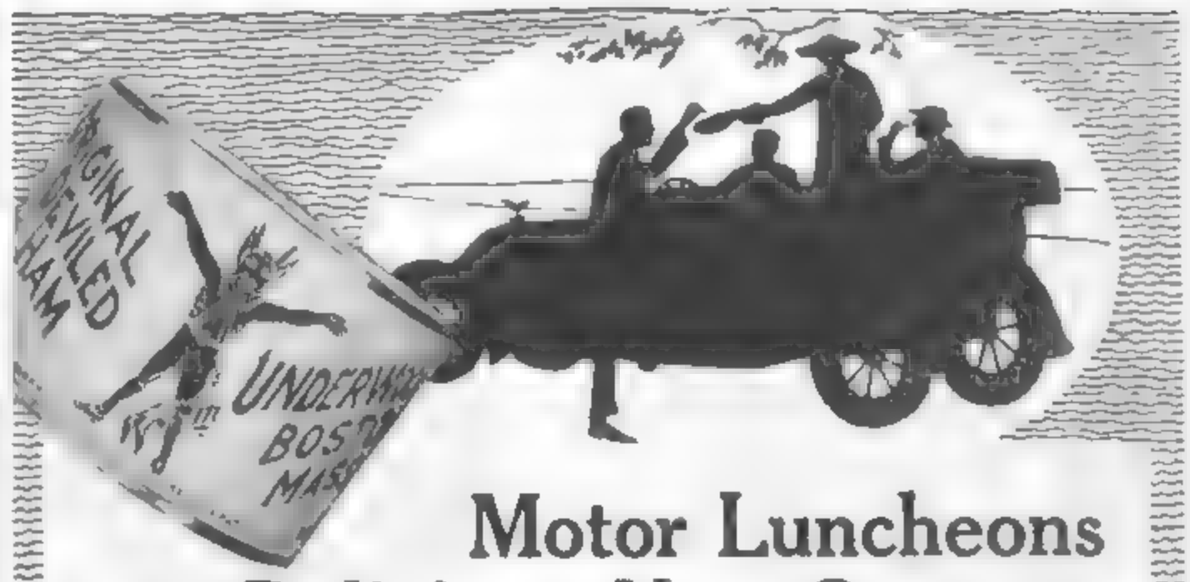
This last provision in itself is a sufficient commentary on the food scale that had theretofore existed on American vessels.

To give the first cited provision effect, a century-old law, which prevented a sailor from jumping a ship in a foreign port, had to be repealed; and reciprocal treaties predicated on that law, which is universal, are in process of denouncement. It was argued by the sponsors of the Seamen's Act that the results would be: 1. Wholesale desertions from foreign ships in American ports, due to the attraction of higher wages. 2. An automatic lifting of the wage scale to the American level. 3. The establishment of a competitive labor parity as between American and foreign vessels.

A weird bit of reasoning is that, taking no account of the fact that citizenship in other nations imposes on individuals quite as much if not more responsibility to the state than does American citizenship; nor yet taking account of the immigration laws and exclusion policy of the United States. The fallacy of this provision, however, does not lessen its mischievousness.

The law that was repealed—the "involuntary servitude" statute, so called by the promoters of the legislation—was wrought in wisdom. The reasons that underlay it are worth understanding.

It was enacted not in behalf of the masters of vessels, or of seamen, or of ships, or of owners, but in the just interest of all. It was a master's assurance against the desertion of a crew in a foreign port where other sea labor was unobtainable; it was a seaman's assurance against being beached because of a master's whim or parsimony, or



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3. SANDWICH: Spread bread with *Underwood Deviled Ham*. Put together over crisp broiled bacon with lettuce, mayonnaise and a little chopped onion.

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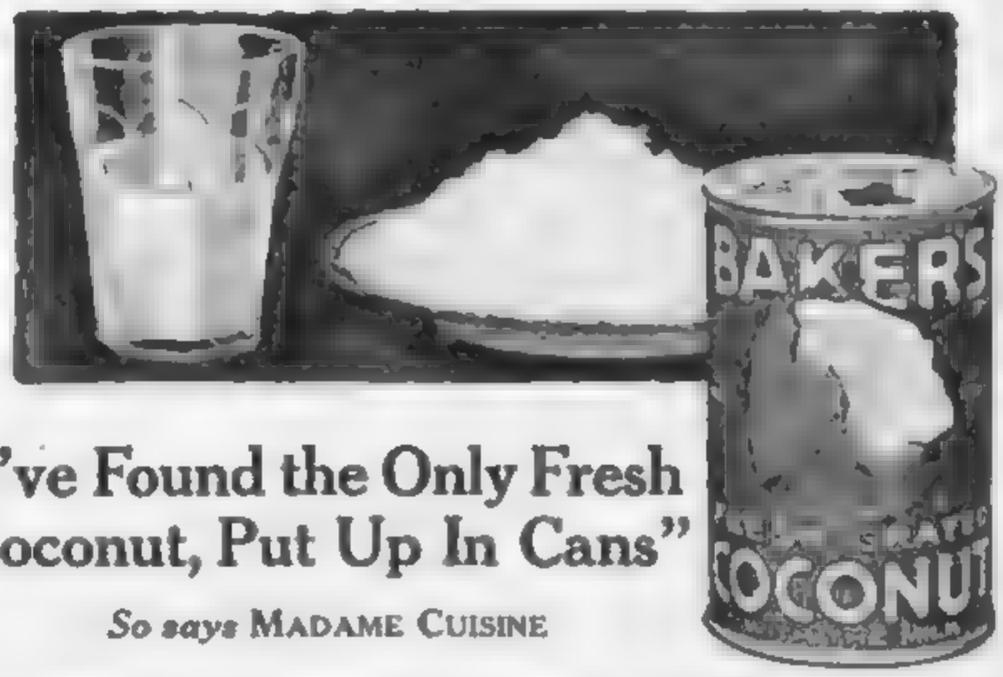

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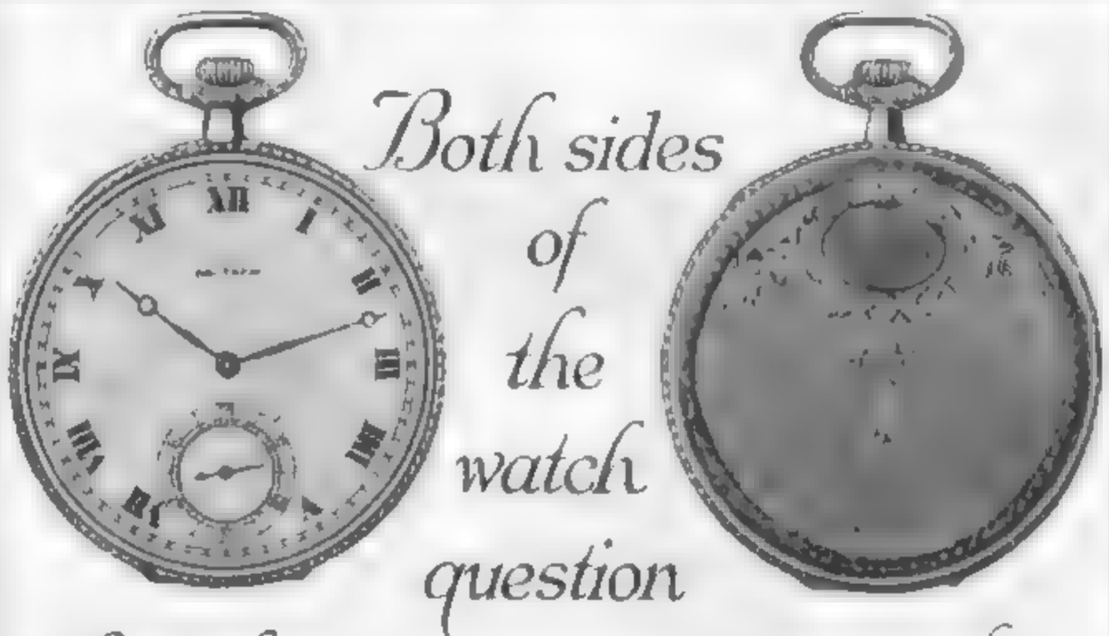

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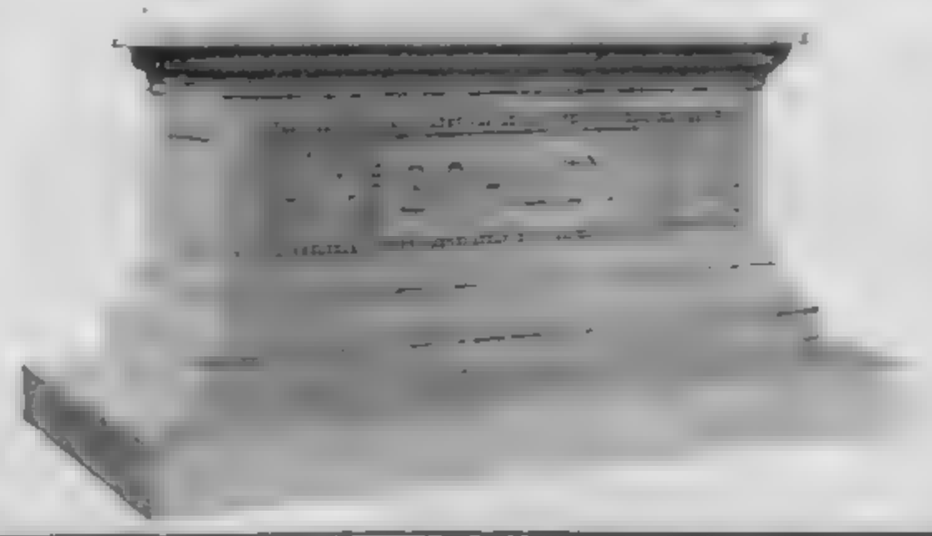
Dept. 4, BARRE, VERMONT
"THE GRANITE CENTER OF THE WORLD"



because the master could ship men at a smaller wage—a sailor's inviolable guaranty from government that a vessel must bring him back from the ends of the earth to the port of departure or another port in the United States; it was a vessel's assurance that she would not be left helpless; it was an owner's assurance that his property would be reasonably safeguarded at all times, and that he would be permitted to perform his legal contracts.

The provision requiring that not less than seventy-five per cent of each department of a steamer's crew shall understand the language of their officers was what struck the flag in the Pacific.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company lasted as long as it did because, in the matter of labor at least, it was able to meet the competition of the subsidized Japanese lines through the employment of Chinese deck, fire-room and steward's department crews. To have attempted to continue its service to the Philippines, China and Japan would have cost it five hundred thousand dollars a year. And, in addition to competing with the Japanese lines, the United States Army Transport Service had been its business rival ever since our occupation of the Philippines.

Opportunely the transatlantic trade provided purchasers for the Pacific Mail fleet, and the officers of the company sold the ships. It is contended by certain Administration defenders that the Pacific Mail quit because of pique at its exclusion, as a railroad-controlled corporation, from trafficking through the Panama Canal! Assuming pique, then, to be an attribute of American business, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company should have stopped running transcontinental passenger trains and the Standard Oil Company should have wound up its affairs when the Government ordered it to resolve itself into fifty component parts, more or less.

This is the British law, taken from the Merchant Shipping Act of 1906:

"Foreign Seaman. After December 31, 1907, a seaman is not to be engaged on board any British ship *at any port in the British Islands* or on the Continent of Europe, *between the River Elbe and Brest inclusive*, unless he satisfies the superintendent or other officer before whom he is engaged that he possesses a *sufficient knowledge* of the English language to understand *the necessary orders* which may be given to him in the course of the performance of his duties. The section does not apply *to any British subject or inhabitant of a British protectorate—meaning the Chinese and Hong-Kong—or to any lascar.*"

Therein is written protection of home labor and protection of foreign commerce.

The certification of "able seamen," prescribed in the fourth provision, is a labor-union limitation of the supply of labor. It does not take three years or one to produce the sailor of these times. The physical test is a farce. The writer knows of one case, among others, in which the Government has refused a certificate of physical capacity to a man lacking a thumb; and this man is a sailor of twenty-five years' experience, one of the best-equipped bosuns who ever put foot on a ship's deck. Incidentally, he lost his thumb helping to save a vessel for her owners.

A British ministry that would enact any law so inimical to its national commerce as the La Follette-Alexander legislation might just as well resign.

And here is offered in evidence a table the author has taken from Ocean Shipping, a pamphlet of the National Foreign Trade Council, as to the difference of cost of operation between a British steamer and an American steamer that existed up to the beginning of the war.

The table given below at the left shows the difference in the monthly portage-wages—bills of two steamers, the Ninian and the Hawaiian; from which it will be seen that, though the deck and fire-room crews are practically alike in the two vessels, the American steamer carries three water tenders, who do not figure in the crew carried by the British steamer. These water tenders are imposed by the United States Inspection Law and are not carried under any other flag. The great difference in the wages of the officers is noteworthy. Cooks and stewards are also more highly remunerated in American ships.

BRITISH S. S. NINIAN 6385 gross tons 4068 net tons Length, 400 feet		AMERICAN S. S. HAWAIIAN 5597 gross tons 3651 net tons Length, 406 feet	
DECK DEPARTMENT		DECK DEPARTMENT	
NO. MEN		NO. MEN	
1 Commander	$97.40	1 Commander	$200.00
1 Chief Officer	68.18	1 First Officer	100.00
1 Second Officer	48.70	1 Second Officer	80.00
1 Third Officer	43.83	1 Third Officer	70.00
	$258.11		$450.00
1 Boatswain	$31.66	1 Carpenter	$40.00
1 L'p. T'r.	26.79	4 Quartermasters	140.00
4 Quartermasters	102.27	1 Boatswain	35.00
6 Sailors	146.10	6 A. B.'s	180.00
2 Boys	24.35	16	
1 Carpenter	36.53		$395.00
19	$367.70		
ENGINE AND FIRE-ROOM DEPARTMENT		ENGINE AND FIRE-ROOM DEPARTMENT	
1 Chief Eng'r	$94.96	1 Chief Eng'r	$165.00
1 Second Eng'r	68.18	1 First Ass't Eng'r	110.00
1 Third Eng'r	53.57	1 Sec'd Ass't Eng'r	100.00
1 Fourth Eng'r	43.83	1 Third Ass't Eng'r	80.00
	$260.54		$455.00
1 Donkeyman	$34.09	3 Oilers	$135.00
3 Greasers	94.96	3 Water Tenders	135.00
12 Firemen	321.42	6 Firemen	240.00
20		6 Trimmers	180.00
	$450.47	22	$690.00
STEWARD DEPARTMENT		STEWARD DEPARTMENT	
1 Chief Steward	$36.53	1 Chief Steward	$65.00
1 Second Steward	19.48	1 Cook	50.00
2 Cooks	58.44	1 Second Cook	40.00
1 Eng'rs' Steward	14.61	1 Messman	30.00
5		1 Cabin Boy	20.00
	$129.06	1 Mess Boy	15.00
44 men	$1465.98	6	$220.00
		44 men	$2210.00

The Hawaiian was operable because she was in the protected American coastwise trade between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. It is needless to add that she could not have lived in deep water.

Now for a glimpse of what the other principal maritime nations have been doing while Americans have been playing the part of a banderlog people.

At the outbreak of the war the steam tonnage of the world stood divided among the merchant marines of the belligerents as follows:

NATION	NUMBER OF VESSELS	GROSS TONNAGE
Britain and British Colonies	10,123	20,523,706
Germany	2,090	5,134,720
France	1,025	1,922,286
Italy	637	1,430,475
Japan	1,103	1,078,386
Austria-Hungary	443	1,052,346
Russia	747	851,949
Belgium	173	341,025

Approximately those eight nations controlled seventy-two per cent of the world's ocean-carrying capacity.

Since 1872 the British Admiralty has paid subventions or bounties to ships constructed on lines making them on occasion instantly convertible into naval auxiliaries and troopers. The payment of postal subsidies has known no lapse since the beginning, in 1840. On only her most unimportant trade routes does she pay for mail carriage by weight or for actual service rendered.

When the United States retired from the North Atlantic in 1860 Britain reduced the amount of the Cunard grant. In 1871, apprehending our return as a competitor through the establishment of a line out of

(Continued on Page 37)

Crow Elk-hart "30"

$725
f. o. b. Elkhart

Introducing

The New Thousand-Dollar-Class Car at $725

NOW, to the front comes the startling motor car value of the year—a great, roomy, light-weight, 34.9 horse-power, 5 passenger touring car, of 112 inch wheel base and eight-years'-proved chassis construction, with many exclusive features. *This is the year's motor car sensation.*

A Surprise in Fine Quality Construction

IT contains features which cannot be secured in other American cars at less than $1,400. In fine material, sturdiness and power it has no equal near its price. The motor is unique with its detachable head; its piston oil ports to restrain the oil from entering the combustion chambers and a dozen other niceties of engineering that give extraordinary efficiency.

Take its roadability: Weight is so equally distributed that there is not 35 pounds difference front and rear. This gives unusual riding comfort, roadability and prevents skidding.

Note the bigness, the ample seating capacity, the beauty of body design. Judge the quality of the car by this: The body frame is of white ash—sawed, not bent. All braces are set into the wood at white heat. Felt padding between wood and metal eliminates body squeaks.

Exceptional Economy

OWNERS report securing from 18 to 26 miles per gallon of gasoline, according to driving conditions and drivers. The high standard of materials used, honest care in assembling and years of experience have produced a big, powerful, sturdy car, and at the same time a car of light weight, economical on tires.

See the Car—Get the Book

HERE you have the dominant value of the year. Inspect the car at the nearest Crow Elk-hart dealer's—and write for the new book that tells the complete story. Write us today!

CROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Dept. A, Elkhart, Indiana
Canadian Factory: Canadian Crow Motor Company, Limited, Mount Brydges, Ontario

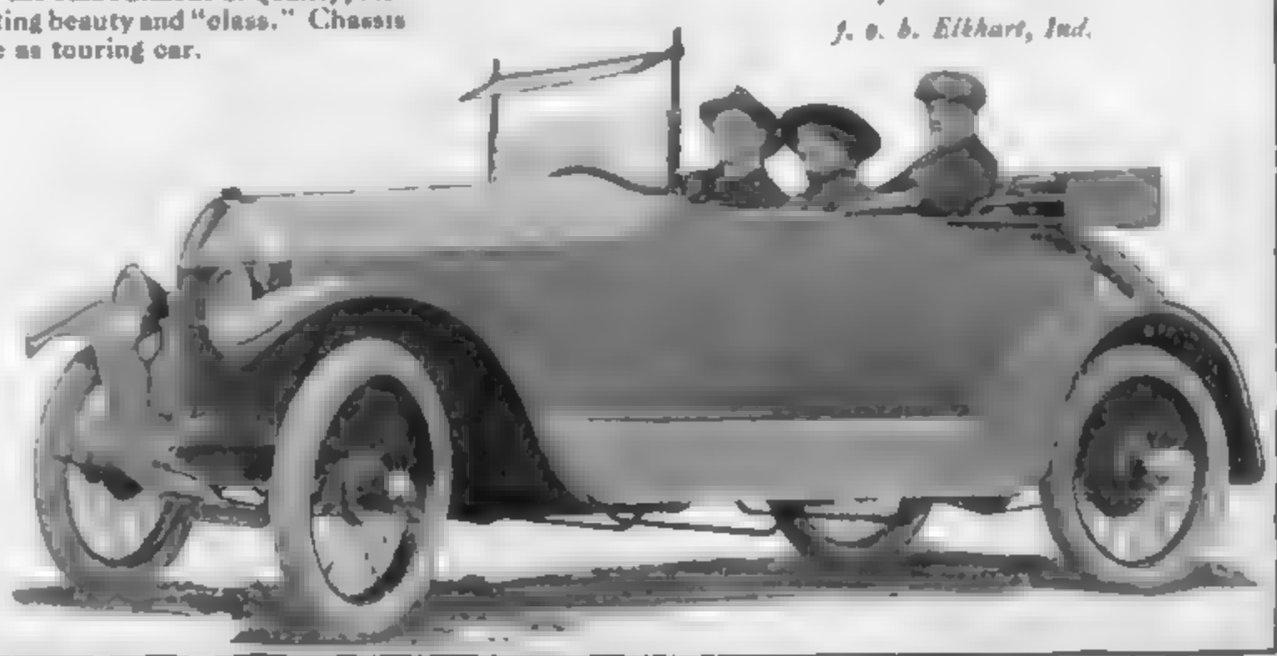
Dealers, Wire! If it should happen that there is no Crow Elk-hart dealer in your territory, wire us today for agency reservation.

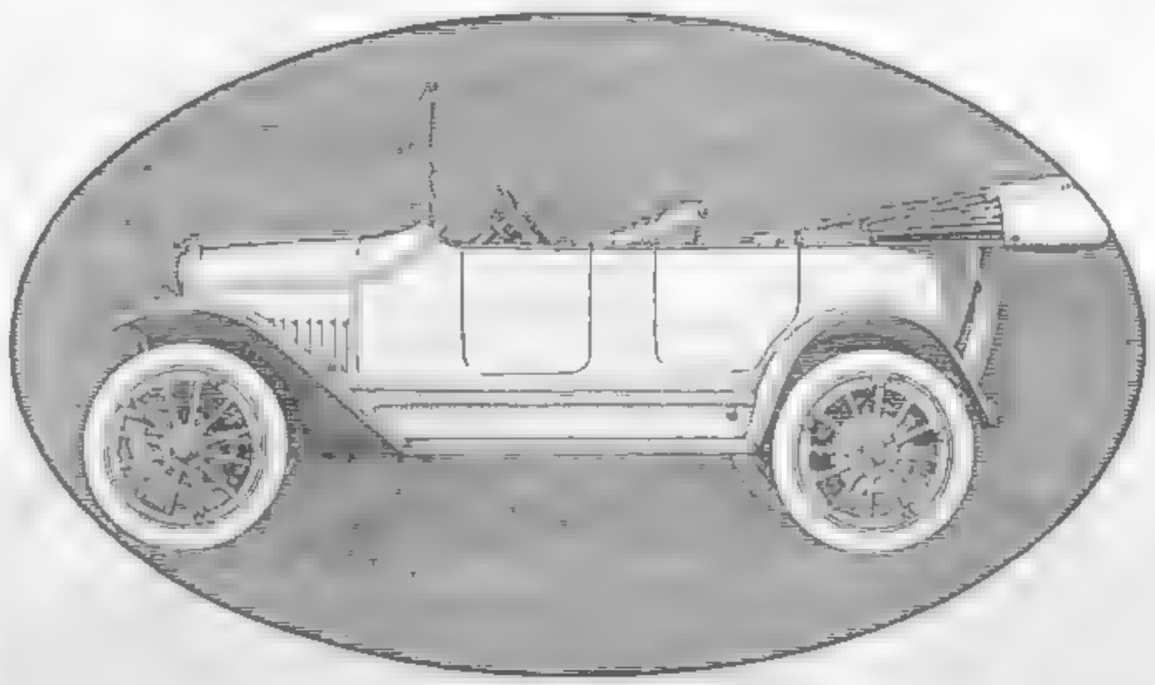
Features

Wheel Base—112 inches.
Motor—34.9 horsepower, 4 cylinders enbloc.
Electric Equipment—Dyneto 2 unit, 6 volt system, starting and lighting, Willard storage battery
Carburetor—Zenith.
Ignition—Connecticut
Clutch—Multiple disc, 7 plate, Raybestos lined
Rear Axle—FULL floating.
Body—Full streamline, 5 passenger, beautifully upholstered—instruments on cowl.
Weight—2,040 pounds.
Price—$725 f. o. b. Elkhart, Ind., fully equipped

"Cloverleaf" (three passenger) roadster, the embodiment of quality, fascinating beauty and "class." Chassis same as touring car.

$795
f. o. b. Elkhart, Ind.





Value

OWNERSHIP of a motor car is but a means to an end—and that end is Service. All other considerations are of minor importance. Consequently, Service is the element that accurately determines Value.

When we assert that Maxwell Motor Cars represent an exceeding value, we base that statement on concrete and indisputable evidence of a service record that stands unparalleled.

Being a matter of vital consequence to you, we again refer to this fact: that a stock Maxwell car conclusively proved its worth by traveling *500 miles a day for forty-four consecutive days and nights—without a motor stop—without motor repairs or readjustments—averaging 21.88 miles per gallon of gasoline.*

The World's Motor Non-Stop Mileage Record, established in January, 1916, by a Maxwell Touring Car is authenticated by the American Automobile Association. It is not open to question.

Facts outweigh opinions. Knowing the facts, your own judgment must suggest a motor car purchase that will be an investment for, rather than a mortgage against, the future.

The prices, including Full Equipment, are: Touring Car, $655; Roadster, $635.
One Chassis, three other Body Styles.

Maxwell

Motor Company • Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 34)

Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, she increased payments generally. In order to keep the Cunard wholly and essentially British in ownership at the time of the American International Mercantile Marine Company merger, in 1903, she granted that corporation a fixed subsidy of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, in lieu of the Admiralty subvention of seventy-five thousand dollars a year and mail payments. When Germany challenged her supremacy in the transatlantic trade, and captured the world's speed laurels with the first of her big greyhounds, Britain lent the Cunard Company thirteen million dollars to build the Mauretania and the Lusitania, charging it only two and three-quarters per cent interest a year, the loan to be repaid in installments covering a period of twenty years. Canada and Australia grant mail subsidies, and Canada grants fishing bounties.

The subventioned and postal-subsidized tonnage of Great Britain represents not more than one-third of her wonderful merchant marine; the remainder—the fat-bellied cargo ships that carry the bulk of the earth's commerce—receives no state aid of any kind.

The British home government's disbursements in 1912–1913 for postal subsidies, including sea-sorting mail accommodations, amounted to $3,354,270.

Austria pays from one to two dollars a ton a year on the gross measurement of new ships for the first four years of their life, less five per cent from the fifth to the tenth year, and less ten per cent thereafter. In addition she pays a two-cents-a-mile voyage subsidy on net tonnage covering distance in excess of one hundred miles, and a building subsidy of about eight dollars a gross ton on hulls, and a dollar and a half on machinery, if fifty per cent of the material in each case is of domestic origin.

Belgium pays no postal subsidies, her mail steamers being owned by the government. She has made public loans to steamship concerns at a three per cent rate. Up to the opening of the war her Colonial Department had an agreement with the Congo Line to protect it so far as guaranteeing the shipment of all government stores and passengers exclusively in its vessels.

Continental Ship Subsidies

France inaugurated state aid in 1881. She restricts her home coast trade and traffic with Algeria to French ships. She pays approximately an average of eleven million dollars a year for postal services. From 1881 to 1893 she expended, in round figures, twenty-four million dollars on navigation and construction bounties; from 1893 to 1901, twenty-six million dollars; from 1901 to 1911, nearly seventy-eight million dollars, and for postal services, nearly fifty-nine million dollars. No nation in history has ever paid so much to produce and maintain a merchant marine and obtained less. It has been able to purchase for itself third place in world rank. Though one may love France and her people ever so devotedly, he is compelled to admit that they have no sea genius. They are not blood heritors of Tyre.

Germany pays postal subsidies. Up to 1914 she was paying the German East Africa and the Norddeutscher Lloyd Lines one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. In addition she paid the Norddeutscher Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines for "actual mail services rendered." The German East Africa and the German Levant lines received commercial bounties through the reduction of railroad rates on goods originating in Germany and destined for transportation in their ships; and a similar advantage accrued if the goods were consigned to points on the Turkish and Bulgarian railroad systems. Immediately before the war Germany rescinded a grant of four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, which she had been paying her East Asia and Australia mail lines.

Italy admits all shipbuilding material free of duty and pays repair and construction bounties, the last amounting to ten dollars and a half a gross ton, with a varying scale of additional premiums determined by whether a vessel is fitted with reciprocating engines or turbines. In 1912 Italy disbursed one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in shipbuilding bounties.

Japan ranks next to France in the amount of direct subsidies to shipping. In 1911 she spent seven million dollars plus, of which approximately five million dollars was for the extension of steamship routes, eight hundred thousand dollars for the encouragement of navigation, and five hundred and seventy-five thousand for the exhilaration of shipbuilding. In addition Japan restricts her coasting trade to native tonnage.

Russia pays direct subsidies; and just before the war she granted two loans, without interest, to establish a Far-Eastern steamship service. Those loans were arranged as to repayment like that of the British Government to the Cunard Company. Under a law of July, 1912, Russia arranged to pay a shipbuilding bounty of about one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars on steamers of three thousand tons and one thousand indicated horse power, regardless of whether the materials were imported or of home origin. Foreign shipbuilding materials are admitted free of duty.

Spain in 1909 quit the payment of direct subsidies and adopted a voyage system of aid—from six and a half to nine and a half cents a gross ton for each thousand miles, provided the entire crew is Spanish, that Spanish mails are carried free, and that three-fifths of fifty per cent of a vessel's maximum carrying capacity consists of Spanish export products. Spain also grants shipbuilding bounties, ranging from thirty dollars and sixteen cents a gross ton for iron and steel cargo steamers to thirty-four dollars for passenger ships. This is exclusive of a ten per cent speed premium added for every knot a new vessel attains in excess of fourteen.

Why Our Flag Was Struck

Brazil pays approximately one million five hundred thousand dollars a year in postal subsidies, the principal beneficiary being the Lloyd Braziliero.

Norway's subsidy expenditures up to 1916 amounted to about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Since then she has made a grant of one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars a year to establish a line between New York and her principal ports.

With the exception of Britain, the United States has nothing to learn from the experience of any of the other nations—unless it may be what not to do.

To have and to hold a merchant marine commensurate with the independence of American commerce and communications is a question which ranks with that of military preparedness in the necessity of immediate settlement by the people of the United States.

Reduced to a few words, the four principal factors that contributed to the striking of the American flag on deep water from 1865 to 1914 were:

1. The inability of the United States to build iron and steel vessels as cheaply as foreign nations, particularly Great Britain. 2. The inability of shipowners, under a continuous and inelastic protective system, to build abroad or, having built in this country, to operate their higher-cost vessels profitably in competition with foreign nations of lower living standards. 3. The unfamiliarity of the American people, as a whole, because of the diversity and competition of their interests and their geographical distribution, with the national necessity or the advantages of maintaining a merchant marine. 4. A *laissez-faire* political policy, satisfied, if the ships of other nations were willing and ready to carry our commerce more cheaply than American vessels, to let them do it.

Overnight, one may say, the war upset the first three factors; and they have continued upset, except as the La Follette-Alexander Seamen's Law prohibits operation in the transpacific trades. For the first time since 1860 American shipbuilding yards are constructing commercial deep-sea tonnage. And the war is compelling not only American owners but foreigners as well to employ them.

Under a constant and increasing demand the shipbuilding industry in the United States is expanding; new yards are being founded along both seaboards. The law of supply and demand reigns supreme and is dictating prices in keeping with the world's tonnage necessities. But present abnormal earnings are important to this analysis only so far as they are enabling old yards and plants to absorb the excessive overhead charges piled up by the long years of paucity, and as they will enable new yardage to obtain a flying start.

Your "child" is soon to graduate.

Commencement Day!

The years will bring wistful memories of father, mother, uncle, brother, sweetheart—

What are *you* planning as a lifelong remembrance?

You'll find five charming Graduation Watches in your jeweler's window: five new models created especially for young women and young men.

Each model distinctive—dependable—

"An Elgin!"

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

SILK hosiery has the call. Everwear Hosiery of pure thread silk has that cling-fast fit and rich luster obtainable only in the finest fabric, carefully fashioned. It is beautifully soft to the touch, yet wears like iron.

Everwear softness, shapeliness and sheen defy the washtub. The Quality look and feel last as long as the hose.

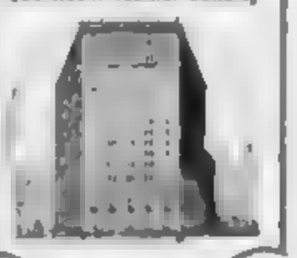
For men and women, in pure thread silk, in all wanted color shades; also in lisle and cotton. For children, in lisle and cotton. To be had at your haberdasher's or department store; if not, ask us how you may be supplied. $1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c and 25c.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BUFFALO
450 Rooms 450 Baths

CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

DETROIT
800 Rooms 800 Baths
200 Room Addition Building



What Do You Want of a Hotel?

A place to sleep, bathe and shave in comfort and luxury—

A place to meet your friends amid altogether pleasant surroundings—

A place where you can rest, read or loaf with contentment—

A place where pleasant-looking, happy-looking people are in the majority—

A place where the service is *gracious*, is *interested*, is unfailingly courteous and thoughtful, because it is developed on the principle that the guest is always right—

A place where food, service and surroundings lend an appetizing zest to your reading of the menu—

A place where you get what you want—and where "your money's worth" always means "and a little more than you pay for"—

That place is a Hotel Statler—at Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit.

And those things—as well as the scores of *extra* conveniences and comforts that supplement them—are yours *whether you spend $1.50 or $20 a day.*

HOTELS STATLER

Rates from $1.50 Per Day

3-in-One for Anglers

Fishing is fun if you use 3-in-One. This is the *real* oil for fine reels. No sticking, jerking or back-lashing—makes all parts work with smooth, easy precision. Never gums or collects dirt.

3-in-One Oil keeps rust off steel rods, metal guides and joints. Preserves bamboo and cane rods. Preserves lines—prevents rotting. Makes lines reel right. Makes flies waterproof, so they always float. Try it.

3-in-One for Golfers

Try 3-in-One Oil on your golf clubs. Prevents rust forming on the metal parts. Also good for the wood—preserves it. Softens and preserves the leather grips, too. Wipe clubs free from dirt and moisture, then gently rub 3-in-One all over them. Tell the man at the club-house to try this, or do it yourself.

3-in One Oil is sold at all stores—in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles and in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in One Oil and Dictionary of Uses free on request.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42EUN, Broadway, New York

Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL

The times are arming the American shipbuilding industry against the days when peace shall have come and competition is restored. Labor is being trained, equipment standardized, proficiency in duplication of types attained, patents acquired, organization effected.

Forthwith the Congress of the United States should do two things: 1. Repeal the La Follette-Alexander Seamen's Law and restore the *status quo ante bellum*. 2. Create a separate department of government to be known as the Department of Marine, and to be administered by a commission or board of five or seven members, similar in organization to the maritime branch of the British Board of Trade.

A Department of Marine

The suggestion as to the creation of a Department of Marine is not original with the author, any more than it is with the government ownership servers, who included it as the administrative power in the legislation proposed in September, 1914. In the Alexander Bill, however, it was called a shipping board. The idea was first proposed by Bernard Nadal Baker, in an article in the North American Review of January, 1910. And Mr. Baker's inspiration was the successful experience of British administration through a similar organization.

The Congress should create such a board or department as that, empowering it to at once take over the functions of maritime administration from the half dozen branches of government that now divide it; and, with all the facts of the problem and our necessities in view, to formulate a policy and draft a shipping code. And, having done that, the Congress should proceed to act on the advice of these experts toward the nation's greatest vantage. The very best thought of the nation indorses such a course.

In 1898 the United States had to rake and scrape through the fleets of the world for transports and naval auxiliaries, and we were able to purchase them simply because Spain was not strong enough to protest.

Eighteen years have passed since the Spanish altercation and nine since the battleship excursion round the globe, and if tomorrow were to present either necessity again it would find us no better prepared.

The transports that were purchased in 1898 should have been scrapped long ago. If a private concern had owned them they would have been. It is boasted by the Government that in 1914 they saved three hundred thousand dollars over what it would have cost to perform the same service of patronizing private American ships. But Britain makes no such boast. She employs her merchant marine to do her trooping and her carrying and her colliering; and between her occasions the commerce of the earth maintains them. To have troopers and colliers the United States must make it possible for them to live in their respective trades of peace against the day it shall suddenly need them.

The Call of the Sea

Above all, a call must be sounded that will draw Americans back to the sea; and it must be the call of the whole people—not the specious call of a class. Provision must be made to absorb in the merchant marine some of the four thousand men who each year are discharged from the navy. Therein lies a constant source of new blood—a veritable fountain of young men of incomparable preparation and discipline for commercial sea pursuits.

In view of history and all the facts of our national experience, neither statement nor argument should be required to demonstrate further that the destiny of the United States is inseparable from the sea. We are committed to the use of the oceans that are our boundaries by all the factors in the scheme of civilization—committed geographically, politically, commercially, socially, and by the military necessities and the instinct of self-preservation.

We cannot longer deny these commitments—this precious heritage of Tyre—and hope to survive as a Power of influence in the affairs of the world. We must, in the advantageous moment that has been thrust on us, either determine to seize our estate in the deep waters, once and for all, or else prepare to offer a blood sacrifice and pay a penalty to which, in comparison, the exactions since August, 1914, will be as a farthing tithe.

Blue or Gray

Which?

Of course, you'll want at least one serviceable suit for "all occasion" use this spring.

You have more room for choice this year, for we've secured a beautiful new Clothcraft gray serge suit, "6130," from the same house that makes the well-known "5130" Blue.

You'll wonder how it's possible to get so much good style and careful workmanship for $15.00.

It's because the makers have specialized on medium-priced clothes for 70 years. The Clothcraft factory ranks among the foremost in the country in scientific methods of manufacture.

It's a case where good wages, fair treatment and high ideals have produced better quality at lower cost.

Blue or Gray—$15.00—which shall it be?

CLOTHCRAFT SPECIAL SERGES
6130 Gray $15 5130 Blue $15 4130 Blue $18.50
CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES
$10 to $25 Ready to Wear
Made by The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

6130 or 5130

$6

Stewart

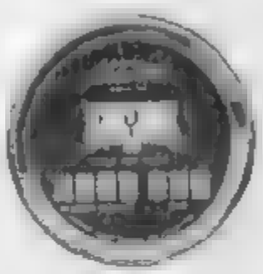
Motor Driven

Warning Signal

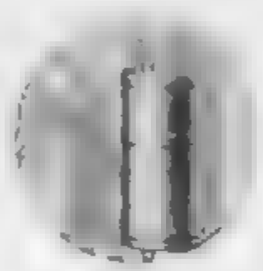
No car is better than its accessories

Stewart Tire Pump

$12 $10



Stewart Ford Speedometer



Stewart Vacuum System

$10 $40

Stewart Ford Starter

Your Family and Your Car Need This Protection

In the past you may have said, "Let the other fellow take care of himself and I'll do likewise," but today you need a Stewart Warning Signal to make the other fellow take care of himself, and your need for one is even more vital to make sure that the other fellow will always heed the safety of yourself and your family and your car.

Traffic conditions are growing more congested every day in town and country. More people are using their cars in the city for utility and convenience and in the country for touring.

Public safety—your safety—has put a ban on weak little buzzers. It isn't fair to your safety and the safety of others to rely on a signal which cannot lift its voice of command over the din of present-day traffic.

A poor signal on your car is as much a menace to public safety as a criminal at large.

Unquestionably we shall come to police inspection of warning signals on every car—then a Stewart should be on every car.

Life insurance companies will not accept a man who is organically unsound—or who is unfit to protect himself.

Automobile insurance companies will soon refuse to quote favorable rates on automobiles with inefficient warning signals, for such cars are not fit to protect themselves from injury—Every car equipped with a Stewart Warning Signal is protecting itself and every car it meets.

Every day, from coast to coast, in dense city traffic, on open country roads, the voice of the Stewart Warning Signal reminds you that someone is watching out for your safety and his own.

Last year the Stewart Hand Operated Signal sold for $5. Automobile dealers, accessory dealers and garages all over the country ordered and reordered and begged for more.

This year our volume of production has been increased to meet the stampede, and we are able to offer this handsome instrument for $3.50 complete.

It will outlive any car and be an ornament as well as paid-up life insurance for you and yours.

To those who wish the highest grade motor driven signal we offer the Stewart Motor Driven Signal.

We have designed and built into this signal all the quality and all the features it is possible to build into any high grade signal—yet its price is only $6.

It is the all around, all American safety signal.

For city safety press the button a few times. In the country hold the button down a few seconds and the snappy commanding Stewart blast will clear the road for you a half a mile in advance.

You will always instantly recognize the Stewart—it sounds safety.

Be public spirited. Help others watch out for their safety and get your own life insurance—the Stewart—today.

Stewart accessories on a car are your safest proof of the quality of the car as a whole. Most cars are Stewart equipped. In selecting an automobile make sure that it is equipped with Stewart Tire Pump; Stewart Vacuum System; Stewart Speedometer and Stewart Warning Signal. It will cost you no more.

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THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 25)

I ain't said a word to let Bonnie Bell know what I thought about Tom Kimberly. I believe in leaving a young girl plumb free to follow her own mind and heart."

"Uh-huh! Yes, you do!" says I. "The truth is, Colonel, you believe in running the whole ranch here like you done out West. Now if you'd only keep out of this game and leave me alone in it you'd find things would come out a heap better," says I

"But I just said I ain't said a word," says he. "She can do whatever she likes about getting married "

"Just so she married Tom Kimberly," says I. "Ain't that about it?"

"Well," says he at length, "maybe that's about it; yes."

I got up and went out of the room. I wouldn't talk to him no more. He wasn't noways consistent with hisself, and every time I talked with him it got harder for me to hold down my job.

But, anyhow, Tom come over that night. He wouldn't go in the ranch room; but he made some sort of a talk about music, one thing or another, and he toled Bonnie Bell out into the music room. But she didn't play and he didn't. From there they must of went out into our flower house, which is called the conswervatory. I didn't hear anything then for a long time. Old Man Wright he goes off to bed at last, pleasant as if he'd ate all the canaries in the shop. Me, I wasn't so shore. I knew things he didn't.

It wasn't right for me to think of them young people, I reckon; but I set there restless, knowing what was going on and how much it meant, and all the time wondering just what them two young folks was talking about. It made me feel sort of dreamy, too, and I begun to figure on this whole damn question of girls and young men. I begun to see that what Old Man Wright and me had worked for all our lives was just this one hour or so in our conswervatory. It was for her—that was all. If she chose right now she'd be happy, and so would we. But if she didn't, what was the use of all her pa's money and all her pa's work?

What chance for happiness would there be in this world for him if she wasn't happy? He loved the girl from the top of her haid to her feet, like he'd loved her ma. He was wrapped up in her. If things didn't come right it was going to be mighty hard for him. He'd never get over anything that meant the unhappiness of Bonnie Bell.

So what Tom was doing in our conswervatory around ten or eleven o'clock was settling the happiness of Bonnie Bell and her pa—and me, if you can say I counted.

"Well," says I to myself at last, "this is the way the game is played in the cities. The girl's got to figure on heaps of things that don't bother so much in Wyoming. It ain't the same as if Bonnie Bell was pore and he was pore too. It's a good match—if any match can be good enough for her."

I could just almost see her standing there all in her pale-blue silk and little pale-blue slippers, with her hair done up in a band, like she was when she come down the stair that night, smiling but still ca'm, when she knew Tom was coming. I could see her —— Aw, shucks! What's a cowpuncher got to do with things like that? I wish't I was out on the range, where I belonged.

I set there I don't know how long—maybe I went to sleep once or twice—when I heard the front door close easylike and knew somebody had went out—I didn't know who it was. I waited for a long time after that, but no one come in and no one spoke.

By and by I heard her dress rustle, and she come into our room, where I was setting.

She was white as a ghost—I never seen anyone as white as she was. She didn't know I was there, and she threw her hands up to her face and almost screamed when I moved. Then she went over to our rawhide lounge and set down, and held her hands together so tight I could see her knuckles was white. She knew I was there, but she didn't seem to see me.

I didn't say a word. When a woman's fighting out things in that way it ain't no time to meddle. I wish't I was out of there, but I didn't dare go. She set and looked at the fire and wrung her hands. Whenever you see a horse wring his tail, he's done for. Whenever you see a woman wring her hands that way, she's all in; and she's shore suffering. But I had to stay there and see her suffer.

"Bonnie," says I, "what is it?"

She turns her eyes on me, and they was wide open and awful.

"Curly," says she, "I'm in trouble. It's awful! I don't know ——"

"What's awful?" says I. "What's happened, Bonnie, girl? Tell old Curly, and he won't say a word to a living soul. I'm in with you, any sort of play—only don't look that way no more."

"Curly," says she, "it's come! I—I didn't know ——"

"What's come?" says I. "Tell old Curly, can't you? I'll help all I can."

She set for a while, and when she spoke it was only in a whisper.

"I—I'm a woman!" says she. "I didn't know! I'm—I'm a woman. I'm not a girl any more. I'm a woman."

She got up now and stood there as straight as though she was cut out of marble, and her silk dress hung round her laigs, and she was still wringing her hands, and her eyes was wide open. But she wasn't crying.

"I didn't know," says she. "I never knew it would be this way. I didn't know!"

"You didn't know what, Honey?" says I. "There's heaps of things we all don't know. But is there anything your old friend Curly can do for you now? Listen, sis, I've got you mighty much to heart," says I. "Tell old Curly, can't you, what's gone wrong? Your pa he's just gone to bed. Shall I go and get him?"

"No, no, no! For God's sake, no! I can't see him—I could never tell him."

"It's got to be told," says I.

Then she nodded up and down, fastlike, and didn't say anything.

"It ain't really any of my business," says I, "but have you and him —— Well now ——"

"You men ——" She broke down. "You men—what do you know about a girl? What have you men done to me?"

"We done all in God Almighty's world we knew how to do for you," says I. "We'd of done more for you if we'd knew how."

"Ah, is it so! You've made me the most unhappy girl in all the world."

I couldn't say a word to that. It went through me like a knife-cut. I was glad that Old Man Wright wasn't there to hear it. I seen then that him and me had failed. We could never play no other game, for this was the only girl we had.

"You've brought me here," says she, "and I've been like a prisoner. But I've done all I could."

"Didn't you like it here?" says I. "We done considerable on your account. Don't you like us none?"

"Like you, Curly?" says she. "I love you! I love you!"

She come now and taken me by the shoulders and shook me. I didn't know she was so strong before.

"I love you—love both of you," says she. "I'd die for you any minute," says she. "I'd try to cut my heart out for either of you now—if it come to that. I tried it now—to-night. I tried it for an hour—two hours. I didn't know what it meant before."

"He ast you, Bonnie?" says I.

"Yes, yes," says she. "The pore boy! I like him so much—I pity him."

"My Lord! Bonnie, you haven't refused him?" says I. "You haven't done that? You haven't broke the pore fellow's heart?" says I. "Why did you ——"

"Why did you!" says she after me. "I told you he made it plain to me."

"What was it he made plain, Bonnie?" says I. "I suppose he, now, made some sort of love? It ain't for me to talk of that."

"Yes, yes!" She says it out sharp and high. "He did. I know now what it means to be a woman and in love. I never knew that before. But it wasn't—it wasn't for him, Curly—it wasn't for him! He held me—I was a woman—and it wasn't for him. How can I love —— What can I do? Why, I love you all, Curly—I love you all! I love Tom in one way; and I'm sorry, because he's good. But that isn't being a woman. It wasn't for him—it wasn't for him."

She was sort of whispering by now.

"So he went right away?" says I.

She nodded.

"Maybe I've broken his heart. I've broken yours and my father's and my

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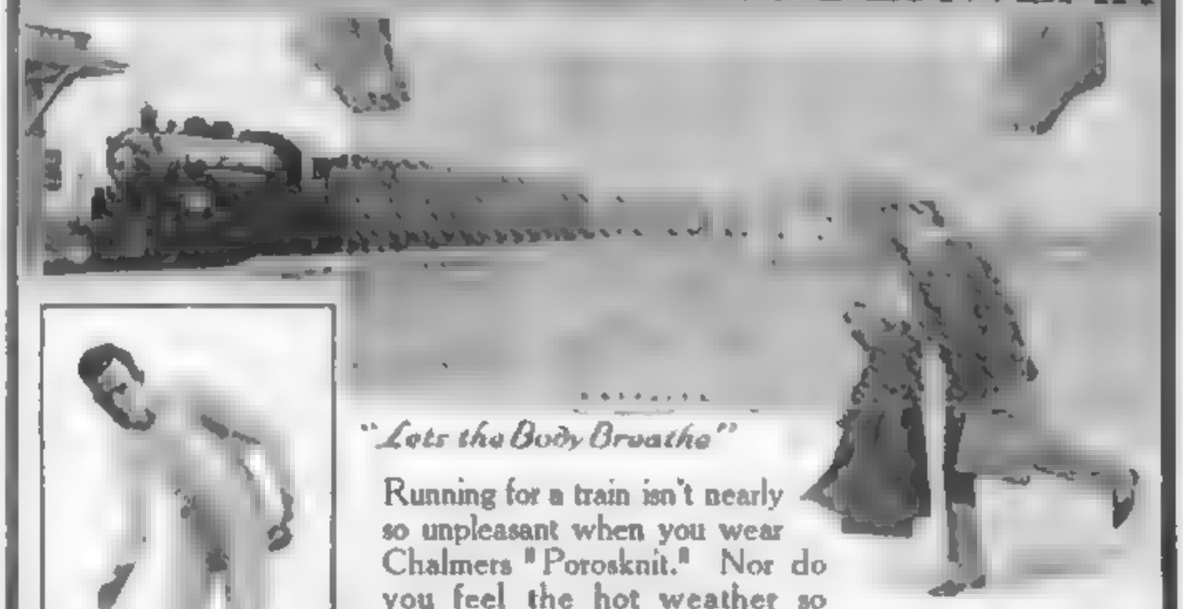

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(36)

own -all because I couldn't help being a woman. And I'm the unhappiest woman in all the world. I want to die! I don't know what to do. I want to be square and I don't know how."

"Bonnie," says I after a while, slow, "I know all about it now. You've been plumb crazy and you're crazy now. You've kept on remembering that low-down sneak next door. You've turned down a high-toned gentleman like Tom—and you done it for what? You ain't acted on the square, Bonnie Bell Wright," says I. "It ain't needful for me to tell all I know about him now. I could tell you plenty more."

"No," says she, and she was crying now; "it was an evil thing of me ever to listen to him. I've done wrong," says she. "But what must I do?" says she. "Must I lie all my life? I can't do that."

"Well, some women are able to—just a little," says I. "Maybe you'd get over that business of that man next door if you was married and had a few kids of your own running around. You'd be happy with Tom. We'd all be happy. You'd forget—of course you'd forget. Women are built that way," says I. "I reckon I know!"

"Curly ——" And though she looked just like she always had, young and white and beautiful, and fit only to be loved by anybody, her face had something in it that made her look old, real old, like one of them statues in our front yard.

"Curly," says she, "some women may be able to forget. It's the easiest way—maybe most of them do it. The average woman lives that way. But I can't, Curly; I can't—it isn't in my blood. Women like me have got to follow their own hearts, Curly—no matter what it means.

"I tried with all my heart to lie to Tom to-night. I even told him I wouldn't answer now—even told him to come back again after a while; but I knew all the time I couldn't lie forever. I knew I could love some man—a man—but it wasn't for him. I'm like my father and like my mother, Curly. Do you want to crush the life out of me? Do you want to make me do something we'd all regret as long as ever we lived?"

She stopped talking then; but, sort of swinging around, she went on:

"It's been but a little while, Curly," says she. "It's been but such a little time! I don't know whether I can get over it—I don't know whether I can forget. But oh, Curly, for one hour let me open my heart—for just this time let me be a woman! . . . But it wasn't for him!"

And now she was whispering again.

"I'm a thief, Curly!" says she after a while. "I've stolen your life and dad's. I've taken all you gave me. I don't deserve it."

"Oh, yes, you do," says I; "you deserved all we done for you. We loved you, Honey, and we do now."

"But you can't any more, Curly," says she. "I've been a thief. I've stolen your lives—from you two big, splendid men. But oh, give me my hour—the one hour out of all my life!

"I stole from him too—from Tom," says she. "I've taken from him what I didn't pay for and can't. I never can. At least I can't until I've had—my hour.

"A woman has to face things all her life, Curly," says she; "and always she says: 'Well, let it be!' She takes her losses, Curly, and sometimes she forgets. But if she ever forgets what is in my heart to-night—if she forgets that—then life is never worth while to her again. There's nothing to do then—it's all a sham and a fraud. If that's what life means I don't want to live any more."

"Bonnie," says I, "you mustn't talk that way." I sort of drew her down on my knee now, and pushed her hair back and looked at her. "Listen at you—you that used to be up in the morning so early and hoorahing all through the ranch—your cheeks red with the sun, and your hair blowing, and your eyes like a deer's! Why, nothing but life was in the world for you then—nothing but just being alive."

"I wasn't a woman then, Curly," says she. "I didn't know."

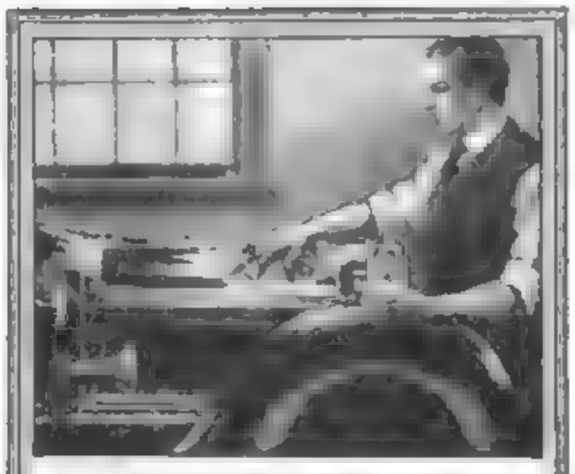
"I didn't neither," says I; "and I don't know now."

"You can't," says she. "It's terrible! I'm —— I think I'll go now."

She taken herself off my knee then; and the first thing I know, she was gone.

I stayed there looking at the place where she'd been. I knew that now there shore was hell to pay!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

THE GOAT

(Continued from Page 7)

"That big man behind the Metropolitan—Ambrose told you about him, didn't he?"

"He didn't mention any name."

"H. Stanchlow Sommerfield."

"He's perfectly gigantic!" Nathaniel informed her.

"That's the man. Well, Ambrose has seen him and he's coming here to-night with Dr. Paul Slagow, the celebrated producer, to try out my voice."

"Here?" Rumley sprawled perfectly helpless, his white-socked toes wagging toward the ceiling.

"To this very flat."

"You don't mean it!"

"Absolutely."

"Whoops!" Rumley bounded wildly to the support of his snowy hosiery. Half round the room he executed an uncouth war dance, then halted abruptly in the midst of an antic figure.

"Where the deuce did Blaize get his drag?"

"I told you he could be of use to us," she answered rather defiantly, fixing him with that new look of hers.

"H. Stanchlow Sommerfield—right here in our flat. By ginger, I knew they'd be coming to you pretty soon!"

Under the stress of a sudden, startled reminder he stood looking round the room which in the dingy gaslight still showed untidy traces of last night's revel.

"Got to hustle and red up the place! Feller like Sommerfield's got to find things shipshape."

Already Rumley had collected an armful of stray highball glasses.

"By Jupiter, honey!" he puffed joyously. "We got to have a genu-wine party in honor of this. Yes, siree! I'll blow the whole neighborhood to the wine!"

Adelia stood dreamily criticizing the corners of her mouth as reflected in the walnut mirror.

The radiator banged, at first timidly, then in a series of mighty thumps. The air was horrid with the din, but Nathaniel, executing prodigies of cleanliness with a soggy gray dusting rag, had neither time nor inclination to still its tocsin note.

IV

AS THE first faint tunk of the farmer's feed pan brings from unexpected corners of the chicken yard a cackling rush of feathered gluttons, so, in that humble zone of Bohemia wherein dwelt the Rumleys, the very faintest intimation of a party brought the top-knotted denizens of the district a-running to be included in the festivities. Nathaniel W. Rumley, overcoated and setting forth for a corner liquor store where the kind-of-champagne-you-almost-can't-tell-from-the-genuine-article could be purchased on limited credit, confided the Sommerfield bonanza to Miss Hildreth Sunder, whom he met in the hallway, returning from Miss Allardyce's apartment with a dish of borrowed potatoes. Miss Sunder, true to type, rode like Paulina Revere, spreading the alarm from door to door, it appeared; for when the faithful Rumley returned from his interview with the purveyor of case goods he found Bohemia assembled in the studio room. Hildreth Sunder, flapping her long arms like some awkwardly winging bird of the Congo, caressed the Turkish rug with a carpet sweeper. Bolingbroke Squashe whittled the ends of paraffin candles and stuck them into convenient bric-à-brac at well-balanced intervals round the room. Hildreth's friend with the Mona Lisa bangs was running over to another friend's to borrow a punch bowl. Even now, up the dark staircase came Ambrose Blaize and Freddie Poole, the latter convoying young ladies who, upon introduction, bowed to names which sounded vaguely like Mary and Carrie.

"You're too early," Nathaniel W. Rumley was explaining from the top of his stepladder, where he labored with a shred of Chinese embroidery borrowed for the occasion from Miss Sunder.

"Never too early for a party," protested Freddie, shedding his coat and plunging into the kitchenette.

Only the insurgent sculptor, Pedro McKonkie, held aloof in a corner. Puffing dreamily at his yellow-paper cigarette, he viewed the picture from eyes that flattened mystically under his Egyptian headdress. Life was to him only a background.

"Adelia told me the news," whispered Rumley, leaning down and wringing Blaize by the hand.

"It doesn't amount to anything," said the influential one with a tired smile. Rumley, while admiring his modesty, wondered just why he said it that way.

Adelia came sweeping in from the secret enchantment of her boudoir. Of necessity she wore the same cerise gown, but a new importance had clothed her in a garment of charm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bohemia as the vision floated in.

"Where's your corkscrew?" called Freddie from the kitchenette.

"I didn't know you were asking all the world," was Blaize's comment to Adelia, which floated upward to Nathaniel on his perch.

"What are you going to do about it?" he heard her demand.

From his ladder Rumley looked down, holding a corner of the Chinese embroidery limply between thumb and forefinger, for his eyes were at that instant upon the faces of his wife and her admirer.

"It's a quarter of nine," said that watchful Egyptian, Pedro McKonkie.

The naturally inhospitable barn of a room, now draped, garnished, swept, wore an air of merry carnival. On a battered Chippendale relic in the corner a blue jardinière tinkled with ice. Near by was American champagne—a row of bottles standing attention, like long-necked soldiers with tinfoil helmets, waiting to pour forth their bubbling hearts. Bohemia was talking self-consciously, one eye cocked toward the door.

Rumley was the first to spring for the knob, responsive to the trilling of the bell; but Blaize was at his elbow, keen to his social obligation. The evening-clad gentlemen who stepped in from the dingy hallway were both men in their early sixties; and as they stood blinking into the glamour of this unexpected fête it was easy to see that neither relished the surprise. H. Stanchlow Sommerfield, his withered head somewhat vulturelike, humorous Yankee eyes under a blue-veined forehead, was the first to recover himself as he smiled upon the roomful.

"In our honor? Well!" He puckered gray eyes at Rumley's halting explanation. The dumpy, beetle-browed Polish *maestro* who stood beside him was inspired by no such lenient philosophy.

"Ve can't haf dis!" growled Dr. Paul Slagow. He was a fierce old man, broad-faced, square-toothed, tyrannical. And yet when he spoke he waved delicate little hands, as though conducting the most airy of fluted tremolos.

"So this is our Prodigy!" smiled the patron of art, alive to the beauty of the picture as Adelia welcomed him.

"Oh, no—no, Mr. Sommerfield. I'm sure I'm not." Her white skin pinked with embarrassment. "It was awfully good of you to come and I hope you'll find—find something ——"

"I'm sure, I'm sure!" he grunted. Doctor Slagow revealed no such chivalrous frame of mind as he stood glaring his malevolence.

"Only haf an hour," he reminded his employer, clicking his watch case angrily.

There were no further introductions. The audience had fallen to an expectant hush. The group of principals were advancing on the rented piano. Rumley, trailing in the rear, was making Spartan effort to control his craven knees.

"Unter whom do you study?" asked the dyspeptic musician, looking up from the piano stool.

"Madame Lunetti." Adelia's voice, to her hovering spouse, sounded pathetically thin and indistinct. Nathaniel balanced nervously from one foot to the other, fidgeting with the silencer, which he had forgotten to remove from the pocket of his best coat. Somehow the contact of his fingers with the hard metal gave him comfort, like the touching of a talisman.

"Lunetti. Hum." The dragon of the Metropolitan thus dismissed the vocal instructor.

"Madame Lunetti—she tells me I'm making progress ——"

"She would say anytink," Slagow assured her, darting up a savage glance.

Rumley was of a mind to interpose with the explanation that Madame Lunetti was the best going, that she had been indorsed by no less an authority than Mr. Jones,

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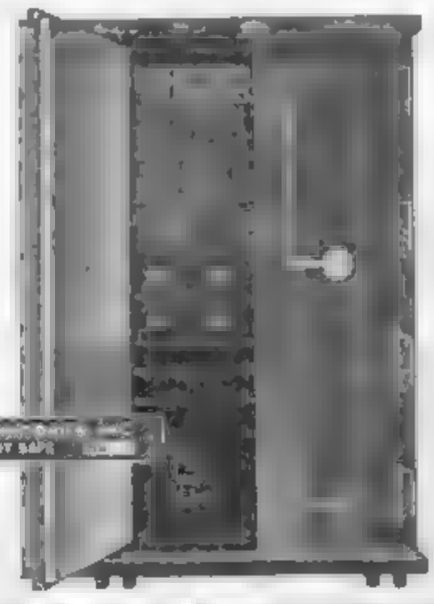

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organist of Bushelville's First Methodist Church. But again the musical authority took up his inquisition.

"Vat vould you pree-far to sing?"

"Let me see—I have several pieces. I know Böhm's *Still wie die Nacht.* I might sing that."

"You might!" was Slagow's helpful comment.

Already the hands that seemed to conjure forth sound without movement were drawing from the poor instrument the rippling surge of Böhm's prelude.

"It begins here," he suggested with an acrid smile.

"Oh, yes—I have to get used to you—would you mind starting over? I'm so stupid."

Rumley, helpless spectator of the pitiful ordeal, could have carried her bodily away from this horrifying vision of Success.

Again the smoothly running fingers of the musician passed over the keys, gliding like the legs of some marvelously rapid spider. The tune seemed new and strange to Rumley's ears.

"Now!" hissed the irritable accompanist. Adelia's voice, far away and small and uncertain, quavered into the opening bars:

"Still wie die Nacht,
Tief wie das Meer ——"

Bang! Clash! Gr-r-r-r-rup!

"That durned radiator!" Rumley's mind telephoned horrifically to his ready hand, which went plunging against the silencer in his pocket.

Gug—gug-g-g-g-g—ump! Bang! Clang!

The uncertain treble of Adelia's voice quavered into silence, the pianoforte accompaniment terminated with an angry crash which, during its brief shock, rivaled the battle music of the steam pipes.

"I'll fix it, dearie!" Rumley called out according to his formula as he tiptoed over to the radiator; and, crouching on two knees and one hand, he concentrated upon his task of fitting the silencer to the valve.

Ar-r-r-r-r ——

With a choking, sneezing growl the radiator lost its metallic fury, hiccuped once, then settled into peace. Rumley gave his invention an extra twist for luck, ere he raised his empurpled visage to the room.

Doctor Slagow, assuming a look of martyred tenacity, was again tackling the prelude. H. Stanchlow Sommerfield was tiptoeing across the room, toward where Rumley squatted. Amusedly the capitalist stood regarding the busy mechanic, who had again engaged himself in the problem of the valve.

"*Still wie die Nacht!*" Clearer and more certain this time, Adelia greeted the midnight's noiseless deep. Rumley heard her song arise sweet and pure, and, on his knees beside the radiator, held his breath and prayed that his bit of metal would hold against all the steam pressure exerted by their malevolent janitor. Upward, upward floated the melody, poised, for the husband who knelt in worship, serenely as a soaring bird, settled smoothly down and came to an end at last, bell-like and sustained. Every hand in Bohemia clapped noisily.

"Well?" asked Rumley, arising and casting a beseeching glance up to the awful judge who stood beside him. Sommerfield, still smiling, continued to look down at the radiator valve.

"By George, Rumley," he said at last; "it's wonderful!"

"Isn't it?" cried the little man, all out of breath. "She can sing, can't she?"

"Oh, yes," replied the magnate, his grin broadening. "But—er—I was referring to that thing you put on the radiator. How in the world do you do it?"

Bohemia had carried its self-conscious burden to the neighborhood of the punch bowl, the bearish gentleman at the piano was gesturing under Adelia's nose, as Nathaniel W. Rumley, the move having been suggested to him, led the patron of arts and letters to the little room he called his workshop.

THE candles in the studio were mostly out, the rest dimly flickering. Rumley could catch a glimpse of the gloomy, deserted vault as, his stubby hands knuckled against his nubby chin, he leaned against his workbench and wondered how to take it all.

Adelia came in at last and seated herself wearily beside him on an overturned crate.

"Dearie, you were wonderful!" he said, laying his hand gently in her lap. The coil of her splendid hair was falling loose and the lines of a young middle age were showing at the corners of her eyes.

"No, Nat, say the truth. I was abominable."

"Oh, dearie!"

His hand lay still neglected in the pillow of cerise silk as she looked sorrowfully into the green-shaded lamp.

"Doctor Slagow told me about myself." She uttered the words faintly.

"You need some more lessons and ——"

"Lessons can't make a voice when it isn't there," she said. "He wasn't very polite to me ——"

"I'll punch that mean little guinea!"

"That wouldn't help any. And why should you? He's probably the best friend I've got—we've got. He showed me how useless it was. I've studied enough to know. He's perfectly right."

"But, dearie! I've got a plan. I can fix it so that you'll have a better teacher, a lot more lessons ——"

"There won't be any more lessons for me," she replied with a sort of hopeless decisiveness. "Nat, dear."

"Yes, honey."

"Let's go back to Bushelville."

"What! And leave your career, all this art crowd we've been working up?"

"They've been working us up, I think, Nat. We've sold out everything we had to pay for the party. They're willing to praise and flatter and encourage, so long as we keep a bottle on ice. The bottle's empty now and we can afford tickets home maybe."

"But there's Blaize." It cost Nathaniel a struggle to yield this justice. "He really did a nice, friendly thing in getting you a chance."

"Blaize!" Then she turned slowly to her husband and asked:

"Do you know what Blaize suggested yesterday at lunch? Don't be angry, Nat. It was my fault as much as his. I've been crazy, I think, with an ambition to be something I wasn't. Hildreth Sunder, too, had been telling me a lot of emancipated stuff. She warned me time and again that an artist could never succeed until the false values of the conventional world had been cast away. I didn't know exactly what she meant then. But when Blaize offered me Sommerfield as a sort of bribe I was fool enough to let him talk without—without killing him on the spot. It's queer what this poison does to people."

"I could have told you that, dearie," he said gently.

"Why didn't you?"

"I knew it sort of made you nervous to have me butting in. There's a limit, even for a Goat, honey."

"Oh, Nat!"

There was a long pause, but she never moved.

"I sent him away to-night," she said finally.

"Delia, could you be satisfied with Bushelville and the choir—after this? It's a jay, one-street burg and the people don't know they're alive. It's awful small."

"I'm awful small too," she sighed. "It would be heaven to me after this. I'm tired to the heart of the whole mess."

"We'll start packing to-morrow!"

"How can we? We're broke. I know, Nat, how deep you've gone into this thing for me. There isn't a cent in prospect. You've sold out your business, the house we first lived in is mortgaged. We just couldn't live."

"Oho! If that's all you're worrying about!"

"Have you—have you anything in view?"

"Just a little thing." Nathaniel W. Rumley could not find heart to rebuke the elation that rose shining to his brow. "Sommerfield saw me work the silencer while you were singing. Right after that he locked me in here and talked like a business man—he's president of the International Metal Contrivance Company, you know. He won't buy my patent yet, he says, because it's crude and requires a lot of tinkering."

"Oh!"

"But he's offered me ten thousand dollars advance for the year, just to work it out."

Ambition's emancipated slave looked away to hide the tears which would not be denied.

"Nat, you're the only real thing in the world," she whispered.

"There's Freddie Poole," suggested her husband loyally.

Her slender fingers doubled over a chunky, capable hand reddened by continual contact with kitchen soap and laboratory metal filings.

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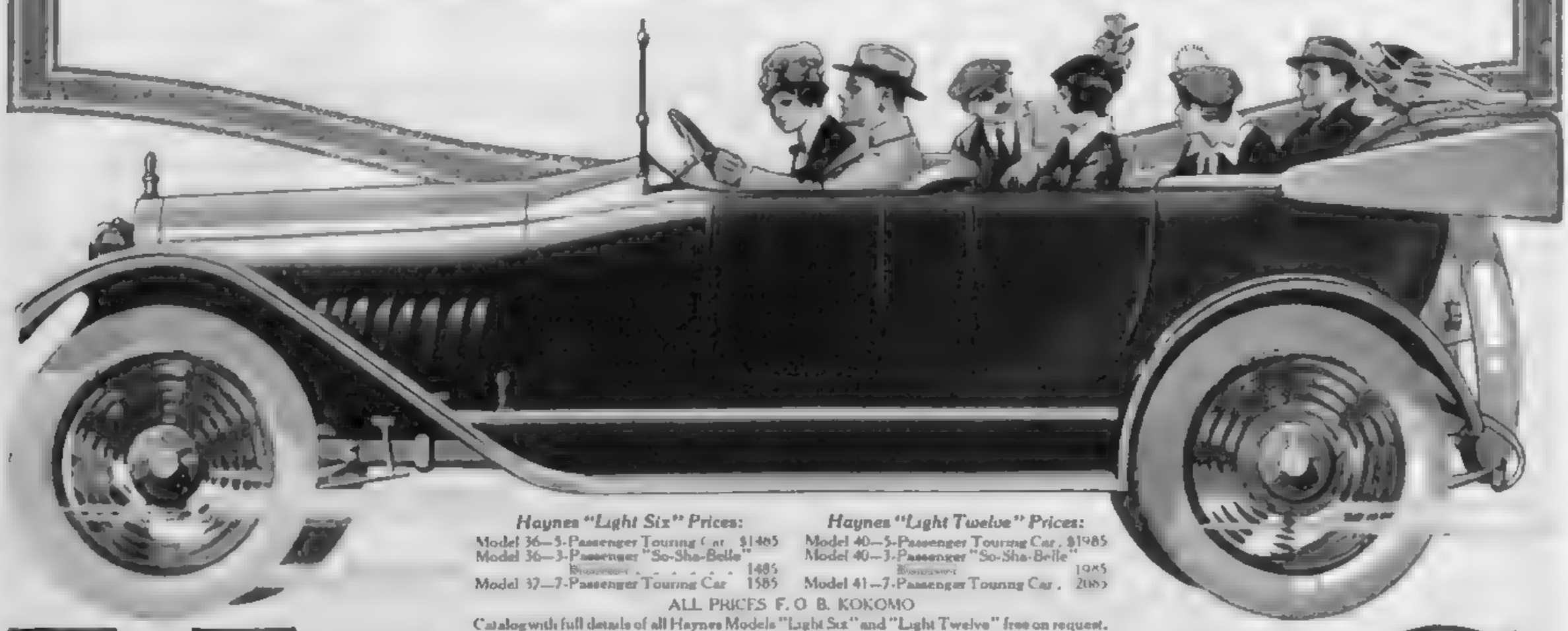

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FIELD OF HONOR

(Continued from Page 10)

fairly well-dressed man, who stood below the stoop of a private house that had been converted into some sort of club, as if undecided in his own mind whether to go in or to stay out. She walked straight up to him.

"Will you go with me, m'sieur?" she said.

He peered at her from under his hatbrim. Almost over them was a street lamp. By its light he saw that her face was dead white; that neither her lips nor her cheeks were daubed with cosmetics, and that her lips were not twisted into the pitiable, painted smile of the streetwalker. Against the smooth fullness of her dress her knotted left hand made a hard, white clump. Her breasts, he saw, heaved up and down as though she had been running and her breath came out between her teeth with a whistling sound. Altogether she seemed most oddly dressed and most oddly mannered for the part she played.

"You want me to go with you?" he asked, half incredulously, half suspiciously, still staring hard.

"If—if you will be so good."

"Do you need the money that bad?"

"Assuredly, m'sieur," she said with a simple, desperate directness. "Why else would I ask you?"

"Say," he said almost roughly, "you better go on home. I don't believe you belong on the streets. Here!"

He drew something that was small and crumply from a waistcoat pocket, and drawing a step nearer to her he shoved it between two of the fingers of her right hand.

"Now, then," he said, "you take that and run on back home."

He laughed, then, shamefacedly and in a forced sort of way, as though embarrassed by his own generosity, and then he turned and went quickly up the steps and into the club house.

She looked at what he had given her. It was a folded dollar bill. As though it had been nasty to the touch, she dropped it and rubbed her hand upon her frock, as if to cleanse it of a stain. Then, in the same instant nearly, she stooped down and picked up the bill from the dirty pavement and kissed it and opened her black handbag. Except for a few cents in change, the bag was empty. Except for those few cents and a sum of less than ten dollars yet remaining in the savings bank, the two dollars she had given the lame doctor was all the money she had in the world. She tucked the bill up in still smaller compass and put it in the bag. She had made the start for the fund she meant to have. It was not charity. In the sweat of her agonized soul she had earned it.

She crossed over the first bisecting avenue to the westward, and the second; she passed a few pedestrians, among them being a policeman trying door latches, a drunken man whose body swayed and whose legs wove queer patterns as he walked, and half a dozen pale, bearded men who spoke Yiddish and gestured volubly with their hands as they went by in a group. At Third Avenue she turned north, finding the pavements more thickly populated, and just after she came to where Fourteenth Street crosses she saw a heavily built, well-dressed man in a light overcoat coming toward her at a deliberative, dawdling gait. She put herself directly in his path. He checked his pace to avoid a collision and looked at her speculatively, with one hand fingering his mustache.

"Will you come with me?" she said, repeating the formula she had used before.

"Where to?" he said, showing interest.

"Where you please," she said in her halting speech.

"You're on," he said. He fell in alongside her, facing her about and slipping a hand well inside the crook of her right arm.

"You—you will go with me?" she asked. Suddenly her body was in a tremble.

"No, sister," he stated grimly, "I ain't goin' with you but you're sure goin' with me." And as he said it he tightened his grip upon her forearm.

He had need to say no more. She knew what had happened. She had not spent two years and better in a New York tenement without learning that there were men of the police—detectives they called them in English—who wore no uniforms but went about their work appareled as ordinary citizens. She was arrested, that was plain enough, and she understood full well for what she had been arrested. She made no outcry, offered no defense, broke forth into no plea for release. Indeed her thought for the moment was all for her half-sister and not for herself. So she said nothing as he steered her swiftly along.

At a street light where a patrol telephone box of iron was bolted to the iron post the plain-clothes man slowed up. Then he changed his mind.

"Guess I won't call the wagon," he said. "I happen to know it's out. It ain't far. You and me'll walk and take the air." He turned with her westward through the cross street. Then, struck by her silence, he asked a question:

"A Frenchy, ain't you?"

"Yes," she told him. "I am French. Where—where are you taking me, m'sieur? Is it to the prison—the station house?"

"Quit your kiddin'," he said mockingly. "I s'pose you don't know where we're headin'? Night court for yours—Jefferson Market. Right over here across town."

"They will not keep me there long? They will permit me to go if I pay a fine, eh? A small fine, eh? That is all they will do to me, is it not so?"

He grunted derisively. "Playin' ignorant, huh? I s'pose you're goin' to tell me now you ain't never been up in the night court before?"

"No, no, m'sieur, never—I swear it to you! Never have I been—been like this before."

"That's what they all say. Well, if you can prove it—if you ain't got any record of previous complaints standin' agin' you, and your finger prints don't give you away—you'll get off pretty light, maybe, but not with a fine. I guess the magistrate'll give you a bit over on the Island—maybe thirty days, maybe sixty. Depends on how he's feelin' to-night."

"The Island?"

"Sure, Blackwell's Island. A month over there won't do no harm."

"I cannot—you must not take me," she broke out passionately now. "For thirty days? Oh, no, no, m'sieur!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" He was mimicking her tone. "I guess you can stand doin' your thirty days if the rest of these cruisers can. If you should turn out to be an old offender it'd likely be six months ——"

He did not finish the sentence. With a quick, hard jerk she broke away from him and turned and ran back the way she had come. She dropped her handbag and her foot spurned it into the gutter. She ran straight, her head down, like a hunted thing sorely pressed. Her snug skirt hampered her though. With long strides the detective overtook her. She fought him off silently, desperately, with both hands, with all her strength. He had to be rough with her—but no rougher than the emergency warranted. He pressed her flat up against a building and, holding her fast there with the pressure of his left arm across her throat, he got his nippers out of his pocket. Another second or two more of confused movement and he had her helpless. The little steel curb was twined tight about her right wrist below the rumpled white cuff. By a twist of the handles which he held gripped in his palm he could break the skin. Two twists would dislocate the wrist bone. A strong man doesn't fight long after the links of the nippers start biting into his flesh.

"Now, then," he grunted triumphantly, jerking her out alongside him, "I guess you'll trot along without balkin'. I was goin' to treat you nice but you wouldn't behave, would you? Come on now and be good."

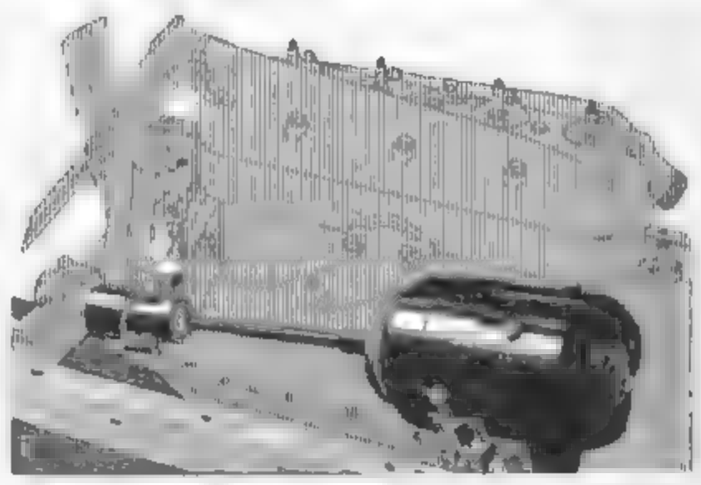
He glanced backward over his shoulder. Three or four men and boys, witnesses to the flight and to the recapture, were tagging along behind them.

"Beat it, you," he ordered. Then as they hesitated: "Beat it now, or I'll be runnin' somebody else in." They fell back, following at a safer distance.

He had led his prisoner along for almost a block before he was moved to address her again:

"And you thought you could make your getaway from me? Not a chance! Say, what do you want to act that way for, makin' it harder for both of us? Say, on the level now, ain't you ever been pinched before?"

She thought he meant the pressure of the steel links on her wrist.



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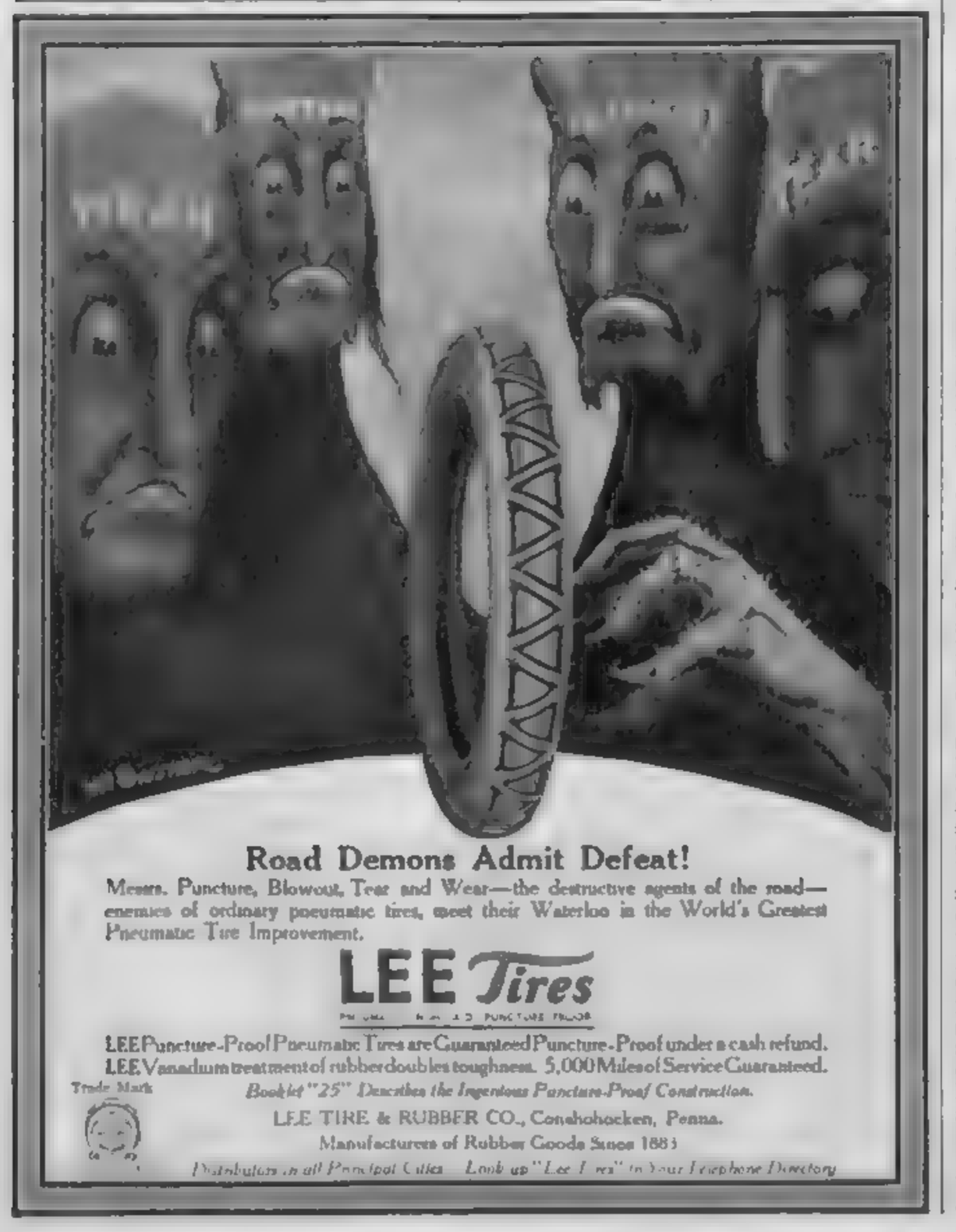

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"It is not that," she said, bending the chained hand upward. "That I do not think of. It is of my sister, my sister Helene, that I think." Her voice for the first time broke and shivered.

"What about your sister?" There was something of curiosity but more of incredulity in his question.

"She is ill, m'sieur, very ill, and she is alone. There is no one but me now. My brother—he is dead. It is for her that I have done—this—this thing to-night. If I do not return to her—if you do not let me go back—she will die, m'sieur. I tell you she will die."

If she was acting it was good acting. Half convinced against his will of her sincerity, and half doubtfully, he came to a standstill.

"Where do you live—is it far from here?"

"It is in this street, m'sieur. It is not far." He could feel her arm quivering in the grip of his nippers.

"Maybe I'm makin' a sucker of myself," he said dubiously, defining the diagnosis to himself as much as to her. "But if it ain't far I might walk you back there and give this here sister of yours the once-over. And then if you ain't lyin' we'll see ——"

"Must I go so?" She lifted her hand up, indicating her meaning.

"You bet your life you're goin' that way or not at all. I'm takin' no more chances with you."

"But it would kill her—she would die to see me so. She must not know I have done this thing, m'sieur. She must not see this ——" The little chain rattled.

"Come on," he ordered in a tone of finality. "I thought that sick sister gag was old stuff, but I was goin' to give you a show to make good ——"

"But I swear ——"

"Save your breath! Save your breath! Tell your spiel to the judge. Maybe he'll listen. I'm through."

They were almost at the doors of the squat and ugly building which the Tenderloin calls Jeff Market when he noticed that her left hand was clutched against her breast. He remembered then she had held that hand so when she first spoke to him; except during her flight and the little struggle after he ran her down, she must have been holding it so all this time.

"What's that you've got in your hand?" he demanded suspiciously, and with a practiced flip of the nipper handles swung her round so that she faced him.

"It is my own, m'sieur. It is ——"

"Nix, nix with that. I gotta see. Open up them fingers."

She opened them slowly, reluctantly. The two of them were in the shadow of the elevated structure then, close up alongside a pillar, and he had to peer close to see what the object might be. Having seen he did not offer to touch it but he considered his prisoner closely, taking her in from her head to her feet, before he led her on across the roadway and the pavement and in at one of the doors of that odorsome clearing house of vice and misery, mercy and justice, where the night court sits seven nights a week.

First, though, he untwisted the disciplinary little steel chain from about her wrist. The doorway by which they entered gave upon the Tenth Street face of the building and admitted them into a maze of smelly dim corridors and cross-halls in the old jail wing directly beneath the hideous and aborted tower, which in a neighborhood of stark architectural offenses makes of Jefferson Market courthouse a shrieking crime against good looks and good taste.

The inspector's man escorted the French girl the length of a short passage. At a desk which stood just inside the courtroom door he detained her while a uniformed attendant entered her name and her age, which she gave as twenty-one, and her house number, in a big book which before now has been Doomsday Book for many a poor smutted butterfly of the sidewalks. The detective, standing by, took special note of the name and the address and, for his own purposes, wrote them both down on a scrap of card. This formality being finished, the pair crossed the half-filled courtroom, he guiding by a hand on her elbow, she obeying with a certain numbed and passive docility, to where there is a barred-in space like an oversized training den for wild animals. This cage or coop, whichever you might choose to call it, has a whited cement wall for its back, and rows of close-set rounded iron bars for its front and sides, and wooden benches for its plenishings.

"You'll have to stay here awhile," he bade her. His tone was altered from that which he had employed toward her at any time before. "Just set down there and be comfortable."

But she did not sit. She drew herself close up into a space where wall and wall, meeting at right angles, made a corner. Her cellmates eyed her. Being inclined to believe from her garb that she probably was a shopgirl caught pilfering, none of them offered to hail her; all of them continued, though, to watch her curiously. As he closed and bolted the door and moved away the plain-clothes man, glancing back, caught a fair look at her face behind the iron uprights. Her big, staring eyes reminded him of something, some creature, he had seen somewhere. Later he remembered. He had seen that same look out of the staring eyes of animals, lying with legs bound on the floor of a slaughterhouse.

Following this, the ordinary procedure for him would have been to call up the East Twenty-second Street station house by telephone and report that, having made an arrest, he had seen fit to bring his prisoner direct to court; then visit the complaint clerk's office in a little cubby-hole of a room, and there swear to a short affidavit setting forth the accusation in due form; and, finally, file the affidavit with the magistrate's clerk and stand by to await the calling of that particular case. Strangely enough, he did none of these things.

Instead, he made his way direct to the magistrate's desk inside the railing, which cut the room across from side to side. The pent, close smell of the place was fit to sicken men unused to it.

The magistrate upon the bench was a young man, newly appointed by the mayor to this post. Because he belonged to an old family and because his sister had married a very rich man the papers loved to refer to him as the society judge. As the detective came up he was finishing a hearing which had lasted less than three minutes.

"Any previous records as shown by the finger prints and the card indexes?" he was asking of the officer complainant.

"Three, Your Honor," answered the man glibly. "Suspended sentence oncet, thirty days oncet, thirty days oncet again. Probation officer's report shows that this here young woman ——"

"Never mind that," said the magistrate; "six months."

The officer and the woman who had been sentenced to six months fell back, and the detective, whose conduct we are now following, shoved forward, putting his arms on the top of the edge of the desk to bring his head closer to the magistrate's.

"Your Honor," he began, speaking in a sort of confidential undertone, "could I have a word with you?"

"Go ahead, Schwartzmann," said the magistrate, bending forward to hear.

"Well, Judge, a minute ago I brought a girl in here; picked her up at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue for solicitin'. So far as that goes it's a dead-open-and-shut case. She come up to me on the street and braced me. She wasn't dressed like most of these Third-Avenue cruisers dress and she sort of acted as if she'd never been pinched before—tried to give me an argument on the way over. Well, that didn't get her anywheres with me. You can't never tell when one of them dames will turn out in a new make-up, but somethin' that happened when we was right here outside the door—somethin' I seen about her—sort of ——" He broke off the sentence in the middle and started again. "Well, anyhow, Your Honor, I may be makin' a sucker of myself, but I didn't swear out no affidavit and I ain't called up the station house even. I stuck her over there in the pen and then I come straight to you."

The magistrate's eyes narrowed. Thus early in his experience as a police judge he had learned—and with abundant cause—to distrust the motives of plain-clothes men grown suddenly philanthropic. Besides, in the first place, this night court was created to circumvent the unholy partnership of the bail-bond shark and the police pilot fish.

"Now look here, Schwartzmann," he said sharply, "you know the law—you know the routine that has to be followed."

"Yes, sir, I do," agreed Schwartzmann; "and if I've made a break I'm willin' to stand the gaff. Maybe I'm makin' a sucker of myself, too, just like I said. But, Judge, there ain't no great harm done yet. She's there in that pen and you know she's there and I know she's there."

"Well, what's the favor you want to ask of me?" demanded His Honor.

"It's like this: I want to slip over to the address she gave me and see if she's been handin' me the right steer about certain things. It ain't so far." He glanced down at the scribbled card he held in his hand. "I can get over there and get back in half an hour at the outside. And then if she's been tryin' to con me I'll go through with it—I'll press the charge all right." His jaw locked grimly on the thought that his professional sagacity was on test.

"Well, what is her story?" asked the magistrate.

"Judge, to tell you the truth it ain't her story so much as it's somethin' I seen. And if I'm makin' a sucker of myself I'd rather not say too much about that yet."

"Oh, go ahead," assented the magistrate, whose name was Voris. "There's no danger of the case being called while you're gone, because, as I understand you, there isn't any case to call. Go ahead, but remember this while you're gone—I don't like all this mystery. I'm going to want to know all the facts before I'm done."

"Thank you, sir," said Schwartzmann, getting himself outside the railed inclosure. "I'll be back in less'n no time, Your Honor."

He wasn't, though. Nearly an hour passed before an attendant brought Magistrate Voris word that Plain-Clothes Man Schwartzmann craved the privilege of seeing His Honor alone for a minute or two in His Honor's private chamber. The magistrate left the bench, suspending the business of the night temporarily, and went; on the way he was mentally fortifying himself to be severe enough if he caught a plain-clothes man trying to trifle with him.

"Well, Schwartzmann?" he said shortly as he entered the room.

"Judge," said the detective, "the woman wasn't lyin'. She told me her sister was sick alone in their flat without nobody to look after her and that her brother was dead. I don't know about the brother—at least I ain't sure about him—but the sister was sick. Only she ain't sick no more—she's dead."

"Dead? What did she die of?"

"She didn't die of nothin'—she killed herself with gas. She turned the gas on in the room where she was sick in bed. The body was still warm when I got there. I gave her first aid, but she was gone all right. She wasn't nothin' more than a shell anyhow—had some wastin' disease from the looks of her; and I judge it didn't take but a few whiffs of the gas to finish her off. I called in the officer on post, name of Riordan, and I notified the coroner's office myself over the telephone, and they're goin' to send a man up there inside of an hour or so to take charge of the case.

"And so, after that, feelin' a sort of personal interest in the whole thing, as you might say, I broke the rules some more. When I found this here girl dead she had two pieces of paper in her hand; she'd died holdin' to 'em. One of 'em was a letter that she's wrote herself, I guess, and the other must 'a' been a letter from somebody else—kind of an official-lookin' letter. Both of 'em was in French. I don't know exactly why I done it, unless it was that I wanted to prove somethin' to myself, but I brought off them two letters with me and here they are, sir. I'm hopin' to get your court interpreter to translate 'em for me, and then I aim to rush 'em back over there before the coroner's physician gets in, and put 'em back on that bed where I found 'em."

"I read French—a little," said the young magistrate. "Suppose you let me have a look at them first."

Schwartzmann surrendered them and the Magistrate read them through. First he read the pitiably short, pitiably direct farewell lines the suicide had written to her half-sister before she turned on the gas, and then he read the briefly regretful letter of set terms of condolence, which a clerk in a consular office had in duty bound transcribed. Having read them through, this magistrate, who had read in the newspapers of Liège and Louvain, of Mons and Charlevois, of Ypres and Rheims, of the Masurien Lakes and Poland and Eastern Prussia and Western Flanders and Northern France; who had read also the casualty reports emanating at frequent intervals from half a dozen war offices, reading the one as matters of news and the other, until now, as lists of steadily mounting figures—he raised his head and in his heart he silently cursed war and all its fruits.

"Schwartzmann," he said as he laid the papers on his desk, "I guess probably your prisoner was telling the whole truth. She did have a brother and he is dead. He was a French soldier and he died about a month or six weeks ago—on the Field of Honor, the letter says. And this note that the girl left, I'll tell you what it says. It says that she heard what the doctor said about her—there must have been a doctor in to see her some time this evening—and that she knows she can never get well, and that they are about out of money, and that she is afraid Marie—Marie is the sister who's in yonder now, I suppose—will do something desperate to get money, so rather than be a burden on her sister she is going to commit a mortal sin. So she asks God to forgive her and let her be with her brother Paul—he's the dead brother, no doubt—when she has paid for her sin. And that is all she says except good-by."

He paused a moment, clearing his throat, and when he went on he spoke aloud, but it was to himself that he spoke rather than to the detective: "Field of Honor? Not one but two out of that family dead on the Field of Honor, by my way of thinking. Yes, and though it's a new name for it, I guess you might call Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue a Field of Honor, too, and not be so very far wrong for this once. What a hellish thing it all is!"

"How's that, sir?" asked Schwartzmann. "I didn't quite get you." He had taken the two papers back in his own hands and was shuffling them absently.

"Nothing," said the magistrate. And then almost harshly: "Well, what do you want me to do about the woman in the pen yonder?"

"Well, sir," said the other slowly, "I was thinkin' that probably you wouldn't care to tell her what's just come off in the flat—at least not in court. And I know I don't want to have to tell her. I thought maybe if you could stretch the rules so's I could get her out of here without havin' to make a regular charge against her and without me havin' to arraign her in the regular way ——"

"Damn the rules!" snapped Voris petulantly. "I'll fix them. You needn't worry about that part of it. Go on!"

"Well, sir, I was thinkin' maybe that after I found somebody to take these letters back where they belong, I could take her on home with me—I live right round the corner—and keep her there for the night, or anyhow till the coroner's physician is through with what he's got to do, and I'd ask my wife to break the news to her and tell her about it. A woman can do them things sometimes better'n a man can. So that's my idea, sir."

"You're willing to take a woman into your home that you picked up for street-walking?"

"I'll take the chance. You see, Your Honor, I seen somethin' else—somethin' I ain't mentioned—somethin' I don't care to mention if you don't mind."

"Suit yourself," said the other. "I suppose you'll be looking up the newspaper men before you go. This will make what they call a great heart-interest story."

"I don't figure on tellin' the reporters neither," mumbled Schwartzmann, as though ashamed of his own forbearance.

The magistrate found the detective's right hand and started to shake it. Then he dropped it. You might have thought from the haste with which he dropped it that he also was ashamed.

"I'll see you don't get into any trouble with the inspector," he said. Then he added: "You know of course that this brother was a French soldier?"

"Sure, I know it—you told me so."

"You're German, aren't you?" asked Voris. "German descent, I mean?"

"I don't figure as that's got anythin' to do with the case," said the plain-clothes man, bristling.

"I don't either, Schwartzmann," said the magistrate. "Now you go ahead and get that woman out of this hole."

Schwartzmann went. She was where he had left her; she was huddled up, shrinking in, against the bars, and as he unlatched the iron door and swung it in and beckoned to her to come out from behind it, he saw, as she came, that her eyes looked at him with a dumb, questioning misery and that her left hand was still gripped in a hard knot against her breast. He knew what that hand held. It held a little, cheap, carved white crucifix on a gold chain.

I note by the papers to-day, that those popularly reputed to be anointed of God, who are principally in charge of this war, are graciously pleased to ordain that the same shall go on for quite some time yet.

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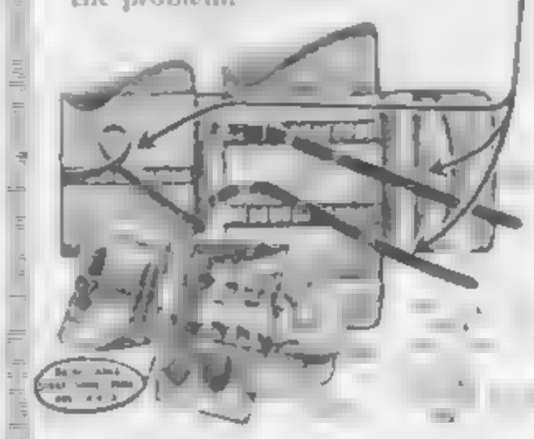

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NAMING THE NOBLE BOYS

(Continued from Page 13)

"Henree, wake up!"

"What is it?"

"I've just thought of something." She was sobbing.

My bewilderment was complete. "Indeed? And what may it be, my angel?"

"We'll have to change our plans. Tom mustn't be a statesman—they couldn't both be President, and it wouldn't be fair to the other—to little Henry. Would it? I couldn't stand the thought of that."

"Calm yourself, my love," I said consolingly. "Go to sleep! Perhaps M'sieu Roosevelt will arrange it."

Immediately after breakfast my father-in-law put in an appearance and appropriated with his customary effrontery the entire attention of my boys. It had been my intent to while away the morning in their company, entertaining them with suitable nursery rimes and a few exhibitions of tricks with cards and dishes, calculated to deceive the eye by their dexterity and quicken the powers of observation. In a word, my object was both to amuse and instruct.

But to my disgust I found Old Man Huckens already in possession of the nursery, jerking a vulgar-looking monkey on a stick in front of their very noses. And he was droning:

"Oh, my father is a barber, and he is unkind to me;
And I'll be glad when my ol' dad is sent to Barbaree.
For I have to lather father, and with that I don't agree,
But I'd rather lather father than have father lather me."

A fine song for infancy, was it not? A delectable spectacle, forsooth—that of a grandfather inoculating two innocent babes with such notions of their sire.

Unable to repress my resentment, I abruptly left the room and went straight to Madame Giraud.

To her I frankly stated, for the first time, my objections to the constant presence of M'sieu Huckens in our home, to his absolute monopoly of my noble boys, to his insolent assumption that they never tired of having him round. Also, I pointed out the baneful influence of his ribald ditties and undignified behavior upon their young and receptive minds.

To all this my wife replied with raillery. Yes, m'sieu, she spoke almost with indifference of the matter of her children's environment. The moment had come to exert my authority. We had sharp words and quarreled. Madame burst out weeping and accused me of being a brute. She went the length of asserting that but for her darling father I would not have sons at all. Did ever man listen to such nonsense, my friend?

For once she had counted too much on the power of her tears. For once I did not melt.

No, I had been too bitterly humiliated. Instead, the sight of her heaving shoulders nearly maddened me. I strode furiously from the room.

Old Man Huckens was still playing with the twins when I reentered the nursery. He was down on his hands and knees, crawling along the floor and growling in imitation of a savage beast, whilst the ancient colored person affected to be frightened by these manifestations and, from time to time, jerked her charges away as though to save them from actual assault.

But Jean Baptiste Alexandre Philippe François Duverger and little Henri René Bertrand Alphonse Constant were of sterner stuff.

They inherited the intrepid spirit of the Girauds. They refused to be intimidated. Rather, they welcomed the danger. They smiled; something like a coo escaped from their rosebud mouths.

To me, my father-in-law's exhibition seemed puerile to a degree. Possibly a hint of this crept into my manner, for M'sieu Huckens looked taken aback, rose from the floor, dusted his trousers and inquired:

"What's the matter now? Still nursing a grouch?"

"I was never better tempered, m'sieu."

"Then I feel sorry for Jane, sho'-enough. Say, cast your eye on them twins there, will you? Dadgum, finer boys than them two was never born. Hucksens is wrote all over 'em."

The blood rushed to my head. Still I restrained myself. All unconscious of the terrific effect of his words, he continued:

"I'll make cowmen out of these fellers good cowmen too. They'll be a credit to me. And look at that! Did you see him flap his hands at me? Why, the rascal knows his granddad! I swan, I do believe they think more of me than they do of you, Henree."

It was too much. Trembling in every limb, I strode close to him and shook my finger in his face.

"Have a care, m'sieu," I warned in a voice that faltered. "Have a care. For madame's sake I have stood much. But there are limits to my forbearance."

His amazement would have been ludicrous at any other time.

"What the tarnation has got into you, Henree? Do you know, mammy?"

"He's mean," declared the colored person excitedly. "That's all—jest naturally mean."

My father-in-law scrutinized me intently for the space of a minute and then his expression softened.

"Shore," he said. "Now I know. Wait for me in the library, Henree. I'll be back in two shakes—just as soon as I've seen Jane."

There seemed no good grounds for refusing his request; I went to the library. Soon M'sieu Huckens reappeared, his face wreathed in smiles. As for me I was in a dangerous mood. During his absence I had been thinking over all the slights and indignities that had been heaped upon me in my own home and I had resolved to put an end to them. Yes, I should tell Old Man Huckens exactly where he got off, as Madame Patsy would say, and after that I should deliver an ultimatum to Jane. You start; you are dumfounded at my words. That is because you do not know me. Slow as Henri Giraud is to take offense, when once roused he is as a lion in the path.

However, my father-in-law's demeanor was pacific in the extreme. He advanced toward me unhesitatingly, one hand outstretched. In that hand was a cigar. I repulsed it.

"That's all right," he said quickly. "Jane says to smoke it. You're released from that fool promise. So light up and we'll talk."

"I have resolved never to smoke again," I persisted; but I will confess to you, my friend, that my anger was rapidly evaporating under his amiable overtures.

"Then we'll never git together," he said with deep regret. "Smoke just this one anyhow, Henree!"

"Very well, m'sieu. Since you insist, I will humor you by smoking just one."

Old Man Huckens regarded me with a benevolent smile whilst I was lighting up, and he chuckled deep in his beard.

"Take a good long puff," he advised; "now another. That's the ticket. Fine! Crackee, the mean look's gone already."

His words were brusque, but such was the contagion of his geniality that I found it impossible to be angry with him.

"You had something to tell me," I reminded him.

"I reckon I don't need to now. I'll let Jane tell it. You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, Henree, rompin' all over her for no reason at all. She's cryin' her eyes out."

"I will go to her," I said chokingly. "I will go to her without delay."

The image of my adorable wife weeping alone because of my cruelty rose before me; the tears started to my eyes. Yes, m'sieu, my better nature asserted itself. How harsh and unfair I had been! But she should see how Henri Giraud made amends!

I sprang to my feet.

"That's the stuff," cried my father-in-law with enthusiasm. "I knowed it was the fault of your nerves bein' all on edge. Run away now and find her. She's in her room readin' some fool letters you done wrote to her before you got married—she says you loved her then. How about it, Henree?"

"Loved her? I adore her, m'sieu. I worship the spot her little foot presses. I ——"

"All right, all right. But you don't need to give me a shower tellin' about it. Go along and whisper it to Jane. But listen, Henree, here's a piece of advice before you go. Hug her and tell her she's your life and soul and the genuwine article—tell her she's the whole cheese—but for Gawd's sake, don't promise nothing."

"How, m'sieu? I do not understand."

"Well, women like to make a man do things he'd never think of doing only for them. You know how that is. And if you give 'em an inch they'll take a yard. Mind that! You're sort of off'n your guard right now, and if you weaken you'll never be able to call your soul your own. Don't women beat the Dutch? And the funny part is—the funny part is," said Old Man Huckens, "they think less of you when you do give in. It looks like the more you're set in your gait, the better you'll git along with your wife. Ain't it hell? Look at Sam Field. Jane and Patsy're always tellin' how thoughtless he treats Miz Field, but I notice she's locoed about the feller."

It was true. Every word M'sieu Huckens uttered was true, my friend.

"What, then, would you advise?"

"Why, just go in there and love her up some so she'll feel good—but don't you give in on nothin'. Understand? Don't you quit smokin' or anything else. Or if you do, do it of your own accord and not because she says so. Do you git me?"

"I think I do, m'sieu. And I thank you a thousand times I thank you."

"Once'll be enough. And listen—don't let on to Jane what I said," was his parting admonition. "I'm in bad enough already. I had to read the riot act to that girl. Yes, sir, I told Jane she'd ought to be thankful for drawin' a decent citizen, instead of beefin' because you ain't a combination of lapdog and bright boy knight. 'Now,' I says to her, 'cut out these fool notions of yourn. They may be modern and all that, but they only raise sand. When a woman's got a respectable man she'd ought to be satisfied and leave him be. Henree's no ace of di'monds, but he ain't a two-spot neither; he'll take a lot of tricks in the deck.'"

Gratitude filled my heart to bursting. "And what," I asked falteringly—"what did madame say to that?"

"Why, she blubbered some and said she knew she was bad tempered because she got it from me, and she deserved the way you hated her and—well, I come away then."

Hated her? Not a second did I lose. With my heart beating tumultuously and my eyes smarting so that I could hardly see, I sped to find my dear wife. She was in her bedroom, sitting near a window, and there was a packet of letters in her lap. M'sieu, they were those I had written in the frenzy of courtship.

At sight of me she began to sob anew, and then my arms were round her, and we were mingling our grief. Ah, my friend, such moments are the milestones of life.

In about an hour she quieted, and we stole hand in hand to the nursery for a peep at our noble boys. They lay asleep in their bed, two pink blossoms upon the snowy whiteness.

"It's so wonderful, Henree," whispered my wife, a tear glistening on her cheek. "Sometimes I can hardly believe it. I don't deserve such happiness."

I gently pressed her fingers. "See," I said softly; "observe their mien even in repose."

"They're so beautiful! Oh, my babies!"

"Beautiful? Say rather they are magnificent, madame, magnificent with the promise of what they will be. I can never gaze upon them without thinking of the old proverb: *'Même quand l'oiseau marche, on sent qu'il a des ailes.'*"

"What does that mean, dear?"

"'Even when the bird walks, one feels that it has wings.'"

Madame repeated it softly.

"What a lovely thought," she said. "And how true it is, Henree. You have only to look at our boys to tell they're different. Don't you think so?"

"I do indeed. And now, my angel, let us go. Let us take the car over to M'sieu Joe's and formally request my worthy friend to stand sponsor to our sons. He will be transported with joy."

"And Minnie May and Patsy can be the godmothers," she said delightedly.

"As you please," I acquiesced.

Accordingly we set out in the limousine for the Hicks mansion, my wife inclining against my side. She was all melting softness, I as ardent as a lover. Such, m'sieu, is the effect of harmony; its sweet influence is like a benediction. And madame and I were agreed on all points. Everything was understood between us.

"Dad'll be so tickled to have one named after him," she exclaimed.

"And what more fitting than that the other should be Henry?" I answered. "I rejoice, madame, that you fall in with my decision."

"It's my duty, dear," murmured my wife.

Yes, m'sieu, after debating the problem pro and con, I had determined that our sons should bear American names. One should be Henry and the other Thomas. And, of course, Madame Giraud dutifully submitted to my choice.

Arrived at the Hicks mansion: "They're both upstairs," the maid reported.

"Then we'll go straight up," said Madame Giraud, and the servant did not trouble to announce such old friends, but returned hastily to her interrupted telephone conversation with the person who daily delivered the family's ice.

I was a few steps ahead of my wife in ascending the stairs and, therefore, I first caught the conversation passing between M'sieu Joe and Madame Patsy. It brought me up short, and by signs I commanded Jane to maintain silence.

"Did you see the li'l' rascal grab hold my finger, Patsy?" My partner's voice was strangely wistful.

"Sure. They always do that, but they're sweet children."

"They don't all do any such a thing, neither. And he hung on to it. Yes, ma'am, he hung to it like he knowed me. Didn't you see him gnaw my knuckle? And every time I'd make a face he'd smile"

"It'd be queer if he didn't."

A silence; then my partner spoke again.

"Did you git a good look at the laigs on him? That's the one they'd ought to call Joe. He's some boy, that li'l' beggar."

To this madame returned no reply. Apparently she was reading, for we caught the rustle of a page being turned. In a minute, M'sieu Joe heaved a deep sigh.

"Say, Patsy," he said, almost with tenderness, "what a lucky stiff Henree is! No wonder he's reformed. I'd cut out the ol' pipe, too, for a li'l' Aloysius."

"Aloysius? Now, for the love of Mike!"

"It was my father's name and a good one. Aloysius he'd be."

"He would not," cried madame. "That's the last name on earth I'd choose. Besides I've been fond of Berenice all my life."

"Well, anyhow," continued her husband, "Henree's mighty lucky. I'd quit every vile habit—yes, ma'am—I'd cut out smokin' just for one, let alone a pair."

"Aw, smoke up," replied madame not unkindly. "Smoke up and forget it, Joe!"

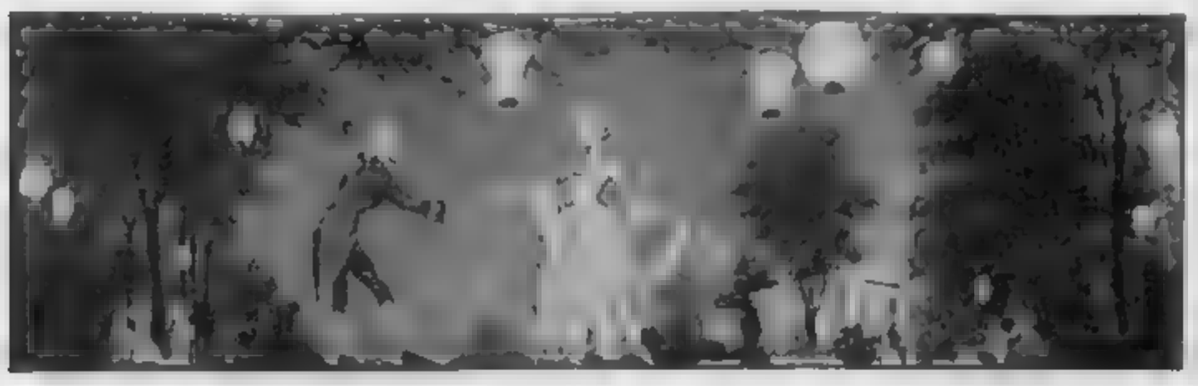
My Little Boy

MY HEART is empty, and my house.
Silent the hours when children play;
I miss such games as "Cat and Mouse,"
And all my days are workaday.
I'm lonely for a sturdy lad—
The little boy I never had.

Oft in the night I see his face—
A face in which my own prevails:
Blue eyes, and cheeks that bear the trace
Of dirt, and dreams, and untold tales.
I wake to ache for joys I've missed,
And kisses that were never kissed.

I know a man who grieves for one
Whose voice is hushed, and lost his smile;
I envy him—who had a son
To cherish for a little while.
My fate is harder, and more sad
I mourn the boy I never had.

—*Channing Pollock.*



GRAFLEX Camera

—makes SURE of the focus and picture!

WHY does the Graflex make sure of the focus on every picture? *(See Page 4, Graflex Book.)**

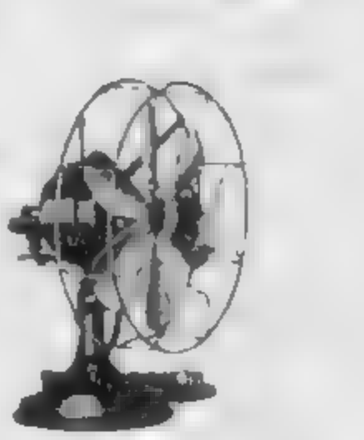
Why does the Graflex get FINER pictures than other cameras? *(See Pages 3 and 5 of Graflex Book.)**

How does the Graflex make *sure* of *full* exposures even on rainy days? *(See Page 6 of Graflex Book.)**

*NOTE—and see the other 58 pages of the Graflex Book, for the reasons why those who want to be SURE of fine pictures and SURE of getting a picture from every exposure—use a Graflex. Book is free for the asking.

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Company - - Rochester, N. Y.

Busy Men Keep Cool



And cool men keep busy.

The picture shows the comfort of the fan-cooled office

Office workers are only human. Efficiency drops when the mercury soars.

And that's why you'll find so many offices equipped with Robbins & Myers Electric Fans. Folks are cool, comfortable, and busy!

Keep your office cool and busy this summer the Robbins & Myers way. But a few cents spent a day for current pays dollar dividends in the form of better work and happier people

Whatever the fan need, there's a Robbins & Myers fan that meets it. All styles for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust—for operation on direct or alternating current.

We have a dealer near you who will be glad to show you which particular type of fan will best suit your requirements. Every R. & M. Fan is backed by a reliable guarantee

The Robbins & Myers Flag on the guard is your guide to fan quality and service. It stands for twenty years' fan experience.

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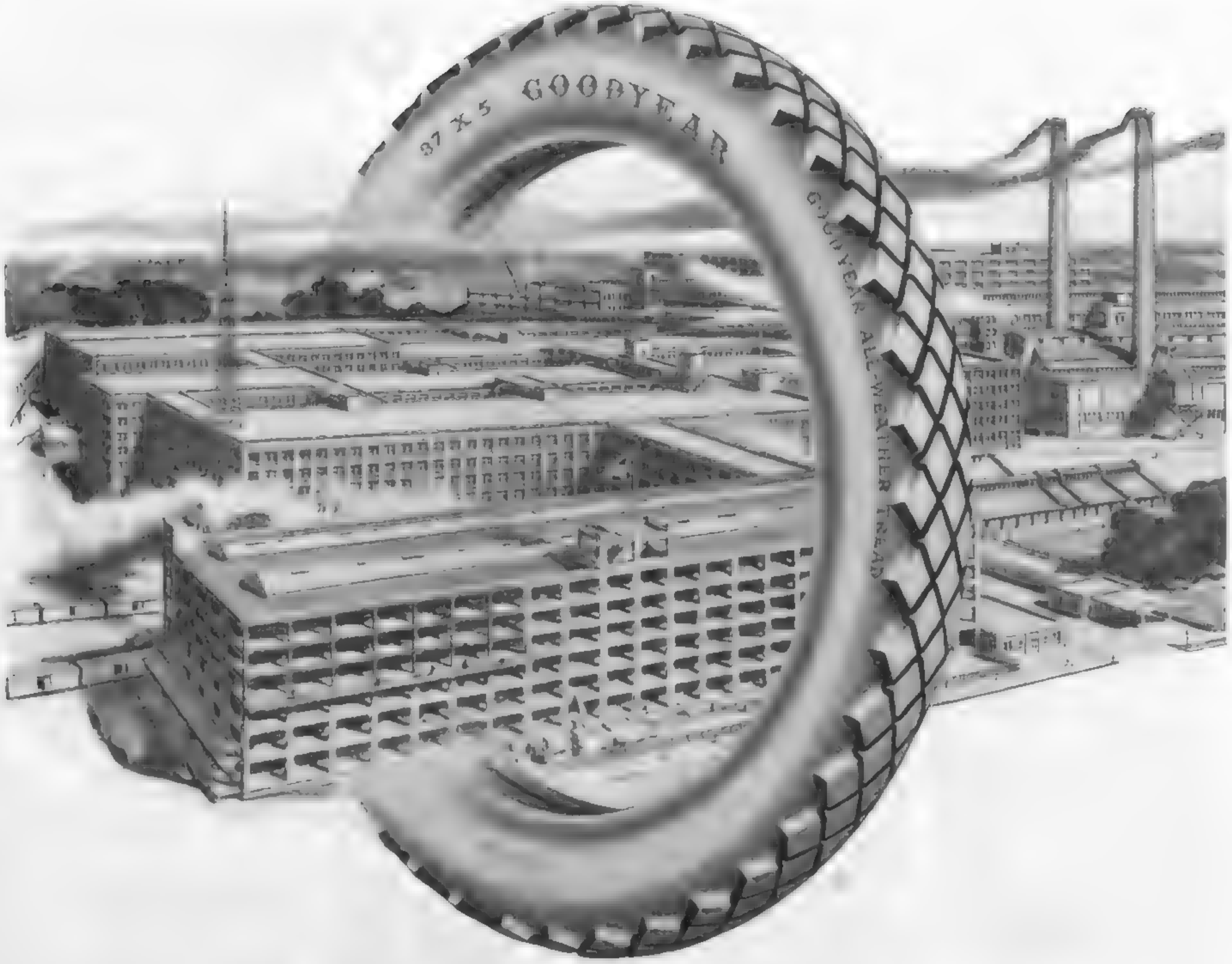
Robbins & Myers Fans



Turning People's Thoughts Into Concrete and Steel

This great business is bursting its shell and crowding for more and more room.

From twenty-three large Akron factory buildings it is overflowing into *eight more new structures* of steel and concrete which add ten acres of manufacturing room.

This will aggregate a grand total of more than 47 acres, or more than 2,000,000 square feet of floor space.

A part of this expansion is due, of course, to the general demand and general conditions.

But general conditions will not explain the special circumstances which surround this immensely increased demand.

The public preference for Goodyear Tires is a phenomenon which affects alike all parts of America.

It is evenly distributed in every nook and corner of the nation—in big cities and in little cities—in small towns, and in smaller.

It is as marked in the farming communities as it is in the metropolitan centers.

And, as we said with emphasis in a previous announcement—this preference for Goodyear Tires is not a preference based upon price.

It is built upon an element intangible in itself, but more solid than stone and more enduring than steel.

It is built upon the bed-rock of public satisfaction—the individual experience of the average man, who has found that Goodyear Tires go farther and last longer, and so cost him less.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere

Still Greater Service to Users of Goodyear Tires

It is not the tremendous acreage which Goodyear activities are now occupying on which we wish to lay special stress.

The advantage of this enormous expansion is the equipment it gives us to render greater service to users of Goodyear Tires.

There will be nothing in the world, now, to compare with our scientific and economic preparedness to manufacture lower-cost-per-mile tires.

With these superior facilities you will have every right to expect even greater superiority in Goodyear Tires.

Time and again this Company has exemplified to you its policy of putting more and more value into its products.

It is in pursuit of that policy that this process of expansion has been undertaken.

This wonderful plant, with its continuous, twelve-months' volume, means more intensive manufacturing and an enormous purchasing power.

It means holding down the overhead, and putting the saving into improved processes, laboratory research, test, experiment and improvement.

It means Goodyear Tires even better than ever before—establishing a standard of tire excellence for the whole world.

Goodyear No-Hook Tires are fortified against rim-cutting, by our No-Rim-Cut feature; blowouts, by our On-Air cure; loose treads, by our Rubber Rivets; insecurity, by our Braided Piano Wire Base; punctures and skidding, by our Double-Thick All-Weather Tread.

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Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere

DRESS·UP·THE·KITCHEN·TOO

The kitchen is a woman's workshop, yet few kitchens reflect her natural aptitude for "fixing things up."

Acme Quality Finishes enable you to have a model kitchen abounding in wholesomeness, cleanliness and daintiness. The chairs and tables, the floor, linoleum, stove, cupboard and sink will all respond to a coating or two of Acme Quality Finishes. Then there's the refrigerator—occasional use of Acme Quality White Enamel will keep it sanitary and in dazzling cleanliness.

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have just as many uses—or more—in each room of the house as they have in the kitchen.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac is a great tonic for worn woodwork. It varnishes as it stains, leaving lustrous newness in the wake of the brush.

Acme Quality No-Lustre is the smooth, washable wall coating that rejuvenates any room.

Write for "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." They tell you *why* and show you *how*.

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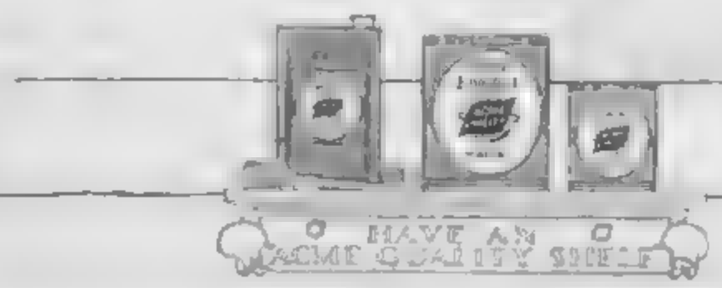
Keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnetile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel, for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel for ranges, stovepipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching-up" jobs.



THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

(Continued from Page 22)

"Poor girl!" said the Princess, kneeling and going quietly to work. "Poor, tired child!"

The dirty, sunburnt face of Hermance began to wrinkle and her nose to twitch above the lavender bottle. She worked nobly to earn five francs and a box of sweetmeats, but nature her custom held. Hermance gave a violent sneeze, and came to life.

"Oh, monsieur," she blubbered, winking genuine tears from her black eyes, "I could not help it!"

After this the restoration was rapid and complete.

"Don't scold her," said the Princess, looking up at Jackdabos.

"Have no fear, madam," the young man sadly promised. "It was all my fault."

He gathered the grimy convalescent to his bosom and, carrying her so, bowed, stared at Puig meaningly, and jerked his head toward the door. All the clever story he had prepared, of wandering, poverty, heat and privation, flew out of his mind like the vulgar chaff it was.

"We're indebted to your great kindness. And I am—ashamed."

The Princess rose and watched him depart without seeing the many queer obeisances made by Puig, who followed him.

"Take better care of her," called the Princess.

"I will," replied Jackdabos, turning in the doorway with a strange smile, the smile of a defeated angel.

They went out into the sunlight, crossed the garden path, picked up the fallen concertina, shouldered the stilts, and tramped away down the road among pines and carob trees. The Jackdaw went oblivious, carrying Hermance in his arms as if she really had been ill. When they had rounded two curves of the road Puig laughed.

"Well," he said, grounding the stilts, "that wasn't so bad, old boy! You're not the only Presto Change-oh. While you were talking I scratched my back on the fireplace, and—got it after all."

The smith pulled from under his coattail a small, framed water color.

"What? You stole it?"

Jackdabos carefully set the little girl down on her feet. He grew pale.

"You took that map?" he cried; then added very mildly: "No doubt you meant well, Puig, but you have destroyed my honor. Give me that!"

He snatched the map out of Puig's hand, thrust him staggering back among the roadside myrtles, turned like a man fleeing from disaster, and at full speed ran toward the villa gate.

VII

AT THE villa gate he ceased running, but only for a moment while he hid behind a glossy hanging mass of periwinkle and stuffed Goiffon's picture under his jacket. Then he raced through the garden to the Princess' door.

Even after he had knocked Jackdabos could frame no excuse.

"How," he thought, fingering the edges of the picture frame in his bosom—"how shall I pop this back on the wall? Heavens, what a mess!"

He was cursing Puig's perfidy, when the door opened and the major-domo stared blandly out.

"You again?" said this mild-whiskered Cerberus. "We are to bathe *your* forehead now, perhaps?"

"Sir," cried the Jackdaw, "let me in, I beg. One instant. I must see your mistress."

Unmoved, the honey-tongued old stoic swung his door to.

"And I," he drawled, "must deprive her of that pleasure."

Jackdabos, exalted by despair, flung himself edgewise between door and jamb. A hot struggle followed. He fought at a disadvantage, being bound not to crack the glass of the picture under his coat. Youth at last prevailed. He burst into the room.

"*Apache!*" panted the old man. "In broad daylight? We shall see! We shall see!"

He staggered back, waving his arms over his venerable head, then turned to run for assistance. At that moment, however, through one of the veranda windows the Princess came into the room—a white figure carrying a handful of fresh gladioluses.

"What is here?" she asked, not even showing surprise. Both men regarded her like fools caught in their folly. She waved the major-domo aside with her swordlike flowers. "Go calm yourself," she advised; then, when he had gone grumbling out, she turned to Jackdabos: "You had forgotten something?"

Jackdabos bowed. The mere sight of this lady, so beautiful, sad and strong, restored him like magic. He stood upright. His dark face glowed. All would yet come right. Even while he thought so, he perceived in a flash his only possible line of conduct, and took it.

"I came to beg your forgiveness," he declared, smiling. "I'm no good. But I'm sorry."

He reached down into a deep pocket, from which he brought a dirty buckskin pouch containing his little weight of money. It was not money he produced from this pouch, but something he valued far more.

"The only good thing I ever made," he explained, holding it out to her. "Please take it. If you forgive me, madam, you will keep this."

The Princess laid the bright gladioluses on a chair and took in her slender fingers what he offered—a tiny brooch of wrought silver.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with delight. "Our dear cigala!"

She carried it to the windows, where the sunshine made it glitter in her palm. Jackdabos had spoken truly. His best piece of work, which he could never bear to sell even when hungry, it was a silver cigala, the shrill-chirping minstrel of Provence.

"Whether she keeps it or not," he told himself as he backed quietly toward the fireplace and gripped the picture frame under his coat, "she can't help looking at it. The thing is too fine."

He was right. It was no common trinket made for catchpenny trade. The Princess bent her lovely head down to a thing worth seeing. As she did so the Jackdaw made a lightning pass behind him, then moved carelessly away from the mantel. Goiffon's picture hung once more on its hook.

"But this is charming," said the Princess.

"Then it's worth your keeping?" he begged.

She glanced at him quickly and saw that he was not only in earnest but in a seventh heaven of pride. She raised the little silver insect and pinned it among the white stuff below her throat. Light from the sea garden sparkled on it.

"'The sun makes me to sing.'" She quoted in Provençal the motto of the cigala. "I wear your decoration."

Jackdabos went backward, bowing, till he reached the open door.

"May the sun never set in your heart!" he cried with such ardor and faith as would move mountains, not to say a woman. "You have made one poor devil happy."

To his great wonder the Princess followed him swiftly as far as her door.

"What?" she said, looking down reproachfully at him in the path. "You a poor devil? And you can make things like this?" She tapped the silver cigala at her throat. "For shame! Go work, and work hard. Are you the kind that buries his talent in a napkin?"

The brown rascal smiled at her, but ruefully. Outside the house he seemed another creature.

"There's the trouble," he said: "I can't stay indoors long enough to work. 'The sun makes me to sing.'"

He ran up the garden path, turned at the gate, bowed again and vanished. His clear voice resounded from the road:

"*A poor little chap, it fell to his lot,*
Et lon la laire,
Et lon lan la,
A poor little chap, it fell to his lot
To worship her who loved him not.

"*She said to him 'Lay at my feet,'*
Et lon la laire,
Et lon lan la,
She said to him 'Lay at my feet
Your mother's heart for my dog to eat.'

"*Went to his mother and killed her dead,*
Et lon la laire——"

The song, a corrupt version of Richepin's *Marie-des-Anges*, dwindled in the distance among the sunlit greenery:

"*The heart said weeping, low and mild,*
Et lon la laire,
Et lon lan la,
The heart said weeping, low and mild,
'Hast thou hurt thyself, my child?'"

The Princess leaned in her doorway and listened until song and running feet became inaudible. The sun lay too bright among the flowers, and her garden seemed narrower than before.

As for Jackdabos, he came racing round that curve of the woodland road where Puig and Hermance awaited him. They sat under a myrtle bank, but slid down afoot when the Jackdaw appeared.

"Wild man," called Puig sternly, holding one stilt ready as a club—"wild man, answer me: What have you done?"

Jackdabos laughed, wrested the weapon from his hands, and gave it to the girl.

"Little pitchers," he observed. "Hermance, dear, run play by the shore. We'll call you when it's time to go buy sweetmeats."

The tumbling-girl grinned and trotted off down the road.

"I hung the lady's map where it belongs," continued Jackdabos. "That's all. Our honor is patched up."

"Honor?" raged Puig. "Bah, ditched! We're ditched! Lost our map after all this trouble."

"Sit down." The Jackdaw pushed him—gently, this time—against the bank. "We need not turn barbarian. I have the map."

"Eh!" shouted Puig. "Where?"

Jackdabos maintained a calm superiority.

"In my head," he replied. "A little study is better than much thieving. Before you stole that picture I knew it by heart. Observe." Breaking a myrtle spray, he scratched with its point a rough oblong on the road. "That's Goiffon's garden." Inside the oblong he drew naughts and crosses, quickly, accurately, with decision. "Don't you see? There" he pointed "was the westernmost orange tree, toward the northwest corner. Two meters from that, somebody buried our gold plate. Well! Your cornermost orange grew directly from under a ruin by the wall from the western edge of the ruin. There! I draw it so. And it was a Roman ruin."

Puig snorted. "Roman? What if it was? You're an ass."

The Jackdaw placidly buttonholed him and said:

"Orange trees may be cut down, old man; but Goiffon, or the successor of Goiffon, does not destroy a Roman ruin in his own garden. No, sir: not to please your grandmother. We have good, solid Roman masonry to measure from."

Puig stared hard and long at the scratches in the dirt.

"Damme if I don't begin to think," he said grudgingly, "that you have something inside that little round nut of yours after all. Let's go find this garden."

They found it, late on the next Saturday afternoon. Goiffon's name still lingered in that neighborhood, for they followed his memory, asking Ligurian workmen here and there, until it led them out of France, across the torrent Saint Louis, high on a limestone spur into Italy. Gray rock walls, the labor of centuries, terraced a mountain gorge where violets grew thickly under the moonlight-covered leaves of ancient olive boughs, and where on every eminence the air tasted fresh and lively, scented with green heather. A swarthy, bright-eyed hillman, cutting roots for briar-pipe bowls, looked up from his fragrant work at the Jackdaw's hail and welcomed the Jackdaw as a brother.

"There stands the house you're looking for," he said, pointing. "Goiffon died. Yes, he was a painter, and a man who went round talking friendly, like you and me. One of these rich fly-by-nights owns the poor old building now, they say. You're welcome, dear soul."

Through an olive grove they approached the house at sunset. It was a pink stucco villa, rearing its second story above a high gray stucco wall and looking down over Mortola to the sea. Faded green shutters flung wide, and white curtains fluttering slowly, showed that the upper windows all stood open to the evening air. Puig and the Jackdaw squatted in an old grassy trench, well within the boundary of the grove, where they could spy out the land in safety. So near the object of their search, both men hung back and doubted.

"We shan't find anything," said one.

"Not likely," agreed the other.

Yet, having devoured the sight of this hillside dwelling, their eyes danced and glittered when they met again.

"Don't lose time," Jackdabos implored.

Puig nodded, stood up, hitched his belt closer, and set off walking through the grove. He, by agreement, was the one who should put their plot in motion and deliver the attack. He was to appear at the house boldly as a gardener seeking work, an honest poor man from Roquebrune whose asparagus had failed, and who wanted any odd job to earn victuals by. Deliberate, burly, determined, with a trowel stuck in his pocket, Puig looked the part as he swaggered off among the gnarled olive trunks and their attenuated sunset shadows. He gained the open ground, crossed it, plunging through heather, and disappeared round a corner of the garden wall.

Jackdabos, chin to the ground, lay prone in a bed of violets, watching their numberless tops quiver between sunlight and dusk. He listened. There came no sound whatever—no knocking at any gate, no clink of any latch, no murmur of voices. Time dragged by.

"What's the man doing?" he began to wonder.

With his nose among the violets he drew a long breath of fragrance. It was pleasant to watch them thus from underneath, to see their little shepherd-crook stems gilded by a shaft of sunset, to think how their trembling tops resembled dark-blue winged creatures ready to fly. A fancy of his childhood recurred. Lying so, his eyes level with the good earth, he had often pretended he was a fairy, no bigger than an ant, wandering valiantly through the tall, green forest of the grass. His mind could still enjoy that game, still run free into Lilliput.

"How easy all pleasure is, the real fun!" he chuckled. "Why do people hurry after it and fret? It comes to you waiting. You can't go catch it."

The sun went down, and with it vanished every glowing color from his violet forest, the ruddiness died off the gray olive trunks, Goiffon's house grew pale and indistinct, the sea below turned vaporous and lost all lines of movement. A smoke-white moon hung above the mist. Jackdabos roused on his elbows, like a brown Puck listening in the woods. Nightfall and its chill overtook him, the treacherous *froid de l'air* of the Riviera made him shiver.

"Where the dickens has Puig gone?"

Not a sound came from the house. Had Puig performed his duty, there must have come many sounds.

"Has he dropped dead, then?"

The Jackdaw sat up, shivering, and wrapped his old velveteen jacket more snugly about him. The grove had become too cold a floor to lie on. He leaned his back against an olive bole.

"Puig's had time enough to shovel up that plate and run with it from here to Genoa. But of course he wouldn't."

Such faith brought its reward. The garden wall showed a mere ghostly blank through the trees, when from beyond it came a thud of galloping feet. The runner, a shadow, burst into the grove.

The time of day was now, as the saying is, between dog and wolf. Twilight so darkened the grove that Jackdabos could not see the lineaments of this man who darted toward his hiding place. It was Puig, by the voice, and Puig in a strange fit of excitement.

"Jack! Jackdaw! Where are you? Come here! This is too much for me. Something's gone wrong. What's the matter with that house?"

Jackdabos jumped, caught the speaker by his arm and stayed him as he went blundering past. The arm held a trowel straight up like a weapon ready for defense.

"Man alive!" cried Puig, stopping short. "Jackdabos, tell me quick: what's the matter with that house?"

VIII

THEY stooped forward, peering under the low-spread blackness of the grove.

"Matter?" returned Jackdabos. "Why, what should be?"

Puig drew himself together palpably in the dusk. Not fear, but some kindred emotion, some panic of surprise, had overcome him.

"A trap," he whispered. "It's a trap. The back gate stood ajar. I went in, walked through the garden, looking. Nobody there, Jacko; either that house has got a murder inside or it's baited to catch us. Doors and windows wide open. Walk in, help yourself." He shook the Jackdaw, hissing vehemently: "Not a soul there!"

Jackdabos refused to catch the thrill of his alarm.

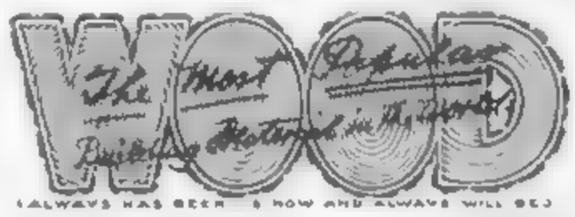
"All the better for spade work, Puig. *Y a du bon!* Sounds too good to be true; but keep your eyes peeled, and in we go!"

(Continued on Page 62)

WILL YOU WRITE NOT OVER 6 WORDS FOR $150. CASH? (This is 25 times what Kipling gets.)

(OR PERHAPS YOU MAY RECEIVE $75 APIECE FOR 2 WORDS.)

"LET THY WORDS BE FEW" (Eccl. v. 2.) (BUT TO THE POINT), BECAUSE



is going to pay some of its appreciative friends

$250. Cash for the Best Slogans

to be used in truthful, forceful and dignified advertising directed to both the general public and the trained technical men who counsel it.

The undersigned will purchase at the following prices the most suitable phrases in favor of WOOD "THE INDISPENSABLE" as an all-round building material:

$150. Cash for the best slogan of not over 6 words besides the word "Wood" or "Lumber,"

$50. Cash for the next best slogan (same limit) —and in addition we will purchase

50 other phrases that we can use, at $1. each

We all recognize—the minute we stop to think—how much we love and admire WOOD, and we readily admit how HOSPITABLE and FRIENDLY it is in daily contact. "THERE REALLY IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOD AS A MATERIAL TO *LIVE WITH.*" Since *you know* this—all you have to do is to refer your inner sentiment back to the day when you had the time of your life whittling "her" initials in the porch-railing made of "good old wood," and you will find it easy to say MORE THAN ENOUGH pleasant things about WOOD ("the indispensable") to stand a tip-top chance to sell your idea to the Helps and Information Bureau of the timber interests of the U. S. (Please read the list below.) A great writer has said that "next to the soil itself, WOOD has been mankind's best friend, and his instinctive reliance since the world began," and what we want is simply to BRING OUT SPONTANEOUS, NATURAL EXPRESSIONS of what almost everybody feels and knows about "the most hospitable material on earth."

SUGGESTIONS:

Suppose you can think of a phrase similar to that written across the word "WOOD" in the sketch above; or perhaps a much better way to express it. In this connection you can consider the ECONOMY of WOOD as a building material, its HOME-LIKE quality, its ADAPTABILITY, the EASE of WORKING it, the VARIETY and ARTISTIC LATITUDE in its use, its RELIABILITY and LONGEVITY and many other virtues in which WOOD surpasses all alternative materials. Or, you might think of a good charade, such as—

WOOD OFFERS OWNERS D.?

OR THIS—

LET US MAKE BUILDING E.? R.?

—which you may enter with an equal opportunity. BUT it is NOT necessary to follow ANY of the above suggestions. Let your mind work freely. If you feel the need of technical suggestions go and

ASK YOUR LUMBER DEALER

He may tell you some good points about WOOD ("the indispensable") that you may have almost forgotten. TRY IT. He will be glad to help.

NOTE THE LIBERAL CONDITIONS:

1—No one in any way connected with any undersigned association can participate.
2—You need NOT complete the phrase W—O—O—D as indicated above—
3—Nor need you complete the phrase L—U—M—B—E R as shown above—
4—You need not send even a stamp—nor promise to buy anything—nor subscribe to anything—nor agree to use WOOD in your own building (even where it would be the best material for you)
5—*ALL YOU NEED TO DO* is to write a "slogan" (or phrase) expressing YOUR idea of the best way to *impress others with your own appreciation* (borne out by every up-to-date comparison) that "the instinct of man turneth to wood for shelter and comfort as surely as to grain and flesh for sustenance," *AND THAT THIS IS A WISE INSTINCT*
6—In the event two or more contestants submit an identical winning phrase, the prize equal in amount with that tied for shall be given to each contestant so tying.
7—No slogans or suggestions received after July 1, 1916, will be considered.
8—The purchases will be determined by Sept. 1, 1916, and announced in this publication at the earliest possible date thereafter.

DON'T FORGET THAT

THE LIMIT IS 6 WORDS besides the word "wood" or "lumber"—and that 2 WORDS MAY BE JUDGED BETTER THAN SIX—and that a FAMILY CONFERENCE may help revive memories of the historic and persistent superiorities of WOOD ("the indispensable") for all of its proper uses—and that if you don't care much for $150, maybe your son does, or maybe your daughter does (in which case you will help them all you can, of course).

Send in your slogan early—lest you become busy and forget.

Business stationery preferred, but even a post card will do. Address
Manager, Lumber Helps and Information Bureau,
923 Lumber Exchange Building, Chicago.

P. S.—When writing you might also state that you'd like to receive FREE copies of "John Smith's Garage," "A Challenge" and "Fire Limits and Public Welfare." They're really quite interesting. (Full of Facts you'd never believe unless proved.)

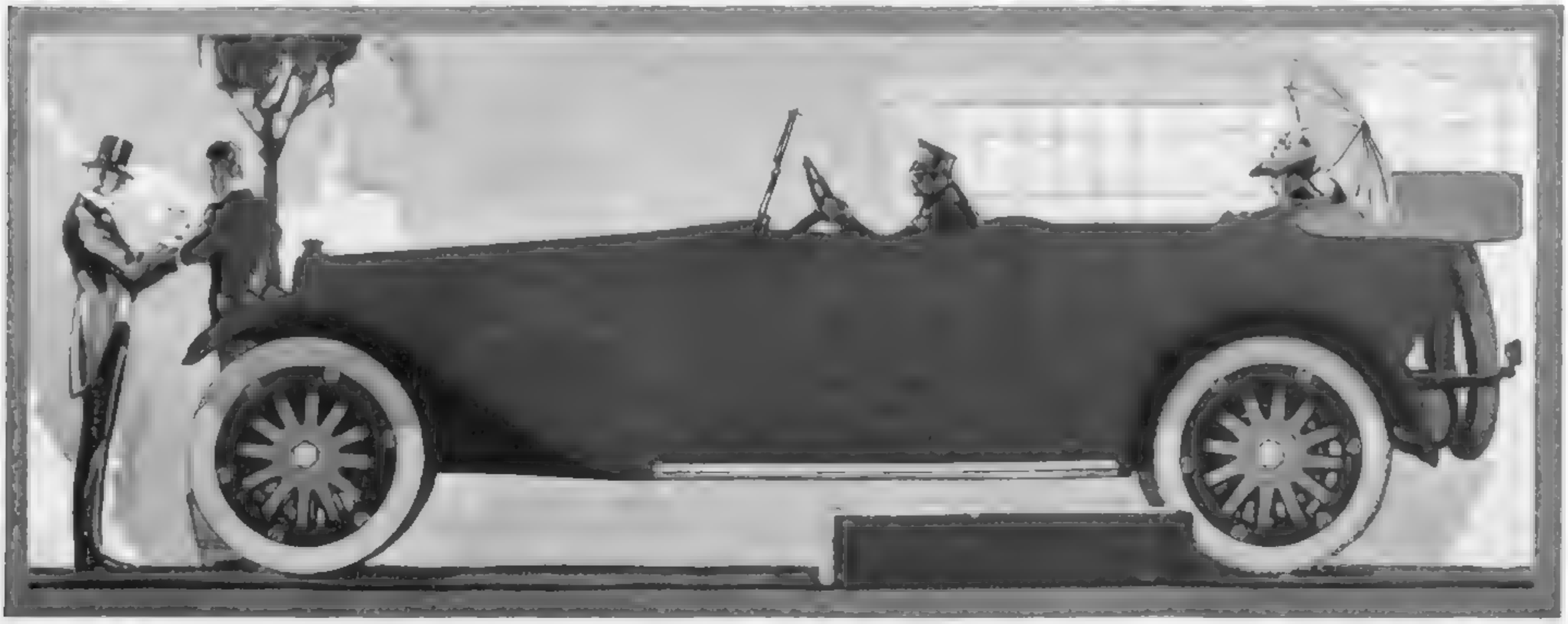
NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

Comprising

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD ASSOCIATION
GEORGIA-FLORIDA SAW MILL ASSOCIATION
HARDWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES
MICHIGAN HARDWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSN.
NORTH CAROLINA PINE ASSOCIATION
NORTHERN HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
WESTERN PINE MANUFACTURERS ASSN.
PACIFIC COAST SUGAR AND WHITE PINE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS ASSN.
SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
WEST COAST LUMBERMEN'S ASSOCIATION
NORTHERN PINE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

"You're right!—Use Wood."

ANNOUNCING A NEW MITCHELL MODEL
DESIGNED SEVERAL MONTHS LATER THAN MOST CURRENT MODELS



John W. Bate—The Efficiency Expert

Offers Here, for the First Time, a Finished Example of What Can Be Given Without Extra Price After 10,000 Costs Have Been Reduced to the Limit

John W. Bate, the efficiency expert, has worked years to create here the model motor car factory.

It has meant the investment of $5,000,000. Nearly 45 acres have been covered with buildings. And 2,092 efficient machines are installed in them.

Costs have been cut on thousands of parts and on countless operations. Now 98 per cent of the New Mitchell car is built in this model shop. And the savings are shown by the 26 extras which this car embodies.

Fathers and sons in the Mitchell-Lewis concern have operated factories for 82 years.

We have built millions of vehicles involving close competition. And we succeeded beyond others through efficiency.

In 1903—when we entered motor car building—we aimed to minimize factory costs in that line. We knew the time would come when supreme efficiency would make our car the master of its class.

It has taken 13 years, because the line was new. Countless machines had to be invented, countless ideas evolved. It took ten years to arrive at a settled model, after building Fours, Sixes and Eights.

In the Mitchell Light Six we found, it seems, the type that has come to stay. And we are equipped to build that type in the finest way at the lowest cost. The evidence lies in the many Mitchell features which are not found in other cars.

Done by John W. Bate

John W. Bate, expert in efficiency, was the first big man we brought to this motor car factory. This great engineer had for 17 years devoted his genius to factory efficiency. Several vast industries had been revolutionized by his methods.

We secured able designers, inventors, and salesmen. But note that our chief man was an efficiency expert.

He came in our infancy as motor car builders. And the place the New Mitchell will claim from now on is due to John W. Bate.

This great Mitchell plant is as fine an example of factory efficiency as is found in any line in America.

Thousands of Savings

Mr. Bate's methods called for one-story buildings — everything on one floor.

The raw steel was to enter at one end, the finished car depart at the other. And all without wasting a second.

They called for the utmost in

26 Extra Features—Unique to the Mitchell
All Paid for by Factory Savings

automatic machines. Hundreds of costly machines have been discarded for machines which could save a few pennies per part.

They called for lighter parts, built of tougher steel. There are in the New Mitchell 184 drop forgings and 256 steel stampings.

They called for simple construction. Every needless part has been eliminated. Every man is given one operation.

Not less than ten thousand important economies have been worked out under Mr. Bate.

Costs Reduced Half

This New Mitchell car is produced for one-half what it would have cost us seven years ago.

It is built for one-fifth less than it could be built if we let others make our important parts.

How much we save is shown by our extras. Our price is low for a big Light Six of the highest grade. Yet we offer 26 extras—some very costly. And all of these features which rivals don't offer are paid for through factory efficiency.

Some of the Extras

These are some of the extras which the New Mitchell offers. No other car in this class, we believe, offers more than two of them. No other car at any price offers more than three or four:

Extra room—a 127-inch wheelbase. Compare that with other Sixes.

Motor-driven tire pump, with a pressure gauge on the tubing.

Reversible head lamps—searchlights which shine forward or backward, or wherever you want light.

A carburetor which costs 15 per cent more than the usual.

Bate cantilever rear springs, which double the ease of riding.

Oversize steering parts, made of Chrome-Vanadium steel and fitted with ball bearings.

Chrome-Vanadium steel for all parts which meet major strains.

An engine with drilled pistons and other perfections to give wondrous power for its size.

A 22-coat body finish of most enduring lustre.

Electric light in the tonneau.

Engine primer on instrument board.

Locked compartment for articles of value.

Tool compartment under hood.

Handles for entering car.

Compartment gasoline tank, 18½ gallons.

These—Plus All Else

These extras and others—26 of them—come on the New Mitchell, plus everything else which quality makers can offer.

These are new features in motor car building. Some of them are most important. All would be missed if omitted. And they all come to you in this car as a premium, paid for by factory savings.

Usually, when one maker gives so much more than another, you suspect him of hidden skimping.

Let us remind you that the Mitchell has long been the first choice of great engineers. We will send you a list if you ask it—a long list of the ablest engineers in America who selected the Mitchell car.

We know of six Mitchell cars which have together covered 986,227 miles—an average of 164,372 each. That's a record, we think, that has never been matched.

Every part and material—every standard of quality—is that which the best engineers have adopted. At twice the price we could find no way to improve one important detail.

Efficiency means, above everything else, maximum service to customers. And we shall never let a car excel the Mitchell in that.

An After-Show Design

This New Mitchell body was designed after the New York Show. It came out three months later than most current models.

It combines all the new lines, beauties, features and equipment which our experts found in the 1916 models.

It follows what our artists consider the handsomest model created. It has the new tonneau cowl. It has all the new equipment features—one-man top, jiffy curtains, hidden extra seats in the tonneau, etc.

The upholstery is genuine leather, deeply filled with curled hair. Its design offers maximum comfort.

Thus the New Mitchell typifies, in every way, the current conception of a masterpiece car.

Twice as Easy Riding

In ease of riding the New Mitchell stands supreme. That is due to the Bate cantilever springs, which no other car embodies.

The extra comfort, compared with other cars, seems unbelievable. It rides the roughest places as a boat rides waves. There is never a jolt. No shock absorbers are needed on this car. Your Mitchell dealer can prove this in five minutes.

In ease of riding, and in the 26 extras, you will find the New Mitchell an unmatchable car. In every other respect—in the chassis or body—you will find it the equal of the best. Go see it and learn how much Mitchell efficiency gives you that you want.

$1325 f. o. b. Racine
For Five-Passenger Touring Car or Three-Passenger Roadster
Seven-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.

With 48-horsepower high-speed six-cylinder motor; wheelbase, 127 inches; anti-skid tires on rear; complete equipment, including engine-driven tire pump, reversible searchlights, etc.

Old Fashioned Hospitality
had that personal quality which made each traveler feel that he was the "guest of honor."
All past traditions of hospitality with modern efficiency in cuisine and methods are combined in
Hotel La Salle
Chicago's Finest Hotel
Whether you make this your home, or just drop in for luncheon, the same "good measure" service prevails.
The convenient location gives you ready access to all Chicago offers.
RATES
One person Per day
Room with detached bath $2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath $3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons Per day
Room with detached bath $3 $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—
Double room $5 to $8
Single room with double bed $4 $4 50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath
Two persons $5 to $8
Three persons $6 to $9
Four persons $7 to $12
1026 rooms—834 with private bath
La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-President and Manager

(Continued from Page 59)

Puig remained bent under the olive boughs, hearkening and staring.

"I'm not easy upset," he grumbled. "But wide open—ready to swallow you—house and garden! That ain't luck, don't tell me. Too good? You bet your breeches. Coming dark and not a soul. That garden's fair set like a rat trap."

His doubt infected the Jackdaw, but only for a moment. Then the youngster caught him by the hand and led him, like an unwilling child, forward among the olive trees. Outside the grove they halted under an evening sky of which the brightness puzzled them, until they saw, high above the veiled sea, the moon turning faintly golden. The heather smelled cool and sweet as they breasted its dark tops and broke through. Crossing a donkey path, they reached the glimmering wall, turned its corner uphill, and so slipped along its darkest face. Here suddenly a band of moonlight thwarted their way. It fell through the back gate.

"Open," said Puig. "Wide open."

"So I see," quoth Jackdabos. "Pop in."

Next moment they stood together in Goiffon's garden. So carefully and slowly had they come that already the moon shone clear and bright. Revealing the blue of the sky where it hung, it flooded this walled inclosure with such radiance as made every flower distinct in the masses of bloom. The trees, young lemon trees formally planted, glistened as though their leaves were glass and their fruit the treasure of the Hesperides. Serene light, long shadows, immobility, a trance of quiet, rendered the whole place fabulous.

"We stepped into a dream," said Jackdabos.

"Hush!" whispered Puig, listening for a sound which did not come.

He beckoned. The pair moved on warily, treading a moonlit carpet of fine turf. Wherever the path wound across their course they skipped it as though skipping a brook. Once the Jackdaw knelt down to scrutinize this path.

"The sand," he whispered, rising again, "was brushed today. Someone lives here."

"A thing to beat that!" promised his companion. "Come look."

Through the shadows of the glistening lemon trees they stole, past a little circular fishpond that contained a deep, cold likeness of the moon, then up three stone steps to a flowery terrace. The house, bleached with pale light, overhung with a black arabesque of vine leaves and tendrils, yawned open before the marauders—a row of doors and high windows, all open, dark and empty. A trellised way like a tunnel, on the right, showed at the end of its vista another gate, the front gate of the garden, wide open on a mountain road.

"Look," said Puig, drawing the Jackdaw with him to the main door of the house. "Don't seem right. Can't be right."

Indoors they saw a long, low chamber, half-lighted by the greenish mist pouring aslant through many windows. Gilt picture frames, the curves of a piano, corrugated ranks of morocco along bookshelves, caught threads and points of light which rendered them half familiar, half ghostly. Into the brightest window jutted and shone the corner of a mahogany table, on which stood, lonely and brilliant, a huge silver pitcher.

"You're right," said Jackdabos. "It is queer."

After a moment of silent watching he added:

"That's a bell there? Ring it."

A brass knob gleamed at the edge of the doorway vines. Puig gave it a vigorous pull, which was loudly answered, somewhere within, by the jangling of a bell. Gradually this clangor died away. It brought no one, roused no movement, produced no change but an apparent deepening of the silence.

"Bah!" cried Jackdabos aloud. "These Pierrots here, they are very mysterious! *Holà!* Madam! Sir! If you please ——"

His voice rang in the deserted room.

"It's no good," declared Puig.

Jackdabos put his fancy to work.

"Perhaps," he said, "the owner has killed himself and the servants done a flit."

"Yes," mocked the other. "And left that silver hogshead for us on the table."

Jackdabos nodded, acknowledging the argument.

"Why not?" propounded the smith suddenly. "Here's a house full of stuff, not guarded. That's better than gold plates which may not exist. Shall we have a go at it? Inside? Come, these people deserve to lose ——"

The Jackdaw stared at his tempter.

"Oh, Puig," he mourned. "My dear Puig, if we were only thieves now! What a chance! If we were minions of the moon."

"Thieves anyhow," said Puig. "Indoors or out."

"I'm no casuist, I'm only a digger."

So saying, the Jackdaw snapped his fingers and broke off a spell.

"Back out!" he ordered. "Back! This is no time to be poets. Along with me, old Burn-the-Wind, and thank the good fortune however it comes."

He swept a farcical bow into the room, then turned and ran down the terrace, through the lemon trees, to the rear wall of the garden. Here, busy as a terrier, he darted back and forth, his shadow bobbing on the grass, till suddenly he found what he wanted, and motioned the waiting Puig to draw nearer.

"Roman ruin," he whispered. "Where's your tape measure?"

A row of shrubs and climbing flowers lined this wall, and mingled with ivy here and there, now thick, now sparse. Out from the thickest ivy, in the darkest shadow, protruded the crumbling edges of a vaulted arch, built—as the men saw when they struck a match—of long, thin Roman bricks. Some rich man caused it to be built before Pliny wrote his letters; and still the Roman mortar held as hard as flint.

"Here," answered Puig, rummaging his pockets for a cheap cloth measure bought yesterday.

"Roll off two meters," commanded the Jackdaw, squatting in darkness. "Give me the end. Now draw a circle with your trowel, far as two meters will stretch."

Puig obeyed, and with his trowel point scratched a curve along the ground, a goodly segment of a circle, which had for center the Jackdaw's thumb, tight pressed against the corner of the ruin. This segment ran from wall and shrubbery, across the bright gray path into the midmost gloom of the vault. No sooner was the curve drawn than up sprang Jackdabos to cut a fantastic caper, dancing, flinging his legs over the moonlit turf. He leaped and spun like a goblin.

"Ah, the good luck!" Returning, he clapped Puig on the shoulder. "Your circle, dear old boy, your circle of two meters' radius from where the orange tree grew! See! It cuts the path. Of course! That man who hid our plate, he was no imbecile. Of course it cuts the path; for nobody digs up a path, my child! Eh? Nobody but us to-night?"

He suppressed the beginning of a war whoop, caught Puig round the waist, spilled him on the grass, rolled him over and over in a wrestling match. Puig fought and gurgled. At last they sat up, stared at each other, and regained their senses.

"Wait till I get my weapon," panted the Jackdaw.

He drew from his hip pocket another gardener's trowel. Puig seized his own from where it had fallen, and both men, kneeling on the path, began to dig like badgers.

The top crust of the path, under its powder of neat sand, proved to be sharp rocks tamped hard as frozen ground. Their trowels clinked while they broke it. Once below this obstacle they scooped out the native hillside earth with ease, but so fast that they panted and grew hot in the chill evening air. At last the hole grew elbow-deep, wider than a grave and half as long, with a conical mound of loam casting black shadow into it.

Now and again the men ceased digging to lower a lighted match within the pit; but the flame showed only roots and few angleworms.

"Heavens!" cried Puig all at once, and jumped backward over the mound, ready to run.

The ivy covering the ruin parted, rustling. It was only a night bird which passed overhead—a young owl which went fluttering round the garden from tree to tree, squeaking like a deserted puppy.

Jackdabos uttered some curse, and plied his trowel more furiously than ever.

"Boys-oh!" he muttered, soon afterward. "We've struck it! I feel the thing. Put your hand down."

Puig launched himself head and shoulders into the pit. His fingers met the Jackdaw's there, and together they explored by sense of touch a hard, knobby thing protruding near the bottom.

"Root again," said Puig. "No, a stone?"

It was neither, for amid the mold their fingers rasped and tore a bit of rotten cloth.

"Have got!" grunted Jackdabos. "Dig, brothers, dig!"

His cheeks in the moonlight shone with running sweat.

"Dig!" he cried aloud.

They bent into the hole, clawing and cutting each other with their trowels. Presently the bank of the little pit crumbled and caved. The moldy knob had become a stratum, a curving edge. They caught this edge and hauled. It yielded, stuck, played loose, then came suddenly away with a shower of clods, and landed between them as they rolled on the turf, legs to the moon.

It was a flat, heavy object like an oval shield, coated and caked with mud.

They dropped it, and for a moment sat looking solemnly back and forth, up and down, from this dirty treasure to the triumph which their eyes proclaimed.

"Old Philibert," stammered Jackdabos, "I really believe ——"

The smith nodded, breathless and speechless.

"Child," he puffed at last, "you're not such a fool as you look."

They hitched themselves lamely up from sitting to standing. It was Puig who lifted that muddy shield from the grass.

"Let's be off," said he. "Somebody may come."

"No," Jackdabos replied, shaking his head. "Open the bundle first. May not be what we wanted."

"Good words," Puig admitted. He held their flat prize toward the moon, and with his trowel scraped off the thickest mold, like a cook trimming a pie. "We can't afford mistakes now."

He had drawn his pocketknife to cut the rotten wrappings, when Jackdabos gave a jump and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I heard feet walking. Look sharp. Out we go—the back gate."

Puig shut his knife, dropped his trowel quietly on the mound of loam, and tucked the shield-shaped parcel under his arm. Both men stared cautiously round the garden. Nothing moved among the fat shadows of the lemon trees. Even the frightened owlet had taken shelter under those glossy leaves and squeaked no more complaints to the moon.

"Your ears are sharper than mine," Puig whispered.

He stole away, crouching, along the grassy border of the wall. Jackdabos followed on tiptoe, listening. They strung up their sinews for a dash into the heather. Then, reaching the gate, they paused and regarded each other blankly.

The garden gate was shut. Where they had entered so free a heavy iron-studded door now barred the exit.

"Wind." Puig's thick lips formed words of explanation in the moonlight. "The wind blew it shut."

He tried the latch carefully, with the ease of a good mechanic who knows locks and fastenings. The door held. Puig shoved it, humored it, silently pushed and lifted.

"Fastened," said his pouting lips. "Locked from outside."

"There wasn't any wind," mouthed Jackdabos. "I heard somebody there."

They instantly withdrew, and began studying the wall for an escalade; but the wall reared everywhere smooth and high, crowned with bright little fangs of bottle-glass thickly planted in cement. To climb there, moreover, was to hoist one's body upon the most conspicuous ledge of all that neighborhood, and into the clearest light.

Puig darted once more to the back gate, vainly struggled with the latch, and made a hopeless gesture.

"I told you," he whispered, returning. "I told you it was a trap."

The Jackdaw grew rigid with anger.

"Baby!" he retorted, at the top of his voice. "Cat of discouragement, you drag your tail in the sand always, and now! Every house has a front gate, I believe? Pull your feet!"

They started with a bound, and ran under the lemon trees, past the cool golden fishpond, up the terrace, and along the shadowy tunnel of the grape trellis which led toward the front wall, the seaward gate of Goiffon's garden.

But here, even while they ran, they found that running would not avail now. The front gate also had been closed, but something worse was in act to happen. Puig had guessed only too well, and this garden of the Hesperides caught them. The trap was sprung.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

'Union' and 'Balance' Make Stable Tires

United States Tires, in more than name only, carry out the principle of 'union' and 'balance' which makes a great stable nation out of the forty-eight individual States of the Union.

United States Tires have that complete 'union' between rubber and fabric which absolutely prevents tread separation and disintegration under the tread.

They have that complete 'balance' which gives equal wear in both the tread and the carcass—neither is weaker nor stronger than the other.

Every part of each tire helps every other part to last longer—and that is the 'union' and 'balance' which give the whole tire longer life—which give the low-mileage cost for which United States Tires are famous.

There are five United States 'Balanced' Tires—a tire to meet every motoring need of price and use. Ask your dealer for your copy of the booklet—"Judging Tires"—which tells how to buy the tire to suit your needs.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER STEEL
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Pa's Got His New B.V. D.s On"

HE had old-fashioned notions, until the Boys went out, bought B.V. D. and made him put it on. Look at him! Now, Pa joins right in the young folks' fun, because he's cool.

Loose fitting, light woven B.V. D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

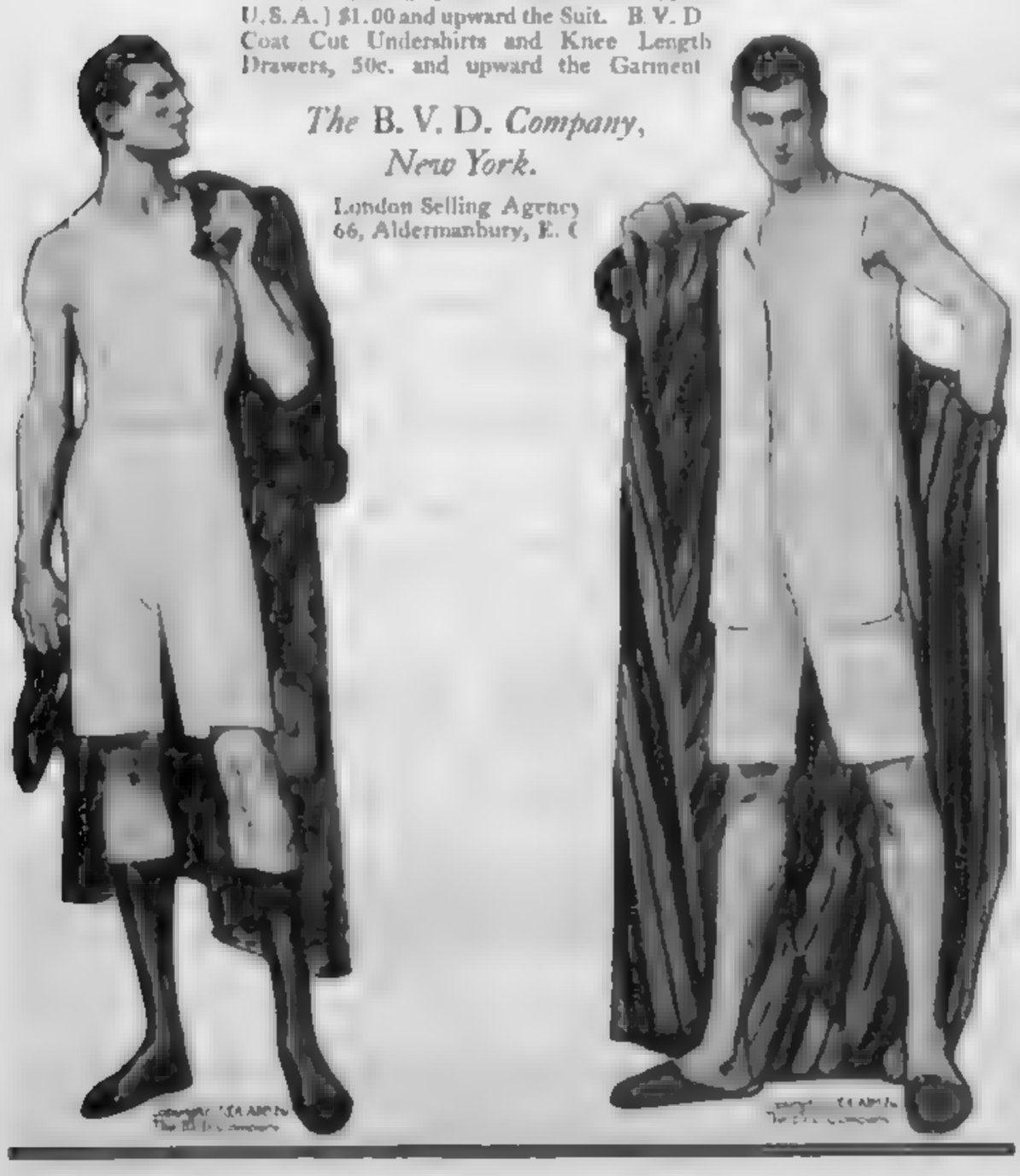
If it *hasn't* This Red Woven Label — MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE — It *isn't* B. V. D Underwear

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat U.S.A.) $1.00 and upward the Suit. B. V. D Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the Garment

The B. V. D. *Company*, *New York.*

London Selling Agency 66, Aldermanbury, E. C



WHAT IS COMING

(Continued from Page 29

and not a Christian cult that will be talking Italian and French; for the French-speaking civilization will make roads not only for French, Belgians and Italians, but for the Arabs, whose religion and culture already lie like a net over black Africa. No other peoples and no other religion can so conveniently give the negro what is needed to bring him into the comity of civilized peoples.

A few words of digression upon the future of Islam may not be out of place here. The idea of a militant Christendom has vanished from the world. The last pretensions of Christian propaganda have been buried in the Balkan trenches. A unification of Africa under Latin auspices carries with it now no threat of missionary invasion. Africa will be a fair field for all religions, and the religion to which the negro will take will be the religion that best suits his needs. That religion, we are told by nearly everyone who has a right to speak upon such questions, is Islam; and its natural propagandist is the Arab.

Both the French and the British have the strongest interest in the revival of Arabic culture. Let the German learn Turkish if it pleases him. Through all Africa and Western Asia there is a great to-morrow for a renascent Islam under Arab auspices. Constantinople, that venal city of the waterways, sitting like Asenath at the ford, has corrupted all who came to her; she has been the paralysis of Islam. But the Islam of the Turk is a different thing from the Islam of the Arab. That was one of the great progressive impulses in the world of men. It is our custom to underrate the Arab's contribution to civilization quite absurdly in comparison with our debt to the Hebrew and Greek.

It is to the initiatives of Islamic culture, for example, that we owe our numerals, the bulk of modern mathematics, and the science of chemistry. The British have already set themselves to the establishment of Islamic university teaching in Egypt; but that is the mere first stroke of the pick, at the opening of the mine. English, French, Russian, Arabic, Hindustani, Spanish, Italian—those are the great world languages that most concern the future of civilization from the point of view of the Peace Alliance that impends. No country can afford to neglect any of those languages; but, as a matter of primary importance, I would say, for the British, Hindustani; for the Americans, Russian or Spanish; for the French and Belgians and Italians, Arabic. These are the directions in which the duty of understanding is most urgent for each of these peoples and the path of opportunity plainest.

The New Birth of Islam

The disposition to underrate temporarily depressed nations, races and cultures is a most irrational, prevalent and mischievous form of stupidity. It distorts our entire outlook toward the future. The British reader can see its absurdity most easily when he reads the ravings of some patriotic German upon the superiority of the Teuton over the Italians and Greeks—to whom we owe most things of importance in European civilization. Equally silly stuff is still to be read in British and American books about Asiatics. And was there not some fearful rubbish, not only in German but in English and French, about the decadence of France? But we are learning—rapidly.

When I was a student in London, thirty years ago, we regarded Japan as a fantastic joke; the comic opera, The Mikado, still preserves that foolish phase for the admiration of posterity. And to-day there is a quite unjustifiable tendency to ignore the quality of the Arab and of his religion. Islam is an open-air religion, noble and simple in its broad conceptions; it is none the less vital from Nigeria to China because it has sickened in the closeness of Constantinople. The French, the Italians, the British have to reckon with Islam and the Arab; where the continental deserts are, there the Arabs are, and there is Islam; their culture will never be destroyed and replaced over these regions by Europeanism. The Allies who prepare the Peace of the World have to make their peace with that.

And when I foreshadow this necessary *liaison* of the French and Arabic cultures I am thinking not only of the Arab that is but of the Arab that is to come. The whole trend of events in Asia Minor—the breaking up and decapitation of the Ottoman Empire, and the Euphrates invasion—points to a great revival of Mesopotamia; at first, under European direction. The vast system of irrigation that was destroyed by the Mongol, Ilkahn Hulagu, in the thirteenth century will be restored; the desert will again become populous. But the local type will prevail. The new population of Mesopotamia will be neither European nor Indian—it will be Arabic; and with its concentration Arabic will lay hold of the printing press. A new intellectual movement in Islam—a renascent Bagdad—is as inevitable as the year 1950.

I have, however, gone a little beyond the discussion of the future of the barbaric possessions in these anticipations of an Arabic cooperation with the Latin peoples in the reconstruction of Western Asia and the barbaric regions of North and Central Africa. But regions of administered barbarism occur not only in Africa. The point is that they are administered, and that their economic development is very largely in the hands and will for many generations remain in the hands of the possessing country. Hitherto their administration has been in the interests of the possessing nation alone. Their acquisition has been a matter of bitter rivalries; their continued administration on exclusive lines is bound to lead to dangerous clashings. The common sense of the situation points to a policy of give and take, in which, throughout the possessions of all the Pledged Allies, the citizens of all will have more or less equal civil advantages.

An International Navy

And this means some consolidation of the general control of those administered territories. I have already hinted at the possibility that the now exclusively British Navy will some day be a world navy, controlled by an admiralty representing a group of Allies—Australasia, Canada, Britain and, it may be, France and Russia and the United States. To those who know how detached the British Admiralty is at the present time from the general methods of British political life there will be nothing strange in this idea of its completer detachment. Its personnel does to a large extent constitute a class apart. It takes them out of the general life very often before they have got to their fourteenth birthday. It is not so closely linked up with specific British social elements, with political parties and the general educational system, as are the rest of the national services.

There is nothing fantastic in this idea of a sort of World Admiralty; it is not even completely novel. Such bodies as the Knights Templars transcended nationality in the Middle Ages. I do not see how some such synthetic control of the seas is to be avoided in the future.

And now, coming back to the "White Man's Burthen," is there not a possibility that such a board of marine and international control as the naval and international problems of the future may produce—or some closely parallel body with a stronger Latin element—would also be capable of dealing with these barbaric-administered territories? A day may come when Tripoli, Nigeria, the French and the Belgian Congo, will all be under one supreme control. We may be laying the foundations of such a system to-day unawares. The unstable and fluctuating conferences of the Allies to-day, their repeated experiences of the disadvantages of evanescent and discontinuous coördinations, may press them almost unconsciously toward this building up of things greater than they know.

We come now to the third and most difficult type of oversea possessions. These are the annexed or conquered regions, with settled populations already having a national tradition and culture of their own. They are, to put it bluntly, the suppressed, the overlaid nations.

Now I am a writer rather prejudiced against the idea of nationality; my habit of thought is cosmopolitan; I hate and despise a shrewish suspicion of foreigners and foreign ways. A man who can look me in the face, laugh with me, speak truth and deal fairly, is my brother, though his skin be as black as ink or as yellow as an evening primrose. But I have to recognize the

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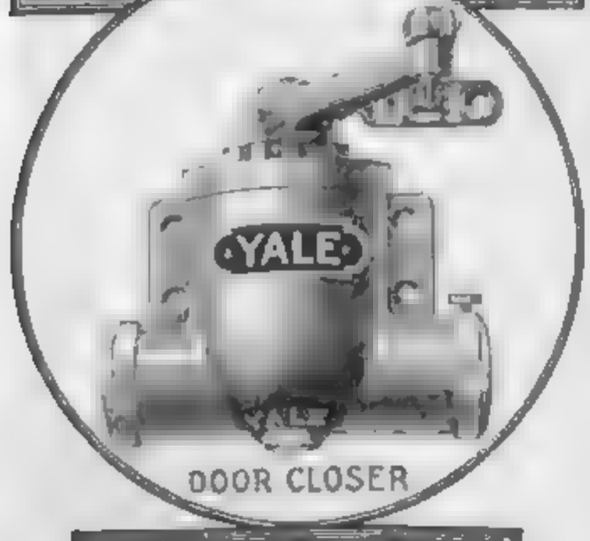

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facts of the case. In spite of all my large liberality I find it less irritating to be ruled by people of my own language and race and tradition; and I perceive that for the mass of people alien rule is intolerable.

Local difference, nationality, is a very obstinate thing. Every country tends to revert to its natural type. Nationality will out. Once a people has emerged above the barbaric stage to a national consciousness, that consciousness will endure. There is practically always going to be an Egypt, a Poland, an Armenia. There is no Indian nation—there never has been; but there is manifestly a Bengal and a Rajputana; there is manifestly a constellation of civilized nations in India. Several of these have literatures and traditions that extend back before the days when the Britons painted themselves with woad. Let us deal with this question mainly with reference to India. What is said will apply equally to Burma or Egypt or Armenia, or—to come back into Europe—Poland.

Now I have talked, I suppose, with many scores of people about the future of India, and I have never yet met anyone—Indian or British—who thought it desirable that the British should evacuate India at once. And I have never yet met anyone who did not think that ultimately the British must let the Indian nations control their own destinies. There are really not two opposite opinions about the destiny of India, but only differences of opinion as to the length of time in which that destiny is to be achieved.

Many Indians think—and I agree with them—that India might be a confederation of sovereign states in close alliance with the British Empire and its allies within the space of fifty years or so. The opposite extreme was expressed by an old, weary Indian administrator, who told me: "Perhaps they may begin to be capable of self-government in four or five hundred years." These are the extreme Liberal and the extreme Tory positions on this question. It is a choice between decades and centuries. There is no denial of the inevitability of ultimate restoration. No one of any experience believes the British administrator in India is an eternal institution.

A Similar Case

There is a great deal of cant about this matter in Great Britain. Genteel English people, with relations in the Indian Civil Service and habits of self-delusion, believe that Indians are grateful for British rule. The sort of patriotic self-flattery that prevailed in the Victorian Age, and which is so closely akin to contemporary German follies, fostered and cultivated this sweet delusion. There are, no doubt, old ladies in Germany to-day who believe that Belgium will presently be grateful for the present German administration. Let us clear our minds of such cant. As a matter of fact, no Indians really like British rule or think of it as anything better than a necessary temporary evil.

Let me put the parallel case to an Englishman or a Frenchman: Through various political ineptitudes our country has, we will suppose, fallen under the rule of the Chinese. They administer it, we will further assume, with an efficiency and honesty unparalleled in the bad old times of our lawyer-politicians. They do not admit us to the higher branches of the administration; they go about our country wearing a strange costume, professing a strange religion—which implies that ours is wrong—speaking an unfamiliar tongue. They control our financial system and our economic development—on Chinese lines of the highest merit. They take the utmost care of our Gothic cathedrals for us. They put our dearest racial possessions into museums and admire them very much. They teach our young men to fly kites and eat bird's-nest soup. They do all that a well-bred people can do to conceal their habit and persuasion of a racial superiority. But they keep up their prestige.

You know we should not love them. It really is not a question of whether they rule well or ill, but that the position is against certain fundamentals of human nature. The only possible footing upon which we could meet them, with comfortable minds, would be the footing that we and they were discussing the terms of the restoration of our country. Then, indeed, we might almost feel friendly with them.

That is the case with all civilized possessions. The only terms upon which educated British and Indians can meet to-day

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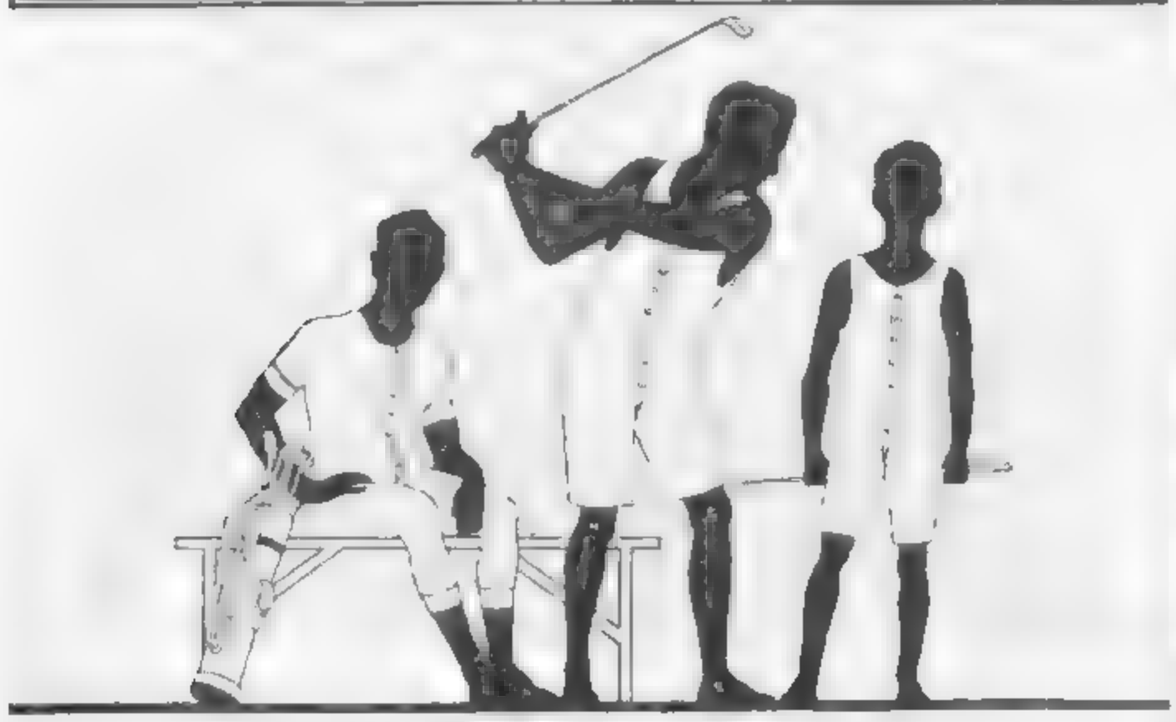

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with any comfort is precisely that. The living intercourse of the British and Indian minds to-day is the discussion of the restoration.

Everything else is humbug on the one side and self-deception on the other.

Now it is idle to speak of the British occupation of India as a conquest or a robbery. It is a fashion of much advanced literature in Europe to assume that the European rule of various Asiatic countries is the result of deliberate conquest, with a view to spoliation; but that is only the ugly side of the facts.

Cases of the deliberate invasion and spoliation of one country by another have been very rare in the history of the last three centuries. There has always been an excuse, and there has always been a percentage of truth in the excuse. The history of every country contains phases of political ineptitude in which that country becomes so misgoverned as to be not only a nuisance to the foreigner within its borders but a danger to its neighbors.

The overspreading of India by the British was very clearly done under compulsions: first, lest the Dutch or French should exploit the vast resources of the peninsula against Britain, and then for fear of a Russian exploitation.

An Overriding Body

I am no apologist for British rule in India. I think we have neglected vast opportunities there; it was our business from the outset to build up a free and friendly Indian confederation, and we have done not a tithe of what we might have done to that end. Nevertheless, we have our case to plead, not only for going there but—with the Berlin papers still babbling of Bagdad and beyond—for sticking there very grimly.

And so, too, the British have a fairly sound excuse for grabbing Egypt in their fear lest, in its phase of political ineptitude, it should be the means of strangling the British Empire, as the Turk in Constantinople has been used to strangle the Russian.

None of these justifications, I admit, are complete; but all deserve consideration. It is no good arguing about the finer ethics of the things that are; the business of sane men is to get things better. The business of all sane men in all the countries of the Pledged Allies and in America is manifestly to sink petty jealousies and a suicidal competitiveness, and to organize coöperation with all the intellectual forces they can find or develop in the subject countries, to convert these inept national systems into politically efficient, independent organizations in a world-peace alliance. If we fail to do that, then all the inept states and all the subject states in the world will become one great field for the sowing of tares by the enemy.

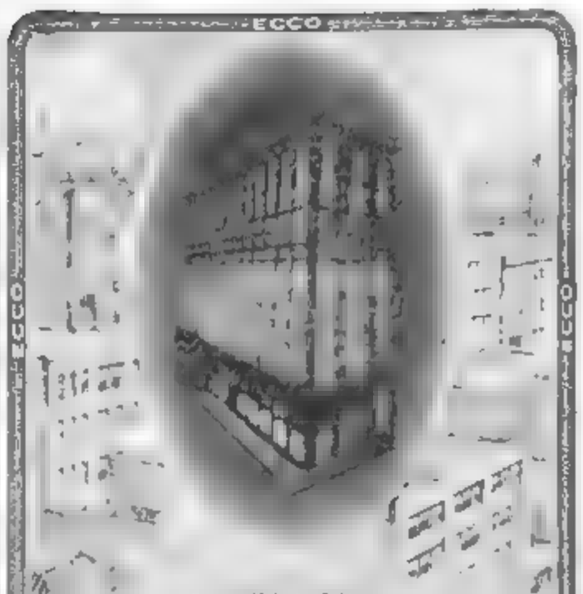
So that, with regard to the civilized just as with regard to the barbaric regions of the possessions of the European-centered empires, we come to the same conclusion: that, on the whole, the path of safety lies in the direction of pooling them, and of declaring a common policy of progressive development leading to equality.

The pattern of the United States, in which the procedure is first the annexation of territories, and then their elevation to the rank of states, must—with, of course, far more difficulty and complication—be the pattern for the empires of to-day, so far as they are regions of alien populations. The path of the dominions settled by emigrants—Siberia, Canada, and so on—to equal citizenship is by comparison simple and plain.

And so the discussion of the future of the overseas empires brings us again to the same realization to which the discussion of nearly every great issue arising out of this war has pointed: the realization of the imperative necessity of some great council or conference, some permanent overriding body—call it what you will—that shall deal with things more broadly than any nationalism or patriotic imperialism can possibly do. That body must come into human affairs.

On the courage and imagination of living statesmen it depends whether it shall come simply and directly into concrete reality, or whether it shall materialize slowly through, it may be, centuries of blood and blundering from such phantom anticipations as this—anticipations that now haunt the thoughts of all politically minded men.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Wells.



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Why Roosevelt would be our best guarantee of Peace

An open letter to Patriotic Americans

SEE FOLLOWING PAGES

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Why Roosevelt would be our best guarantee of Peace

An open letter to Patriotic Americans

WE believe that Theodore Roosevelt as our next President will be our country's best guarantee of peace with the world.

That belief, based upon the actual character of the man, is absolutely proved by his own deeds when he *was* President.

By the "character of the man," we don't mean mere professions. For, in July, 1914, all the rulers of Europe that are now in war professed how much they wanted peace So, professions of peace, unless they are backed up by the deeds that *compel* peace, are only froth.

By the "character of the man," we do mean that character which is revealed by an unvarying, straight line of actions. In America that is all that counts. Lincoln once said, "In lieu of a written platform, a man's record is his platform."

Some Obsolete Misconceptions

Theodore Roosevelt's record for peace has been a sore disappointment to his enemies. Since the beginning of his career they have predicted, again and again, that he was a "dangerous man who would lead the country into trouble."

Because of his consistent doctrine that among nations weakness invites aggression, that unpreparedness invites attack, he has been called by his enemies "a menace to peace."

Thus, when he was nominated for Governor of New York in 1898, three years before he became President, Carl Schurz wrote

> "Roosevelt virtually asks us to endorse, by electing him, his kind of militant imperialism which has no bounds. According to him we need a big navy, 'a far larger regular army than we have now,' not for the purpose of keeping order at home, but for action abroad. I would not put him in a position, *nor open to him the way to a position*, in which he would exercise any influence upon the foreign policy of the Republic; for I candidly believe that he is very dangerously deficient in that patient prudence which is necessary for the peaceful conduct of international affairs.
>
> "I cannot support him when his election is generally admitted to be a stepping stone to a place in which his hot impulses and his extreme notions of militant imperialism might do the country more irreparable harm than anything I can think of."

That same year, 1898, the New York *Times* said, editorially

> "Mr. Roosevelt presents himself as a great fighting man, a believer in keeping the flag wherever it has been planted, and in maintaining a big army and navy. . . . He is presented as a foe of closer relations for peace with our close kin across the sea, and as a man of notable dash."

In the presidential campaign of 1904, Col. Henry Watterson declared:

> "For the life of me I cannot see how any self-respecting mugwump can vote for Roosevelt. . . . Parker, the jurist, means peace with all nations, entangling alliances with none. Roosevelt, the warlord, means corruptions at home, *complications abroad*."

Three years later, in 1907, when Roosevelt sent the battle-ship fleet on its cruise around the world, the New York *Sun* said, in an editorial:

> "We are asked to believe that the expedition to the Pacific is a mere 'practice cruise.' He must be a miracle of innocent credulity who believes it. What observant men perceive in this dangerous situation is a cataclysm, trained and bridled for Theodore Roosevelt to bestride and run amuck."

Right here, before going any further, the interesting aftermath of these predictions must be remarked:

Carl Schurz, seven years later, wrote congratulations to Roosevelt on his arrest of the Russo-Japanese War. The *Times*, after seeing his triumphant presidential record for arbitration, and for the promotion of closer friendship "across the sea," heartily endorsed his staunchness for peace. The *Sun*, after longer observation of him, said, "When charged with responsibility he is as cautious and canny as any doctor of philosophy."

But the above sayings are samples of the many misconceptions regarding Roosevelt in former years. Many uninformed Americans still cherish them—so persistent is the memory of an old party-cry. These misconceptions are now revived and fostered by enemies who choose to forget the stainless record.

Roosevelt at Russo-Japanese Peace Conference, 1905

The Record of Facts

But what are the Facts? They show a peace record that is 100 per cent. perfect.

During the seven and one-half years that he was President he pursued one invariable and consistent foreign policy; a policy of international good-will and consideration for the rights of others, and at the same time of steady preparedness.

During his seven and a half years in the White House not an American rifle was fired in war.

Yet, there were no less than *seven occasions* when a presidential diplomacy just a shade less firm, just a word less friendly, just a thought less wise, might have produced war.

Seven critical occasions they were.

Today we see their full significance, and tremble at what we escaped. But at the time each affair was handled so astutely by Roosevelt that the danger was scarcely realized outside his Cabinet. Indeed, the very means Roosevelt then employed to escape the danger were bitterly criticized by many who saw nothing of the menace, which, for the sake of peace, he kept out of public discussion.

Here is the record,—a peace victory a year, won by astute diplomacy.

Great Britain

The first was with Great Britain. There was a bitter dispute about the boundary of Alaska. After the Klondike boom the Canadians realized the value of the strip of coast running south. They revived a claimed ambiguity in the original treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain, declaring that that coast should belong to Canada. The claim was absurd. Great Britain offered to arbitrate. Roosevelt refused because our title was so sound, and arbitrators like to compromise.

Here were the makings of trouble. If Roosevelt had let Congress and the press get into the discussion, it is easy to see how public anger would have blazed up, both here and in Great Britain, and the British would have had to humiliate themselves or else fight.

But instead, Roosevelt cleverly gave the British a chance to turn down their own claim and keep their pride. He proposed a Joint Commission, three Americans and three British, thus leaving the matter to the conscientious justice of both parties. At the same time Roosevelt sent troops to occupy the disputed region.

When in 1903 the Joint Commission gave its decision, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who was one of the British members, had voted with the Americans—the two Canadian members sticking by their claim.

Thus Roosevelt avoided all peril of angry public discussion, with its hot and unforgivable words which would have raised the warlike issue of "national honor." He averted the mischances of a third-party arbitration. He gave the British a noble chance to inspect and withdraw their claim.

He produced peace, fostered friendship—and kept the Alaskan strip.

Germany

The second occasion was with Germany.

Venezuela had defaulted its payments to German and other European creditors. Under Germany's leadership Venezuela was blockaded and a threat was made to bombard its ports and occupy its coast.

Roosevelt was watching, but not waiting too long. He announced our stand on the Monroe Doctrine: "We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, *provided the punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power*."

Germany professed she had no such intentions—at least no "permanent acquisition." She felt free to make a "temporary" acquisition. But Roosevelt knew how *temporary* acquisitions by European powers soon become *permanent*. So he asked, through the German Ambassador, Dr. Holleben, the Emperor's consent to arbitration. It was refused.

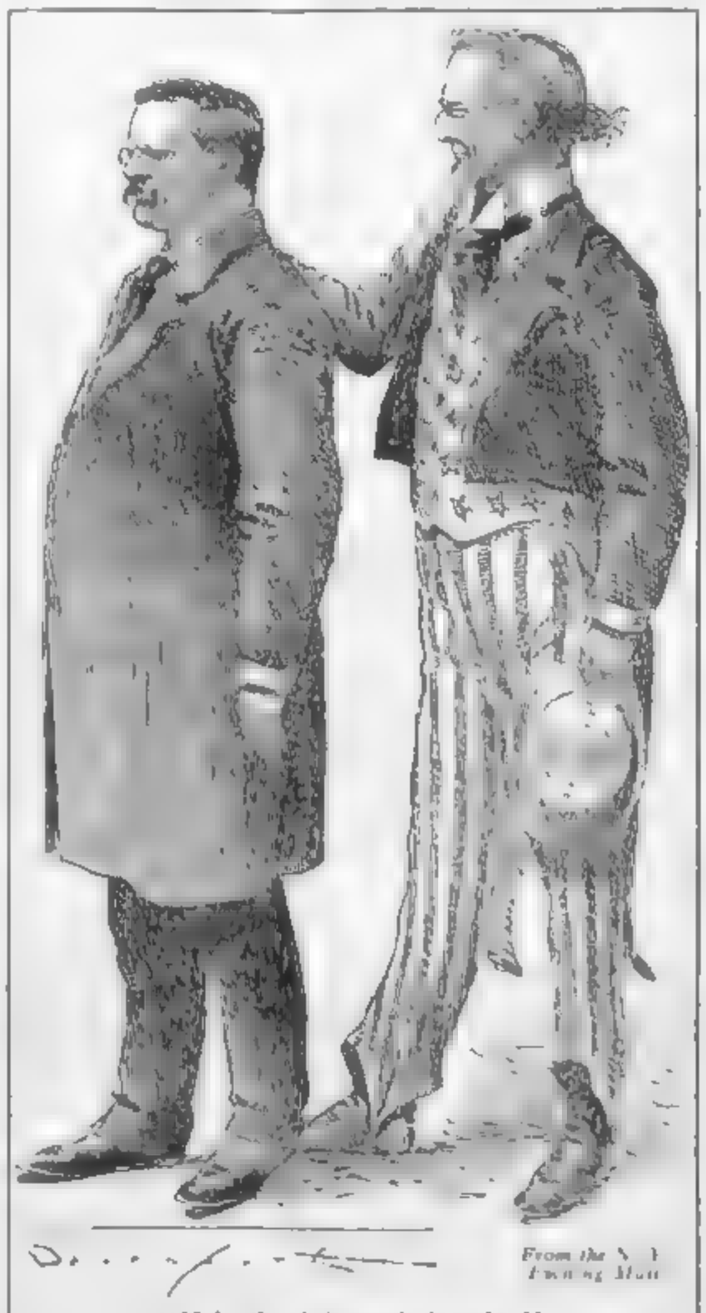
Finally, Roosevelt told the German Ambassador that if he didn't receive the Emperor's consent in ten days he would order Admiral Dewey, then south of Cuba, to take his fleet to Venezuela to prevent a foreign landing.

A week passed. The German Ambassador said no consent had come. He was sure none would come. Roosevelt remarked to him, pleasantly: "Then there's no use in Dewey's waiting the full ten days. If the assurance doesn't come in 48 hours, Dewey will sail."

It came (in 36 hours), and Dewey didn't sail. But the Emperor politely asked Roosevelt to become the arbitrator in the dispute with Venezuela. Roosevelt declined the honor, turning the business over to The Hague Court of Arbitration.

Roosevelt publicly applauded the Emperor's magnanimity in the cause of peace; and for the sake of good feeling kept sagaciously silent about the inner facts. These were not known to the public till years afterwards when the Life of Secretary Hay was published.

At the time, Roosevelt simply announced to Congress that instead of accepting this courteous



"He's Good Enough For Me"

invitation to be the arbitrator, he had considered it "an admirable opportunity to advance the practice of a peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, and to secure for The Hague Tribunal a memorable increase of its practical importance."

It was a masterly escape from war. Another kind of president would have kept sending notes till Germany had occupied and fortified the territory. Then to dislodge her, in defense of our Monroe Doctrine, we would have been in for an aggressive and dubious war. But instead of continuous correspondence, recorded and given to the press, Roosevelt sent one quiet, verbal and private "Dewey-in-48-hours" ultimatum.

Japan

The third occasion was with Japan.

In 1906 California was ablaze against the Japanese. California excluded the Japanese children from her common schools. California demanded protection against Japanese coolie immigration.

But our treaty with Japan guaranteed these privileges to the Japanese.

Then Roosevelt showed his deepest skill.

In the name of the treaty with Japan, he brought legal suits to restore the school status of the Japanese children. The schools were again opened to them. (He had also quietly increased the Federal garrison in San Francisco.)

For the sake of California, he had informal negotiations with high Japanese officials who, by the way, preferred to keep their coolies at home. These were "conversations between gentlemen," unpublished, and thus free from misconstruction by the public. The Japanese gracefully agreed not to issue passports for their coolies to come here.

Japanese rights and pride were fully protected. Californian protests were fully regarded. Japan was led to play the part of *noblesse oblige*, and was justly proud of her own largeness of mind.

The war menace, openly discussed in Japan, melted before our public was awake to it.

Battle Fleet

Yet, just then, lest any foreigners should fancy we were in fear, Roosevelt ordered our entire battle-ship fleet, fully equipped, to sail around the world, incidentally making a friendly call on Japan.

No other nation had ever sent its full fleet on a "round-the-world" cruise. Its physical possibility was doubted. In the press and even in Congress the order was attacked, and the threat made to withhold funds.

But Roosevelt knew, and he persisted. The fleet was then, thanks to himself, at its highest efficiency. The world saw. Japan saw.

The happy ending of the threatening episode was due to Roosevelt's fairness of judgment, to his firmness with California, to his adroitness with Japan—and to the big fleet.

Santo Domingo—Cuba—Colombia

Besides these three major occasions, with Great Britain, Germany and Japan, there were three minor ones, with Santo Domingo, Cuba and Colombia.

Santo Domingo, in perpetual revolutions, defaulted in her debts, and there was danger of European intervention, as in Venezuela. Roosevelt did an unprecedented thing. He diplomatically led the Santo Domingo Government to request an American official to finance her custom receipts. Roosevelt consented to send an American officer for that purpose who should set aside 55 per cent. for the debts and 45 per cent. for the Santo Domingans. Here not a shadow of force was shown, the natives were satisfied, the debts were paid, and Europe was kept off.

Cuba came to a deadlock in her own affairs. President Palma asked for United States forces to help him. But Roosevelt sent one man, Secretary Taft, to advise with the Cubans. When Palma resigned, Taft was there, and the Cubans wanted him to stay. Not till then did Roosevelt send American soldiers, according to the "Platt Amendment" provision, to maintain peace between the factions. As soon as the factions agreed, he withdrew our troops, with never a hostile shot, and the Cubans again realized our justness.

Panama was a case of different color. Colombian troops had sailed to fight the Panama Republic back to submission. But the American war-ships got there first. The Colombian general was told that fighting would endanger the lives of American citizens who were there, and he was advised to sail back again. Again, not a gun was fired. But Roosevelt was there in time, with wise advice—and with ships.

Continued on next page

These celebrated cases are enough to prove Roosevelt's resoluteness for peace, and his prompt practicality in producing peace.

But two other instances of his foreign diplomacy for peace, the most familiar and famous of all, must be recorded in this review.

"Perdicaris Alive or Raizuli Dead"

When one American citizen, Mr. Perdicaris, had been kidnapped for ransom by the bandit Raizuli in Morocco, Roosevelt had a case which suggests Mexico. The Sultan of Morocco was suspected of being "in with" the fierce rebel bandit. Also, a complicated game of European politics was being played in Morocco. Negotiations brought nothing to pass. Then arrived Roosevelt's final message, through Secretary Hay, sent to the American Consul (with a war-ship in the harbor)—"Perdicaris alive or Raizuli dead." Perdicaris was delivered the next day. A startled Europe realized that the United States had a President who was resolute to the minute when even one citizen was attacked.

Russo-Japanese Peace

Roosevelt's greatest foreign fame rests on his promotion of the Treaty which ended the Russo-Japanese War. The credit fully belongs to him. He perceived the psychological moment for suggesting peace in that awful conflict. As a friend of both Japan and Russia he plunged in.

He invited the Commissioners of Peace to sit in Portsmouth. When a deadlock arrived in that conference Roosevelt dared to intrude as the pressing friend, and peace was signed.

The Nobel Peace Prize to Roosevelt

For this achievement he was endowed with the first Nobel Peace Prize, of $40,000—(which he turned over at once to the Industrial Peace Commission). The whole civilized world warmly concurred in the sentiment expressed in that solemn award, that Roosevelt was the foremost producer of peace of this generation.

Another Peace Tribute to Roosevelt

He received, in 1906, a further foreign tribute, not only for his part in arresting the Russo-Japanese War, but also for his several forceful actions in promoting world-peace by arbitration. This tribute meant even more than the Nobel Prize.

It was a spontaneous, volunteered testimonial, signed by two hundred and fifty of the most powerful men of France. It was a "Recognition of the persistent and decisive initiative he has taken towards gradually substituting friendly and judicial for violent methods in cases of conflict between Nations"; and it declared that "the action of President Roosevelt has realized the most generous hopes to be found in history."

This French appreciation is made still clearer by the personal tribute of the greatest of European Pacifists, the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who said at that time:

> "President Roosevelt has already given four striking lessons to Europe—first, by having brought before the Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague the question between the United States and Mexico over the Pious Fund claims, while Europe was still scoffing at the Peace court it had created; second, in obliging Europe to settle pacifically the Venezuelan affair; third, in proposing a second Peace Conference at The Hague to complete the work of the first; and fourth, in now intervening to put an end to the hecatombs in the Far East."

Our Ablest Man is Needed For Peace

Do not all these specifications prove, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that as a resolute Producer of Peace, the practical, straight-seeing, prompt-acting Roosevelt towers above all those professional pacifists that belong to the class whom the Bible condemns for repeating the empty words, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace"?

For Roosevelt believes that "when there is no peace," a strong, commonsense way must be found quickly to produce peace. He also believes that when a foreign aggressor menaces our peace, it is more surely preserved by a righteous course backed by courage, than by a vacillating course based on safety-first.

The above record, now known to all the world, is the Answer to the pessimistic predictions of Roosevelt's critics quoted at the beginning. The same old pessimism, with a fresh voice, is being uttered now by some other opponents who either are ignorant of Roosevelt's history, or are willfully blinded by prejudice. But history will repeat itself. If Roosevelt becomes President, these new voices, like the old voices, will in their turn applaud.

His attitude on peace and war is rooted in the deepest character of the man. Here is a personal declaration more convincing than idealistic oratory. He said on January 1, 1916:

> "Foolish people say that I want war. There is probably not in all this country a man who abhors war more and would dread more to see it come upon us. If this Nation should go to war I would go myself, and all my four sons would go, and certainly one and perhaps both of my sons-in-law; and my wife, my daughters, and the wives of my sons would suffer more than the men who went. No father or mother in this audience needs to be told of the sorrow that would be the lot of my wife and myself if we had to see our four sons go to war."

No declaration for peace uttered by any American rings with more manly sincerity. Grant said, "Let us have peace"; Sherman said, "War is hell." With greater tenderness, Roosevelt utters the same love of peace, the same fearful dread of war. No pacifist has said words that so grip the loving family heart.

Therefore, based on a character that has been proved by deeds:

We believe that Roosevelt's election as President would be a real guarantee of peace; for the world knows from past experience that he means what he says, and backs his professions of peace.

We believe that the Nations of Europe, remembering Roosevelt's mighty works for peace, still rely on his fairness; and were he President today, he would be the one man to whom Europe would turn in this awful hour as a trusted counsellor.

We believe, further, that if elected President, his unfailing diplomacy, high courage and wisdom, may yet aid in bringing about an early and just settlement of the present European War, as he helped to bring about the termination of the Russo-Japanese War.

We believe, finally, that, if Roosevelt were elected on the 7th of next November, on the following day every Government in the world would begin to shape its course by its abundant knowledge of Roosevelt's past record in international affairs. But if a new man should be elected on the 7th, immediately all those Governments would say, "Here is another man we do not know; we will wait and try him out for a year or two to see what stuff he has in him."

We urge all good citizens, of every party, to regard these momentous facts from the broad, patriotic standpoint of the Nation's future peace, honor, and prosperity. In this crisis, or in any greater crisis that may later arise, America needs her safest man — her strongest man — her greatest man: she needs Theodore Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

A Union of Patriotic American Citizens of All Parties

We invite all patriotic citizens who believe that Theodore Roosevelt is the man America needs as President in this crisis to become members of the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League.

There are no dues or membership fees, but we should be pleased to receive contributions of from $1.00 to $10.00.

All money we receive will be expended on publicity.

We feel sure that if his great record for peace and his many wonderful achievements are properly presented to the American people, they will realize that no other American is so well fitted by character and experience to lead our country during the next four years.

All members will be supplied with copies of pamphlets and other literature to be published by the League.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, FILL IN AND MAIL THE ATTACHED COUPON

I desire to join the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League, as I am in favor of the election of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency in 1916

Name

Street

Town

State

Party Affiliation

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION

I desire to contribute to the cause $_____ which I enclose herewith.

Guy Emerson, Secretary

ROOSEVELT NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE, 12 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City

Contributions are not necessary for memberships, but will be received gladly and expended for Publicity

BLUE MONDAY

(Continued from Page 17)

players regard each call as a direct and personal insult. Round the table were Jake Davis, Eddie Bean, Joe Knight, Mort Reilly and Harry Crawford. Finally I blew in and joined the gloomy assemblage. I took this little freedom because Ferdie had gone to bed with a headache, though I have always believed his kind of head couldn't ache.

There is an old saying somewhere about advice being not much use to anyone, and it's true; but in a surly poker game on a rainy Sunday night advice not only isn't of much use to anybody but you are also liable to lose a leg. I felt tolerably easy in my mind about Ferdie because I knew he was in bed; but I hadn't more than sat down when the bunkhouse door opened, and I turned round.

There he stood in a suit of purple pyjamas. The benighted pest couldn't sleep; so he'd come over to cheer us all up with his presence and indulge in a few general remarks. He came in and nobody so much as said "Hello!" to him. He yawned a few fat-faced yawns and sat down on a box beside my chair, looking round him for objects of interest. He also put his foot on my chair, which in a poker game is a crime just one notch south of willful murder. In draw poker, and stud, too, the man who horns in and anchors his foot on the rung of your chair deserves one hundred per cent of what you hand him; and I think this is in the Constitution. I stood it in silence and watched three kings go down to the shambles.

Then, to make a bad situation worse, the deluded galoot began to make suggestions to a lot of morose men, who already loathed him. He began to wonder why Eddie Bean drew one card instead of two; and if he'd wondered in silence it wouldn't have annoyed Eddie and the rest of us. But he didn't know how to wonder any way but out loud. He told Mort Reilly that back East it was customary to go for a straight rather than a flush, and he elected to give this information right in the middle of a play, enabling Joe Knight to figure it out and catch Mort with all his clothes off. It went on this way for some time, while the hired hands remained silent and Ferdie discoursed.

I don't know whether you can actually see sudden death gathering in the air or not, but the room was thick with it.

Finally Harry Crawford opened a pot and Jake Davis boosted it. The rest of us tagged in sullenly, and before we got through there was quite a pile of dough on the board; and when it came to Jake to say about cards he opined that he would play what he held. Ferdie, leaning over Jake's shoulder, spoke brightly:

"I thought you couldn't do that without five of them," he said.

And now I know what a tense silence is, because that's what followed for a second or two. I will pass rapidly over the little scene that ensued. Jake lost the pot of course, and hurled his four spades on the table with a bitter oath. I dragged Ferdie into the cool night air before Jake could wound him. Patiently, and in words of one syllable, I explained to the infernal idiot that you can't talk in a poker game when your money is not up. Then I told him, if he valued his life and the fortune he owned back in New York, he had better go to bed and stay there, whether he could sleep or not.

He went, too, murmuring criticisms. I felt my own self slipping. I was his protector, but if ever a protector came near deserting his job and turning executioner I was the fair-haired lad. I was as sore as you can get; and all that night I could hear Jake Davis prowling about the place and kicking inanimate objects.

II

I REMEMBER that when I woke up Monday morning and took a peek at the weather it was raining harder than ever, which meant that all the regular ranchwork would have to be postponed. I groaned a few miserable groans and hunted round for my shoes; and while doing so I discovered my grouch. It was one of those seven-foot barbed-wire grouches, where you snarl at people you ordinarily love. I suppose if a tarantula had bit me that Monday morning he would have died of blood poison in ten minutes. I hated everybody; but, above all, I hated Ferdie, and I didn't want to see him.

There are fits of ill nature that wear away as the morning passes, and others that demand action. Mine was the latter kind. I had the kind of grouch you nurse along, somewhat like you make an aching tooth worse by sticking your tongue into it.

As I wended my way to the corral, avoiding my fellow beings, I had one idea, and that swiftly became an intention. Ordinarily I am peaceful enough, but on this soggy, gloomy, nasty Monday morning I wanted trouble, and as much trouble as possible. If I remained in sight of the man who had driven me into this desperate state of mind I should surely attack him, with or without provocation; and if I did he would never forget it, provided he lived.

So I threw a saddle on Artemus Ward and slopped into Hassayampa all by myself, and with my mind set on a quarrel. They say you can't go far in this world looking for trouble without finding it, and I am prepared to back up the party who made that statement. I got into town covered with the thick gummy mud we call gumbo, and the first person it occurred to me to annoy was Otto Muller, the telegraph operator and general manager of the railroad station.

I was successful. Otto was in a state where you could annoy him without much effort, and when I rambled in he was engaged painfully in taking down a long message on his typewriter, which is one of these rusty-looking, hard-bitted word chariots where you have to hit the keys with a hammer before they go off. Otto is slow in the head and can do but one thing at a time. I remembered a telegram about five months before in which he had made a mistake and I began operations by reminding him of it at great length.

He made dumb and angry passes at me, and after a while he lost his message altogether; and you could hear hard words rickashaying round the room. The man on the other end was speaking his mind and Otto's temperature began to rise rapidly.

"You git out of here, Andy," Otto said, "and shut your fool mouth!"

"If you had anything in your skull but eyeholes," I retorted, "you wouldn't have to hold up that guy. Funny thing they don't put in a regular telegraph operator and let you stay in the barrel department where you belong! You must have learned telegraphy in a correspondence school."

"Yow!" Otto hollered, trying to type and curse me all at once.

Pretty soon he stopped hammering the machine and let the whole telegraph business go to pot while he called me three or four of his best names. I went him a couple better.

He left his chair on the jump and I knew I had found my first trouble.

Through a mistake he hit me directly on the nose, and it hurt; so I entered the fray with a glad cry. I will not take up your time with a detailed account of the battle, but it was short, sharp and full of flying fists and remarks of a bitter nature. I remember that my nose hurt a lot, and I was getting ready to kill the German when about nine loyal employees of the railroad company rushed in and overpowered me.

Otto took a couple of departing punches at me and I ceased firing, because you can't fight ten men when nine of them are sitting on your back. They dragged me into the open air and demanded to know what I meant by trying to destroy their only telegraph operator; and after telling them he wasn't an operator, and was something else, I went away, feeling of my nose and wiping a cut under my eye.

The desire for trouble was still with me. After a while, I figured, the defenders would go away, and I planned to return and finish up my relations with Otto. While waiting for this cheerful event I anchored myself to a box of canned goods and criticized the misguided parties who had so little sense as to get off a train in Hassayampa.

There was a minister smoking a panetela cigar, and a couple of traveling salesmen, and finally a short, runty man with a black mustache and a disagreeable face. He waddled down the steps, and I disliked him even before I saw his wife, who came along right behind. She was smaller than her husband, and it increased my general irritation to see that she was carrying a straw suitcase and a leather bag. The man's total burden was a newspaper and a cigarette.

(Continued on Page 73)

Real Clam Chowder

A chowder that is rich, substantial, satisfying. A chowder with the bracing tonic flavor which reminds you of ocean breezes and the surf rolling in on the beach.

Campbell's Clam Chowder

We make this tempting Campbell "kind" from fat, juicy, tender clams selected especially for our use.

These are examined *separately* and opened by hand. This careful method insures positively fresh clams in perfect condition.

They are then cut small and combined in their pure, delicious juice with cubed potatoes, tomatoes and fine herbs.

A wholesome, invigorating chowder which everybody enjoys to the last spoonful and which makes a delightful addition to any meal.

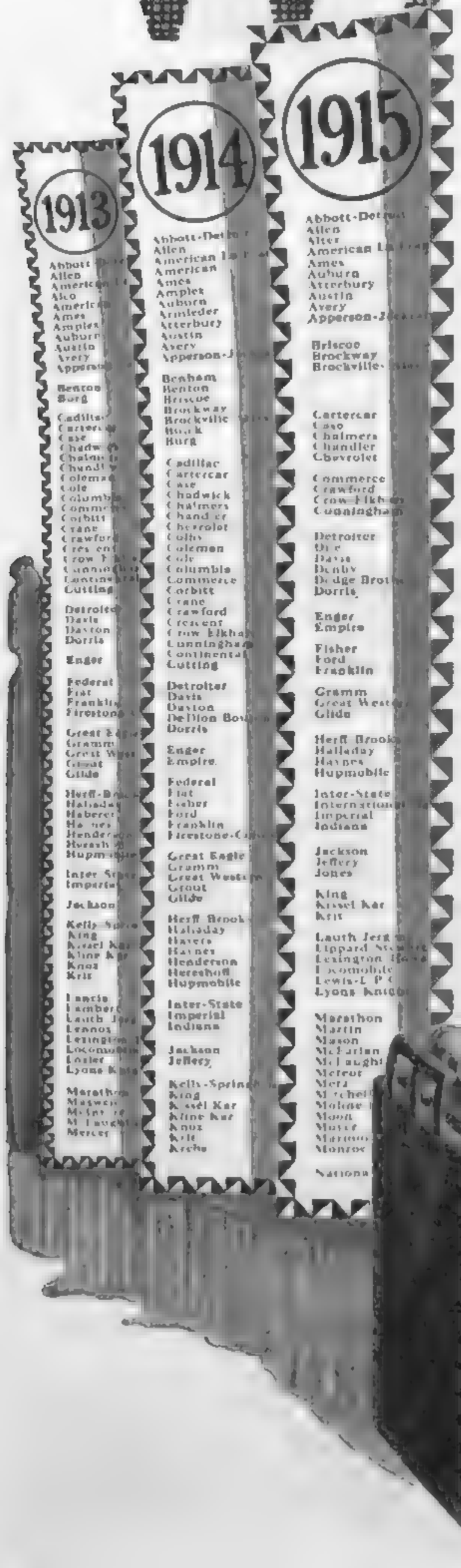
The simple directions on the label make it easy to prepare this nourishing dish in three minutes without worry or fuss.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Willard STORAGE BATTERY



1916 Old Friends—

The builders of electrically equipped motor cars have long known that we were working toward the same goal as they—to give car owners more and more dependable quality, better service, lower up-keep cost.

They recognized at the outset the immense importance of the battery in efficient starting and lighting. Generators and starting motors are absolutely powerless without a live, sturdy battery.

Every year the electrical and mechanical experts of these organizations investigate every known type of starting and lighting battery.

Every year 85% or more of these experts—representing in 1916, over 150 different makes of cars—put another O. K. after the name "Willard".

Of course the list has grown—as new cars have adopted electrical equipment—*but the old ones are there too.*

Occasionally one drops out, lured by some apparent gain in price, some heralded short-cut to efficiency; but they come back again in a year or two, and we're glad to welcome them.

No amount of verbal argument can compare with the sober judgment of the skilled engineers and far-sighted business men in these organizations.

They know that Willard Battery quality and Willard expert battery service stations mean a square deal to over 875,000 car owners.

Write for booklets A-7 and A-8—they'll tell you what your storage battery is, how to care for it, and where to find Willard Service Stations.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY

General Offices and Works, Cleveland, Ohio

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: 228-30 West 58th St.
ATLANTA: 8-10 East Cain St.
OAKLAND, CALIF.: 2509 Broadway
INDIANAPOLIS: 316-318 N. Illinois St.
MINNEAPOLIS: 36-40 So. 10th St.
DETROIT: 36-40 Woodward Ave.

A Tribute to Willard Quality and Service

Write for a Copy of This Book

EVERYONE interested in the breeding of game birds should write for a copy of the book, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". It is sent free to those who ask for it.

"Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is a carefully edited and profusely illustrated manual on the breeding of game birds. It describes in detail the habits, foods and enemies of wild turkeys, pheasants, grouse, quail, wild ducks and related species. It tells of the best methods for rearing. It discusses the questions of marketing and hunting.

The breeding of game birds is profitable and pleasant for many reasons. The demand for birds, both from city markets and from those who wish to raise game, is much greater than the supply. There is also a continuous call for eggs by breeders.

Furthermore the birds you raise will afford you good sport in hunting, and also food for your table. If you own large acreage, you may lease the privilege of shooting over your land to those who will gladly pay for it.

If you cannot raise game yourself we will try to put you in touch with those who will raise it for you to shoot.

The more game raised the more good hunting there will be for you and the more often you will enjoy game on your table.

But the book tells the whole story. You will find it most interesting reading. Write for your copy today. Use the coupon below.

Game Breeding Dept., Room 122
HERCULES POWDER CO.
Wilmington, Delaware

Manufacturers of Explosives: Infallible and E. C. Smokeless Shotgun Powders; L. & R. Orange Extra Black Sporting Powder, Dynamite for Farming

Game Breeding Department, Room 122
Hercules Powder Company,
Wilmington, Delaware

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 71)

I could tell that the bags were heavy and I decided that right here was another place for me to butt in and satisfy my cravings for trouble. The female tripped over the rubber-topped thing with the slot in it which the porter fixes so you'll break your leg, and I jumped to catch her. The porter beat me to it, but I kept right on going; and, before the lady could object, I separated her from the bags.

"Your husband don't seem to have any consideration for you, ma'am," I said to her; "so I'll have some. I don't see how you stand for a toad like that!"

The lady looked at me in frightened astonishment and made a motion to take the bags away.

"No, ma'am; you won't have to carry these any farther," I assured her. "Out here the men don't make truckhorses of their wives. Where might you be wanting these bags carried?"

The lady kept on looking at me, apparently deprived of the power of speech; but her husband was not tongue-tied.

"What did you say?" he asked; and I made one more mistake in a day of errors by not putting down the bags before I answered.

"I didn't say it yet," I told him coldly; "but I will now: Out here in Arizona we poison diseased dogs and people like you."

Bang! Right on the end of the same nose that Otto had already used to stop his fist; and, of course, I couldn't hit back until I dropped the bags, which I did immediately. The obnoxious stranger had a small start on me and was using it; and before I could get to him with a short-arm jolt he had plugged me three or four times good and hard. Then I started in to kill him.

At this point I would tell a lie if I thought I could get away with it, but too many people round Hassayampa know the truth; and so I will stick to the plain facts. One of the reasons why I did not remove that little man from the face of the earth was that when I started to I slipped; and when I stopped slipping the man was on top of me and was fighting like he had never heard of rules. The side of my head hit the corner of a truck on my downward way, which didn't improve my chances in the combat; and besides, the wife of his bosom turned in and helped her worthless spouse in his frantic efforts to disembowel me.

Another crowd collected, and the word passed round that Andy Cullison was on a homicidal toot and that human life was no longer sacred in Arizona. I had purposely left my gun at home, because, though I sought trouble and sought it hard, I didn't want any hanging finish, with me as the central episode. So my battle with the black-mustached man went on; and while he gouged me his wife tried to wear off the end of a suitcase on my unprotected head.

At that, I should have won the battle but for the railroad employees. They had some false notions about the company's duty to its passengers, and the entire available force of transportation hands escorted me off the railroad property and told me, if I didn't mend my ways, some day I would get into trouble.

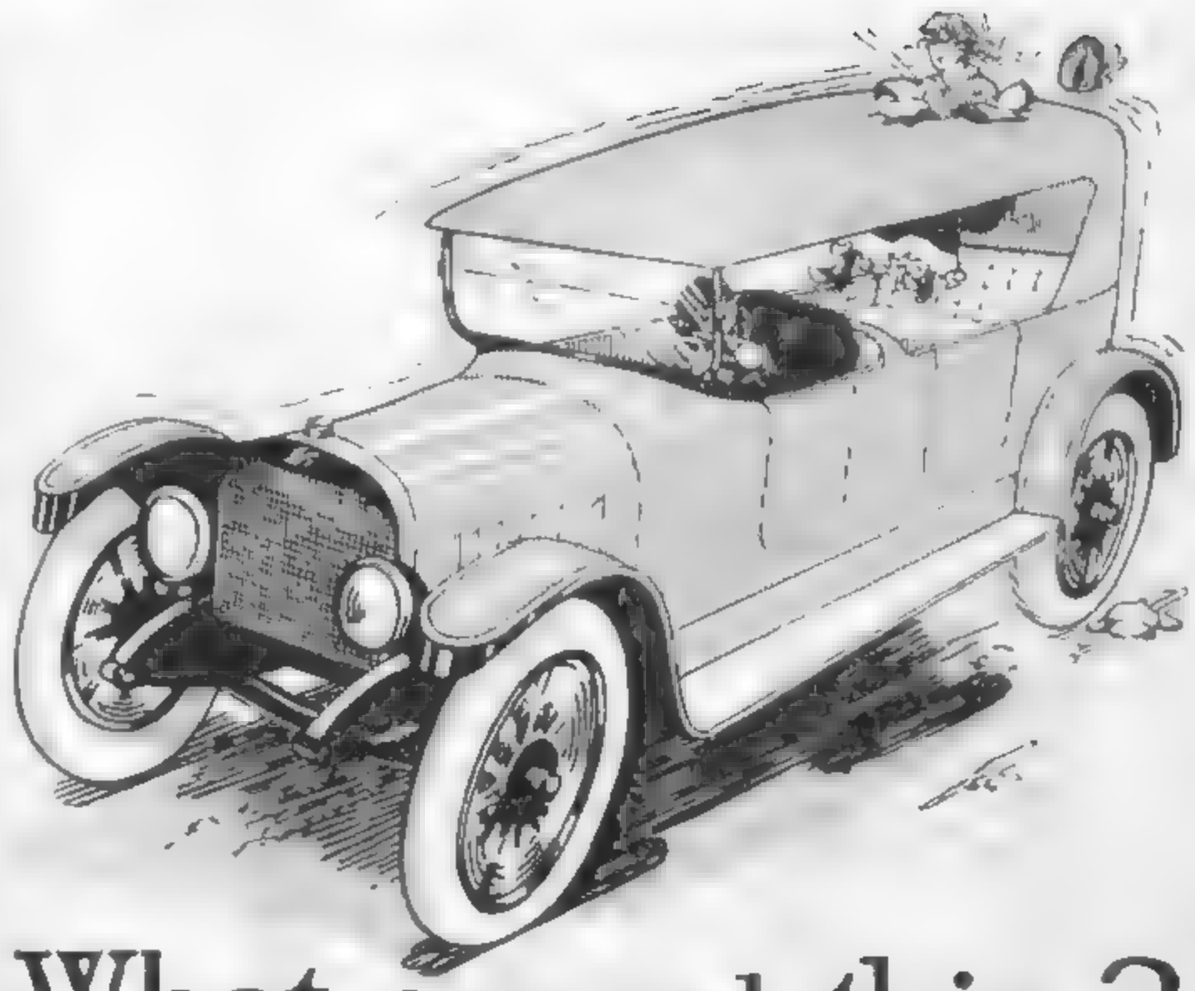
Morose and sore, and with one rib apparently hanging on by a shred, I moved south in the direction of the Hassayampa Bar, with the intention of drowning a couple of my most prominent sorrows under a solitary drink. I don't mean I harbored a notion of hooking up to an old-time sizzler and rising to alcoholic heights. There is nothing in that, and well I know it; but I do maintain that one little drink will sometimes throw a ray of sunshine into the most darkened life and cause the little flowers of hope to bloom.

I felt the need of some sort of responsible shelter, where I could gaze on a friendly face. I figured that Tommy Ray, the bar man, would be my friend to the extent of handing me one glass of amber spirits, and when I went in he was standing behind a pile of colored bottles and had seemingly gone insane.

On my side of the bar was a customer, with his back to me, engaged in reading a sporting paper. I felt no interest in him, but as I watched the horrible mess Tommy was putting into the nickel shaker my soul revolted.

"What kind of a madhouse drink would you call that?" I asked him, looking at the pink and green and blue bottles from which the ingredients had come.

"A Manhattan cocktail," Tommy replied, grinning.



What caused this?

The easiest riding motor car springs ever made will throw you when they rebound. It is an immutable law of cause and effect. The force exerted in the compression of the springs is followed by an equal force in their expansion. The genius of automobile engineering has overcome this condition as nearly as possible—it is fully overcome in cars equipped with

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

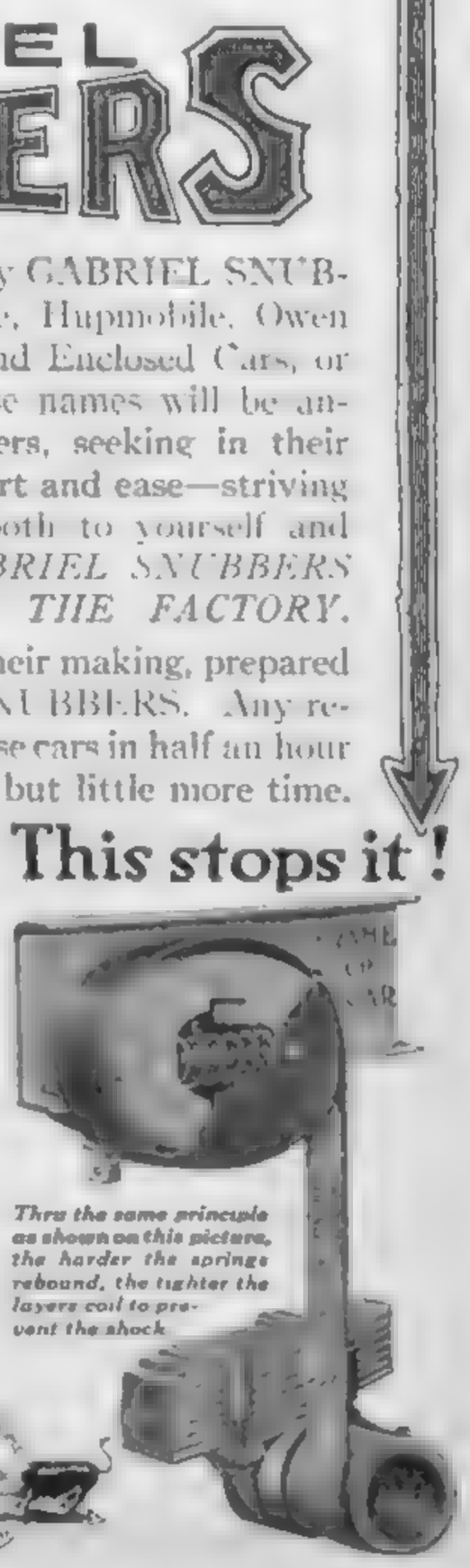
It is not necessary for you to specify GABRIEL SNUBBERS on Packard, Peerless, White, Hupmobile, Owen Magnetic or Chalmers Roadsters and Enclosed Cars, or on other equally famous cars whose names will be announced later. These manufacturers, seeking in their cars the highest expression of comfort and ease—striving to eliminate all shocks and jars both to yourself and mechanism, *HAVE PUT ON GABRIEL SNUBBERS BEFORE THEIR CARS LEFT THE FACTORY.* Hudson and Chandler Cars are, in their making, prepared for the attachment of GABRIEL SNUBBERS. Any repairman can put SNUBBERS on these cars in half an hour and any other make of car requires but little more time.

Surely the opinion of these engineers of the foremost cars built in America is of weight with you. And they have considered no car complete without GABRIEL SNUBBERS. Let their knowledge be your guide. For the easy riding comfort and operating economy that is rightfully yours **be sure the car you buy is equipped with Gabriel Snubbers.** And rest assured that the car that has them bears equipment that has been judged on the basis of merit only.

An interesting booklet—clearly explaining the construction of GABRIEL SNUBBERS—will be gladly sent you on request. Won't you write for your copy today?

Gabriel Manufacturing Co.
1408 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.

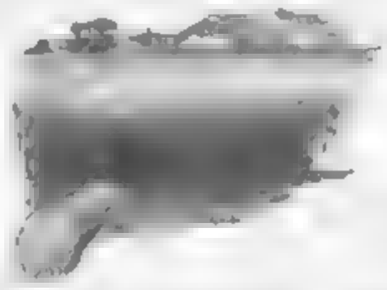
This stops it!



Thru the same principle as shown on this picture, the harder the springs rebound, the tighter the layers coil to prevent the shock

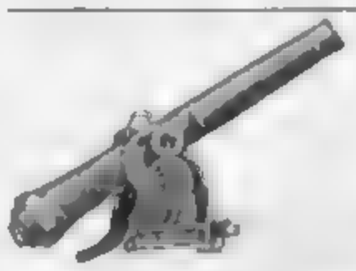
A Head of Wheat

Its History



It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent it to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.



Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.

Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.

Puffed Wheat Except in Far West 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted.

There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections.

Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
SOLE MAKERS

"Well," I said, "ignorance takes various forms and in some it passes belief; but nobody in this world ever heard of a bartender making a Manhattan cocktail out of that sheep dip. You must have everything in that shaker but the drippings from the gas meter. I'll show you how to make a Manhattan cocktail, you poor, ignorant mule!"

Without waiting for his consent I reached over and jerked the shaker from his hand and tossed its disgusting contents into the cuspidor. Then the customer turned round and I saw that he was smaller than me and had a mild blue eye.

"I ordered that drink," he said very calmly. "I ordered it made my own way too"

"You probably did, and you look like the kind of a lunatic who would do that very thing!" I yapped at him.

I remember shaking the metal can over the cuspidor; and, to tell the exact truth, that is all I recall. It is from the testimony of reliable citizens of Hassayampa who were loafing in the back room that I have gathered the remaining details; and they are nothing to my credit, but go into this history on account of their accuracy.

It seems that the calm stranger reached out and basted me with such force and directness that I went down and also out. They say I crawled to my feet and went at him; and he hit me again in about the same place, and once more I skidded into the sawdust. How long this kept up, the narrators were unable to state with definite precision; but at the end of it I was flat on the floor and Tommy Ray was pouring something down my throat. He remarked later on, in my hearing, that I had the same chance in that fight as a doodle bug has against a machine gun.

There is one trifling point I wish to insert and then I will pass on: The calm stranger, as subsequent news revealed, was the champion welterweight boxer of Western America, on his way to Phoenix to mingle with the Maricopa Kid. When I returned to this world he was already on board the train. It must have given him some real pleasure to meet me.

I will state that at this point in the day's events I had reached the lowest depths to which the human mind can sink. I had looked for trouble, found it, and come away with nothing but a busted nose, two or three loose ribs, cuts, wounds and abrasions on various parts of my anatomy, and a more murderous conviction than ever that Frederick Ferdinand Flagg needed to be exterminated.

I rode along through the mud, outlining my plan, which was simple and attractive. I would find him and do to him what I intended to do to the three citizens who had scrambled my plans and mauled my person. When I got through with Ferdie I intended to leave just enough of him to pack in a watchcase, and no more.

It was when I turned into the long lane that leads to the first corral that I observed more discord.

As I cantered up the lane it became apparent to me that Jake Davis had taken a part of the morning's work out of my hands. I saw them come together; and, whatever Ferdie said, Jake answered—not with words but a hard overhand wallop. Ferdie hit the mud about the time I came round a corner of the fence, and a great sense of relief surged over me. My job was being done and it was being done good.

I felt of my wounded nose and patted my sore ribs, while I glared down at the writhing mess that was Jake and Ferdie. I saw with joy that Ferdie was underneath and that whatever sins he had committed were being atoned for. Jake can hit like Bob Fitzsimmons could in the old days, and he was giving Ferdie all he had in the shop. The ninety-dollar suit of New York clothes was already a ruin and Ferdie was full of mud, blood and Jake's fists. For an instant I hesitated. Three times that morning I had gone out of my way to seek trouble with people who hadn't done a thing to me. Now I faced real and legitimate trouble, which would have come to me anyway if I'd waited round the ranch. I reflected that it was my plain duty to get down there and pry Jake loose from his victim.

"Help!" implored the fat coward as I paused.

Jake quit a minute and looked up to see what I would do. You can't grin well with a lip like mine, but I did my best.

"I hope he murders you!" I made reply, and Jake returned to his job.

Then I rode on up the lane toward the corral. The sounds of strife continued at my rear; and if I never hear any more joyous noises in my life, those will do me.

Jake did not kill Ferdie. No; he merely used up part of him and damaged the rest beyond immediate usefulness. Some time later I saw a limping figure stagger up the porch steps and disappear into the house. The Porter Ranch hands stood round and cheered, and I began to feel that maybe there was a Providence after all.

One hour afterward I saw Jake coming round the barn and wearing a sort of shamefaced expression.

"You oughtn't have done that, Jake," I said reproachfully. "That'll just about cost me my job when the Old Man gets home."

"Well, whyn't you stop me?" Jake demanded. "He asked you to. You know as well as I do he had it coming."

"I know he did," I replied; "and if you hadn't been giving it to him I'd have done it myself."

Jake shook his head; and about then we noticed a horse and wagon coming down the trail toward the house.

"Ain't that Ed Burbank's wagon?" Jake asked.

It was; and on the seat was Ed Burbank himself, driving his old roan horse. Jake and I went over to him, and when I peeked round behind and saw what was in the back of that wagon I came as near having a stroke as you can get. In the back and securely tied, so it couldn't get scratched, was the Boss of Saddles—price, twelve hundred dollars.

"Hello!" Ed remarked. "Everybody home?"

"Some of us is home and some not," I answered, looking dazedly behind Ed. "Why are you giving that thing a ride?"

"Oh, the saddle?" Ed replied.

"Yes; the saddle," I went on. "What's it doing out of the glass case?"

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't say anything about it till the deal is completed," Ed drawled; "but, anyhow, you'll be bound to know pretty soon."

"Spill it!" I demanded. "Who's the saddle for?"

"In a sort of way," Ed went on deliberately, "I'm under contract not to say anything till the deal's ended, because it's a surprise. However, if you'll keep your mouth shut I'll tell you part of the news. It's for Mr. Flagg."

"Him!" I sneered in disgust. "That sucker couldn't ride a stuffed sofa! What would he want the saddle for?"

"No matter," Ed maundered on cheerfully. "It's for Mr. Flagg, and I'm here to deliver it as soon as he pays over the cash. You see, Andy, he's been dickering with me since last week, and we've come down to terms. He's offered eleven hundred and I decided to take it, because if I don't sell it now I'll never sell it. He told me to bring it up this morning; and if it suits he hands me the coin and the saddle's his."

"If it suits who?" I asked, wondering.

"Flagg has one friend round these parts, and only one," Ed said, chuckling. "That friend has been stuck on this saddle for a long time and Flagg knows it. Being as Flagg is going away, he decided to buy the saddle and present it to this friend as a parting gift and a mark of esteem; and —— There's Mr. Flagg now," he broke off abruptly.

Jake and I turned round and observed a bandaged individual coming down the steps carrying a couple of bags. He walked straight up to Ed and the wagon.

"Well," Ed began, smiling, "I've brought up the saddle, Mr. Flagg."

"Yes; and you can take it right back again," Ferdie snarled angrily. "I'm going into town with you. I want to catch that three o'clock eastbound train."

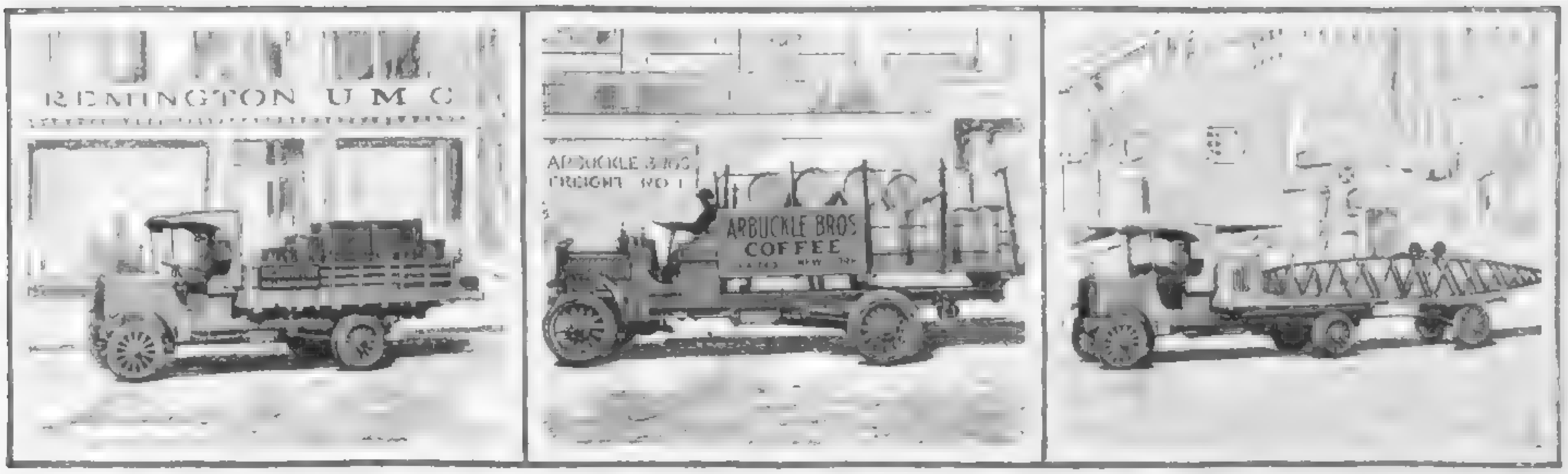
"But, Mr. Flagg ——" Ed began dazedly.

"Take it back!" Ferdie yelled, and climbed into the wagon.

Jake and I backed off into the mud to let the wagon turn. And just about then the sun broke through and lighted up the world. The finest saddle ever made started away from the Porter Ranch and back to its old home in the glass case; and as I leaned over the tailboard to take one last hungry look I saw the name that had been engraved on that solid-gold name plate. It was plain, with fat little letters, surrounded with scrollwork; and so long as I live I'll never forget how it looked.

It read: ANDY CULLISON.

Now you know, don't you, why I called this Blue Monday?



The RIKER TRUCK

The Best Built Truck in America

"The chief sales argument used in the motor truck world today is an impressive list of past purchasers—an argument that falls to the ground when an *advanced type* comes into the field.

"A radical betterment in truck design and construction throws the whole matter back *where it belongs*—to what the truck will do: comparative service, tire replacement, up-keep, depreciation, and the ability of the truck to stand the unforeseen strain."

HERE in America it is often assumed that even the shrewd and practical business man is apt to follow the biggest crowd of buyers.

There are perhaps in every community men who are easily influenced *by big figures*.

We are all familiar with the common practice nowadays of playing to this so-called *weakness for numbers*.

In no field of activity is a business man more *crowd-assailed* than in the field of motor truck transportation.

But we believe that the great majority of thoughtful American business men refuse to part with their individuality to any crowd of whatever size. That they *realize that opinions must be weighed as well as counted*. That they would rather *know* than speculate.

This is a simple fact that motor truck buyers are beginning to learn—and the more they become aware of it, the less likely they are to rest content with the "nearly" or the "almost" in a motor truck.

For there is a very strong tendency nowadays to judge a motor truck just as the Governments of Europe judge it, directed by the world's greatest scientists, engineers, and transportation experts:

What is it made of?

How is it put together?

Will it stand the unexpected strains of modern transportation?

When the Governments of Europe found out that the Riker Truck, *built for American business*, measured up to their own *specifications for war trucks*, they took all the Riker Trucks to be had except a few ordered in advance by big business.

But it is not the purpose of the Locomobile Company of America, makers of the Riker Truck, to serve big business alone.

Now, for the first time since the Riker Truck was introduced—*a few are available for the business man in general.*

In a very real sense, the Riker Truck means more to the *man who runs only one or two trucks* than to the owner of a dozen or more.

He needs the *extra margin of safety*—the certainty that his trucks will be working all the time—no breakdown to fear—no delay to cripple his hauling.

The Riker Truck is the best built truck in America.

The frame is special *pressed steel design*. The material chrome nickel steel, heat treated, with a tensile strength of approximately 140,000 pounds. It *costs four times as much* as the structural steel ordinarily used, but *it is four times as strong* and it reduces repair bills.

The engine bed is Government Specification *bronze* instead of ordinary aluminum.

The springs are *silico-manganese steel*.

The transmission gears, the propeller shaft, the driving axle are all *chrome nickel steel*.

There is more high grade material in the Riker Truck than in any other truck built in America.

The price is about the same.

Those who are interested in *modern transportation for modern business* should see the Riker Truck—on display at all our Branch Houses, located in leading industrial centers, as follows:—

New York City	Sixty-first Street, next to Broadway
Boston, Mass.	700 Commonwealth Avenue
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San Francisco, Cal.	230 Fulton Street
Philadelphia, Pa.	Twenty-third and Market Streets
Los Angeles, Cal.	Pico and Grand Avenue
Seattle, Wash.	600 East Pike Street
Cincinnati, Ohio	911 Race Street
Oakland, Cal.	Twelfth and Harrison Streets
Baltimore, Md.	107 West Mt. Royal Avenue
Washington, D. C.	1124 Connecticut Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Euclid Avenue and Baum Street
Kansas City, Mo.	1833 McGee Street
St. Louis, Mo.	3033 Locust Street
Minneapolis, Minn.	1416 Harmon Place
Bridgeport, Conn.	Seaside Park

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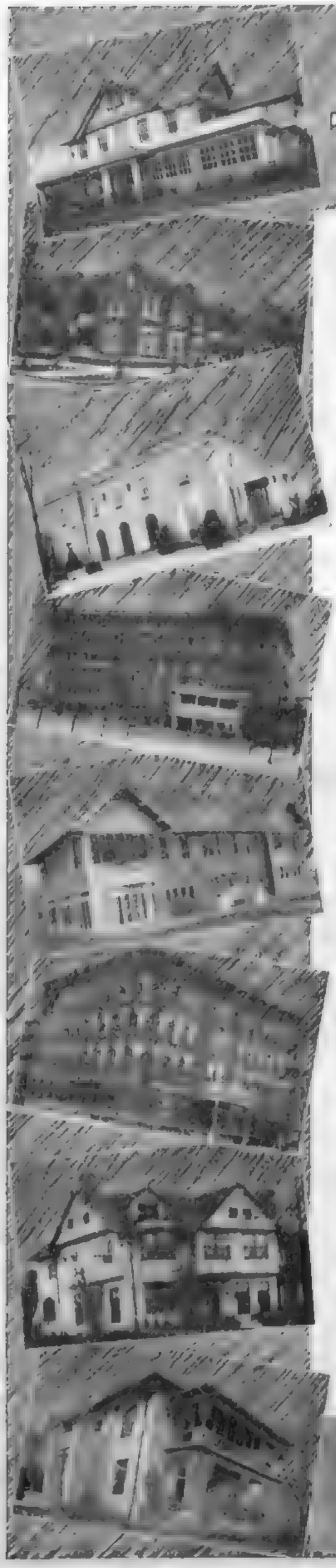

You Could Dip Any of These Buildings in Water

Concrete, brick, stucco and masonry buildings everywhere have been made rainproof, dampproof and weatherproof by means of TRUS-CON STONE-TEX, a liquid-cement coating applied with a brush. STONE-TEX penetrates into the pores of the wall and seals them against moisture. It fills all hair cracks and crevices, and makes the wall hard as flint. Unlike paints, STONE-TEX cannot chip, flake or peel off—it becomes an inseparable part of the wall itself.

STONE-TEX serves a two-fold purpose. Besides protecting against dampness, it also beautifies. Furnished in a variety of soft-toned, pleasing effects, providing an even-colored, artistic, flat finish, STONE-TEX is equally suitable for new or old walls.

Send for our handsomely illustrated STONE-TEX BOOK giving full information with color card (free).

STONE-TEX is one of the famous Trus-Con Products—a sufficient guarantee of its quality. These products constitute a complete line of waterproofings, dampproofings and technical paints. A few of them are described below.

There is Probably a Trus-Con Dealer in Your Locality Consult This List:

ALABAMA—Birmingham: Birmingham [illegible] Mobile: [illegible] Montgomery: [illegible] Standard Building Supply Co.

ARKANSAS—Hot Springs: Hargrave Lime & [illegible] Little Rock: Crawford Book & Paper Co.

CALIFORNIA—San Diego: J. S. Schurm Commercial Co.

CANADA—Montreal: G. B. Reynolds, Guarantee Bldg., Beaver Hall Hill—Walkerville: Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Ltd.

FLORIDA—Jacksonville: Baker & Holmes [illegible] Baker & [illegible] Palm Beach: Palm Beach Mercantile Co.

GEORGIA—Augusta: O'Connor & Schweers Paint Co.—Columbus: Wm. Beach Hardware Co.

ILLINOIS—Cairo: Kelly Bros. Lumber Co.—Champaign: [illegible] East St. Louis: [illegible] Lime & Cement Co.—Moline: [illegible] Sons Co.—Peoria: Illinois Glass Supply Co.—Rockford: [illegible] City Hardware Co.

INDIANA—[illegible] Indiana Builders' [illegible] A. B. Meyer & Co.—South Bend: Staples-Hildebrand Co.—Terre Haute: Terre Haute Coal & Lime Co.

IOWA—Burlington: Kelly Sand & Fuel Co.—Davenport: Louis Hansen's Sons—Fort Dodge: Nygreen-Tierney Wall Paper Co.—Marshalltown: Gregory Coal, Coke & Lime Co.

KANSAS—[illegible] Greaves & Co.—Wichita: Jackson-Walker Coal & Mining Co.

LOUISIANA—New Orleans: The K. Olsen-[illegible] Hartman & Co.

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MASSACHUSETTS—Boston: Waldo Bros.—New Bedford: Wm. R. Wood—Springfield: T. Shea, Inc.—Worcester: The Smith-Green Co.

MICHIGAN—Albion: Albion Lumber Co.—Battle Creek: Bock-Walker [illegible] Jackson: Wattle-Morehouse Co.—Kalamazoo: [illegible] Howard Co.—Marquette: F. B. Spear & Sons—Monroe: The Radtke Co.

MINNESOTA—Duluth: Duluth Builders' Supply Co.—Moorehead: Hopeman Construction Co.

MISSOURI—Jefferson City: Ott & Sons—Kansas City: Tri-State Material Co.—St. Louis: St. Louis Lime and Cement Co.—Sedalia: Geo. E. Dugan Co.—Springfield: Platte Hardware Co.

NEBRASKA—Lincoln: Western Brick & Supply Co.—Omaha: McCaffrey Bros. Co.

NEW JERSEY—Atlantic City: Currie Co., Inc.—Trenton: W. S. Green.

NEW YORK—Albany: Albany Builders' Supply Co.—Binghamton: Pratt Lumber Co.—Buffalo: Buffalo Builders' Supply [illegible] Ithaca: Elmira Builders' Supply [illegible] Jamestown: Van [illegible] Supply Co. [illegible] Niagara Falls: Mitchell Bros. [illegible] Rochester: [illegible] Syracuse: [illegible] American Brand Wall Plaster Co.

NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville: Citizens Lumber Co.—Durham: Public [illegible] Building Supply Co.—Winston-Salem: Orinoco Supply Co.

OHIO—Akron: W. F. Wright Co. [illegible] A. F. [illegible] & Paint Co. [illegible] Youngstown: Youngstown Sewer Pipe Co.

OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City: The Reinhart & Donovan Co.

PENNSYLVANIA—Allentown: K. Y. [illegible] & Bro.—Altoona: Standard Supply Co. [illegible] Harrisburg: [illegible] Hart & [illegible] Lancaster: [illegible] Hunt & Co. [illegible] Philadelphia: Hexagon Plaster & Supply Co. [illegible] Sackett Hardware Co.—York: York Paint & [illegible]

SOUTH CAROLINA—[illegible] W. I. Brice [illegible] & Lumber Co. [illegible] & Hardware Co. [illegible] Greenville: Vesper Lumber Co.—Spartanburg: Spartan Hardware Co.—Ballenger's Paint Store.

SOUTH DAKOTA—Aberdeen: Witte Lumber Co.

TENNESSEE—Chattanooga: T. T. Wilson—Memphis: Pidgeon-Thomas Iron Co.

TEXAS—[illegible] Austin Builders Supply [illegible] Galveston: [illegible] Lumber Co. [illegible] Houston: [illegible] Supply Co. [illegible] Waco: [illegible] Supply Co.

VIRGINIA—Lynchburg: Adams Bros. [illegible] Norfolk: Building Supply [illegible] Richmond: C. P. Lathrop & Co.

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WISCONSIN—Milwaukee: Western Lime & Cement Co.

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We specialize in unusual paint requirements. If you need a special paint for any kind of surface or condition, our efficient corps of expert chemists and chemical engineers will supply you with the most satisfactory product for that particular need. Write our free Consulting Service Department for suggestions and advice.

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A waterproofing compound in paste form for waterproofing concrete foundations, tanks, reservoirs, etc. Easy to use. Concentrated. Very economical. "Structural Waterproofing," a textbook on this subject, sent free if you explain your needs.

TRUS-CON AGATEX

Chemically transforms crumbling, dusting cement floors into hard, dustproof, wear resisting surfaces. Low in cost—easily applied. Widely used by factories.

Write for full information about Trus-Con Agatex.

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A transparent dampproof coating for exterior stucco, concrete and masonry surfaces. Renders surfaces repellent to moisture without changing the appearance of the treated area.

Get full details of this colorless dampproof coating.

RUMORS OF WAR

(Continued from Page 19)

coöperation of the Carranza army with the American troops, or an explanation of just why the use of the railroad was delayed to the Americans, or any other little thing like that. Presto!—in an incredibly short space of time the consul had secured the desired information. Then he happened around to tell the news, and prove it by the wires. After the consul has finished there never is the slightest doubt as to the complete righteousness and friendliness of the motives and actions of the First Chief—not a bit. He has the telegrams—from authentic sources—to substantiate all he says.

The Mexican official—every Mexican official—has sublime faith in the telegram as a final and irrefutable proof. It doesn't make any difference what sort of a telegram he may have, even if he writes the telegram himself. If it is a telegram—no matter by whom written or when or where, but bears the label—that settles it. A telegram is final; so he sees to it that he has plenty of telegrams.

"*Sí*, señor," he says; "it is here written in the telegram."

"But how do you know the telegram is true?"

"Not true—impossible! It is a telegram."

"And this telegram never came over the wires. You wrote it yourself."

"Nevertheless, it is a telegram, and it must be true."

Now El Paso is a fine city and San Antonio is a fine city—the one at the border and the other a hundred miles or more from the border; and both have atmosphere, individuality and distinction. Both cities have large Mexican populations, but they are radically different in their methods. El Paso, being across from Juarez, where Villa flourished for a time, inclines to Villa information; while San Antonio, being north of the state where Carranza lived, furnishes the real Carranza goods. The difference between the two cities is that in El Paso they excite with rumors and in San Antonio they benumb with what they say are arguments. I have no inside information on the subject, but I am willing to take a chance on the statement that the bulk of the advice, admonition, instruction and caution on the Mexican question which the President and the State Department have received—and tons of it have been received—originated in San Antonio.

Some of the leading citizens go about loaded with carbon copies of letters they sent to persons high in authority in Washington, letters ranging in length from six pages to twenty—no letter in Mexico really is a letter unless it is at least six pages long—and if any citizen backs a stranger into the corner it is all over with that stranger. The leading citizen produces his letters, and reads them in a well-modulated voice, pausing occasionally to observe that if his advice had been taken the whole thing would have been over long ago. Also, the stranger learns that all others who have views on this Mexican question are entirely and abysmally wrong—criminally so, indeed—and must not be trusted. Likewise, unless the stranger's views are thus shaped to coincide with those of the readers and declaimers the stranger comes under suspicion himself.

Councils of War at El Paso

Much time is spent in writing letters to editors and publishers, pointing out wherein other writers have failed to gather the true significance of what has been told to them by the letter writers and expressing grave fears that the writers have fallen under sinister influences. For example, I know perfectly well the sort of letters that will come in after my Mexican articles are printed, and can name some of the writers in advance.

Of course not all the citizens of El Paso, or all of San Antonio, are occupied thus. Life is agreeable in those pleasant cities and business is good. They are happy and thriving and prosperous; but, for all that, the Mexican problem has been a real problem to them for a long time, acutely so for more than five years, and they all wish it was settled. Many of the better class of Mexicans, the rich men, have moved across to these and other near-by cities. Every morning at nine o'clock a group of exiled Mexicans take chairs in one corner of the Paso del Norte Hotel, in El Paso, and sit there most of the day discussing events. They have gathered there almost every day for four years.

Each afternoon the arrival of Don Terazzas, one of the great landowners of Mexico, is an event at the hotel. He lives in a big house up on a hillside, and comes down to the hotel escorted by members of his numerous family. He is more than eighty years old—a spry little gray-bearded man, who counted his lands by the million acres and his cattle by the tens of thousands. He comes in an automobile, and his escorters all remove their hats and stand round him as he waits for the elevator to go up to his offices. They wait until the elevator has no one else in it, and then take him upstairs—half a dozen of them, including one sharp-eyed Indian guard. It is a ceremony; for the Don is a great man, exiled for the time from his own vast domain. Others of the cientificos live in San Antonio, in cities along the border, in Los Angeles, and elsewhere, waiting for order and plotting to get it. None of these, so far as I can find, has any faith in Carranza.

What a Hectic Lady Said She Saw

However, Carranza has many supporters among the Americans in San Antonio; and I may say some of these supporters are entitled to reward if persistence and copiousness of argument, conversation and claim count for anything. Several of them are the longest-winded protagonists I ever encountered, and cocksure to the verge of fanaticism. They never quit.

It must be the sun or the air—or something. Apparently there is no middle ground in Mexican sympathies or detestations. And everything has a thrill in it. It's a dashing, exciting situation, and all who deal with it dash and are excited and imaginative and heroic. It gets into the blood. Witness this letter, written by an El Paso woman and printed in an Arkansas paper:

"You don't know how things are here! Three days ago I saw seven horses and their dead riders floating down the Rio Grande. No woman can go on the streets of El Paso after seven at night. There are cannon mounted on the roofs of the tall hotels and other buildings, and on the mountains. Soldiers patrol the streets in fours.

"Yesterday I saw five trains loaded with troops pass for the West. When the call came for men to aid in routing the Villa bandits the local recruiting office was filled with men eager to go. Few Mexicans are on the streets. More than two hundred extra police are on duty in the city, and we expect a big battle in the town before the end. I am staying here only that I may nurse the sick and wounded if trouble comes."

Heroic and hectic lady! Seven horses and their dead riders floating down the Rio Grande must have been a remarkable sight, but not more remarkable than the womanless streets of El Paso after seven o'clock at night.

But it is in the blood. Heavens! The miles of thrilling stories that have been sent out of El Paso and elsewhere since this thing began—the miles of them! A Paradise for the correspondent faker! Nothing was too raw for the Northern newspapers and nothing too gauzy. They made the brutal Villa a hero and a military prodigy. They made the phlegmatic, pompous Carranza a genius at statecraft. They glorified skirmishes into battles and battles into Verduns. They haloed bandits and played the whole game wide open. It was a harvest, a holocaust and a horror combined.

A sample: There was a battle between Villa and the Carranza forces led by Obregon. It was somewhat of a battle. It was fought a long way south of El Paso.

On the night the news of it came into El Paso a talented young war correspondent took what details he could get and went to a room in an El Paso office building. He had imagination—that chap—and a graphic style, as befits a war correspondent. He lighted a cigarette, sat down at his typewriter, and began:

"In the Trenches at Enchilada"—or wherever it was—"With Villa's Army: I am in the trenches, with Villa. That gallant warrior is standing by my side. I am writing by the feeble light of a torch that splutters in the night wind, through which

Give the Watch that wears the Purple—

FOR THE GRADUATE—

to whom years of preparation has taught that *accuracy* in thought and action is the foundation of *success*, no other gift is so appropriate as a South Bend Watch.

Its life-long *accuracy* makes it a most significant gift—a reminder for all the years to come of all that the years of training and Graduation stand for.

The handsome appearance and High Quality of a South Bend Watch are always a source of the highest satisfaction, and are constant evidence of the thoughtful care and discriminating taste of the giver.

Many different models for ladies and gentlemen.

All South Bend Watches are easily identified at Jewelers by their bands of Purple Ribbon. Prices $16.00 to $100.00. Ask to see the new 19-jewel *Extra Thin* model. It possesses special features never before built into a watch selling for $27.50.

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Our latest Catalog gladly sent on request

LISTERINE
After Shaving

THE man who shaves himself at home or when traveling can employ no face lotion which will afford the skin greater protection than Listerine.

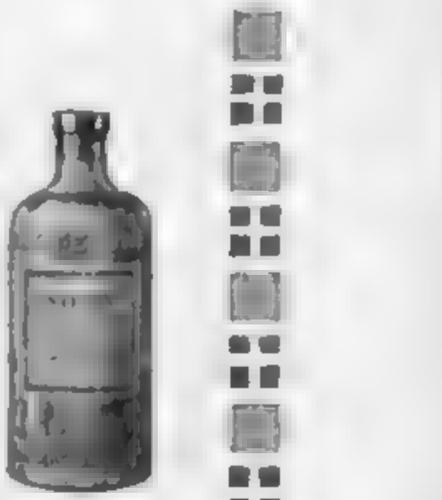
When the beard is heavy and the skin is tender, Listerine applied to the face after shaving relieves the sting and produces a cool, refreshing effect.

If your skin is irritated after a close shave, you will find Listerine especially beneficial.

Listerine is effective in preventing the infection of cuts and abrasions. It will overcome the harmful effects of free alkali in shaving soaps.

Many particular men, who do not shave themselves, keep a bottle of Listerine at their barber's for their personal use, not only for the comfort they derive therefrom, but also as a precaution against contagious skin disorders.

Various other uses of Listerine are described in an attractive booklet, lithographed and illustrated, which will be sent free upon request.



The original package

The original bottle

Listerine is sold everywhere in original packages—round bottles in brown wrappers.

Four sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

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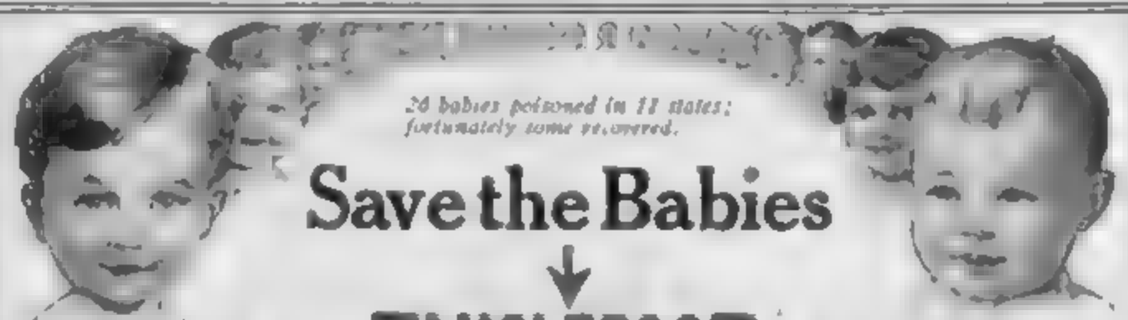

26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies
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TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease-carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT;* not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined.

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of [illegible]

We regret that [illegible] dangerous [illegible] should become accessible to children, for [illegible] source. Our Michigan Legislature, [illegible] passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

bullets are whistling and shrapnel is shrieking. A great battle is in progress—a battle that shall determine the fate of Mexico. General Francisco Villa consults with me as the battle ebbs and flows. He takes a well-worn map of the bloody field from his pocket and looks at it by the light of my spluttering torch.

"'Charge!' he shouts.

"Instantly his gallant soldiers spring forward to sink the cold steel into the cringing bodies of the hated Carranzistas.

"'Charge!'

"It is a tremendous onslaught and the din is horrifying. The *Vivas!* of the charging Villistas mingle with the groans of the dying Carranzistas as the brave soldiers of My General overwhelm them.

"Carnage! Blood! Victory!

"I seize a rifle and, overcome by the mad frenzy that inspires the heroic soldiers of My General, I, too, join the charge. I rush forward. I shoot, and at each shot a Carranzista bites the dust. At last, my cartridges exhausted, in the lust of battle that is on me I club my rifle and continue the slaughter.

"Suddenly all goes blank before me. The earth seems to have toppled over on me. I fall!

"Five hours later: I was hit by a piece of shrapnel. I am wounded, but I remain at my post. I am weak from loss of blood; but, with me, is duty first. The battle continues. I observe its progress through my binocular, dizzy, faint and weak, but General Villa supports me and gives me encouragement.

"Again our brave soldiers ——"

And so on. That's about the way it went. And it was printed—every word of it!

Moreover, the talented young war correspondent who wrote that story in the office building in El Paso put in an expense bill for hospital charges incurred while recovering from that wound he received via his imagination and his typewriter—and collected it! Now anybody could have written the story; but to collect expenses incurred because of the wound—that, ladies and gentlemen, was Art.

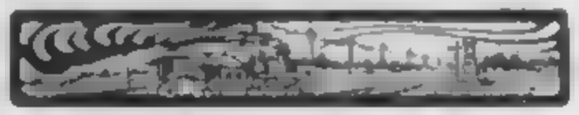
A Word to Wives

PERHAPS as many as two hundred people were sitting, after dinner, in the long hotel parlor and on the veranda. Most of them were married couples past forty. Probably not one of them could have qualified as a plutocrat; but they belonged to the prosperous class—were able to run away from the Northern March and sun themselves in a friendlier climate until spring came on at home. They were materially successful people and the observant doctor remarked that, as a whole, the men had achieved a decidedly higher material success than the women had in the matter of health. As a whole, they looked younger, more vigorous, better set up. There were women who looked sound and vigorous too. Others, more common than among the men, looked flabby, their faces aged and ailing.

Except a couple of valetudinarians, the men were physically active during the day. Most of them played golf; even about the hotel they were on their feet. The average of bodily activity among the women was lower. Some of them, who plainly needed exercise most, spent hours in rocking-chairs, or permitted themselves to be hoisted in and out of automobiles.

You can multiply that hotel by thousands. The country is sprinkled with sanitariums that are pretty much inhabited by middle-aged women. The number of women, by no means old according to the calendar, who could not walk five miles along a level road without going to bed for the rest of the day or the week is appalling. They are virtually decrepit at forty-five; so nearly used up physically that any unusual exertion floors them.

It is a result of bad living—or immoral living, for laziness is a vice. For years they saw to the housework; then dressed up and sat round when they ought to have been out plowing or spading the garden, if they could find no pleasanter way of exercising their muscles. When a middle-aged man marries a young woman the bodily disparity between them is often much less than that between a middle-aged man and a middle-aged woman.



YES m'am, it's made of tomatoes that *are* tomatoes. Firm ones—plump, fully-ripened beauties—such as you'd like to eat whole. Cooked lightly so as not to lose any of their natural flavor and "appetized" by pure spices.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

It keeps after it is opened.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meats, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

LOTS of men and women have occasional leisure hours which if converted into money would mean a material increase in income.

Thousands of them are utilizing this spare time by acting as subscription representatives for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

among friends and neighbors. We will pay you in salary and commission for any time which you can devote to the same end. It can be done without experience and there will be no expense to you. Let us tell you about it.

Box 379, Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Julia Heinrich

Soprano of the Metropolitan, the find of the year in opera, singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice, to illustrate that one is identical with the other.

MISS HEINRICH is but one of the many great artists who have thus proven that Edison has accomplished his ambition to re-create music so perfectly that his Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Julia Heinrich's sympathetic voice. Hear Miss Heinrich herself at the Metropolitan in New York, or when she is on concert tour

Edison alone knows all of the secrets of his new art

The Laboratory formulæ and methods by which Edison actually re-creates all forms of music are known only to himself and a few of his trusted assistants—and no single *one* of his assistants knows *all* of these formulæ and methods.

The NEW EDISON

is the culmination of four years of research work in chemistry and acoustics. It is not a talking machine. It re-creates the voice of a singer or the performance of an instrumentalist so perfectly that the original cannot be distinguished from Edison's Re-Creation. Witness the admissions of this fact in the principal newspapers of this country, written by their own musical critics, after hearing these astounding tests.

Do you want the truth?

told by impartial and unprejudiced musical critics in all parts of the United States? Send to us for booklet containing reprint of their critiques.

Watch your local papers

for the announcement of a merchant who has a license from Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention.

Over 1,000 different selections (different examples of Edison's new art) are now on sale, and other new selections are issued weekly

A catalog and the name of a licensed merchant will be sent you upon request

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. Dept. 2355 Orange, New Jersey

SIMMONS CRIBS

Safety and Beauty in Cribs

Dainty, Comfortable, Sanitary Beds That Protect Babies

SIMMONS Safe Cribs, however dainty and pleasing, never lack the important feature of safety. Breast-high sides with close-set rungs prevent the tiny occupant from falling over or being caught.

Simmons Cribs are scientifically constructed to provide *all* essentials for the infant's comfort and safety — for healthful growth — as defined by child specialists.

Comfort When Asleep

Simmons Safe Cribs have stability of construction, perfectly-balanced springs and smooth-rolling casters to protect the tiny body from all jar. There is a quietly descending side so baby may be put in bed asleep, may be fed, or clothing arranged without awakening. The side rungs are set so closely that baby's head cannot push between them.

Safety When Awake

In a few months, the crib will be the playroom. Baby needs plenty of room to exercise growing muscles. He will pull himself up, first on his knees, then on his feet. The strong sides of Simmons Cribs will support the athlete; he cannot possibly fall over. The rascal may try to get out through the sides; but he cannot do it. The rungs are too closely set.

See Your Dealer's Exhibit of

SIMMONS SAFE CRIBS

Look for Simmons name on the foot rail

Go and see them. From a decorative point of view they are delightful. Some are quaint, old-timey wooden cribs, decorated with tales from Mother Goose, Noah's Ark figures or gallant soldiers. Others are in metal, enameled in white or colors.

Style numbers 21026 and 21027, illustrated here, are wooden cribs showing two of the many decorative schemes to suit the modern nursery. Style No. 228 is a veritable monarch of the nursery—massive and sturdy. This crib is made from Simmons new steel tube—larger in size, lighter in weight. Style 221, also of steel, is an established favorite.

The Spring is Included

When you buy a Simmons Crib, it includes a Simmons Link Fabric Spring. This fabric is exactly the same as used on Simmons highest priced link springs. This spring is rust-proof. Adjusted to light tension, it balances perfectly to a child's weight.

The Prices are Moderate

Among the twenty models, there are designs for every taste and every pocket book.

If your dealer has not in stock just the style of Simmons Crib to suit you, ask him to write us for a selection of illustrations.

SIMMONS COMPANY

Home Warehouses at — *The World's Largest Makers of Metal Beds and Springs* — *Branch Warehouses at*

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Western Factory: San Francisco, Cal.

Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul-Minneapolis, Denver, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Los Angeles

A BANDIT BUSINESS MAN

(Concluded from Page 4)

American shells would not fit his seventy-five-millimeter French guns. Came a time when he urgently required a supply; so they were bought in Paris and shipped by express steamer. The toll he paid the express companies averaged about four hundred dollars a day.

Another supply he was invariably short of was coal. Although he took all he could get from the smelters and other enterprises in Chihuahua, it was insufficient, and Villa ordered it by the trainload. The easiest job on earth was to sell him a few thousand tons of coal.

Knowing their man, the Border dealers were dubious and made it a rule to get their money before delivery. But some of the companies farther north were more optimistic. A cattleman saw a chance for speculation and wired a Colorado concern that Villa would buy five hundred carloads. The order set them buzzing; the price was right and the offer looked like a gift from heaven. They shipped one hundred and fifty carloads immediately.

On arrival of the coal at El Paso a difficulty presented itself: the authorities at Juarez could not pay for it. Of course they were quite willing to take the coal and settle for it later, but at the moment the money was not forthcoming. Long dickering ended in disposal of it to the Villistas in small lots at a low figure. And the company had to foot a demurrage bill of a dollar a car a day for more than a month—over forty-five hundred dollars.

Finally Villa could not get any coal. They accused him of failure to return cars and of smuggling ammunition across in them. There isn't a doubt that his party was guilty of both, but those were not the real reasons for stopping his supply. The real reason was Washington. Indeed, all Páncho's later setbacks were due, in large measure, not to any diminution in his military capacity, but to commercial strangulation. The lid was clapped down on him. He could not export his products to us; could not import ammunition or fuel; could not raise money.

His defeats by Obregon were owing to this condition. He hadn't an adequate supply of ammunition; no facilities for the rapid movement of his forces. A lot of the ammunition he contracted for was never delivered, being diverted by the go-betweens to the Russians at better prices. What he did get was of poor quality.

At the zenith of his fortunes Villa reared some dazzling air-castles. For one thing, he started a bank. It was called the Banco de la Estado de Chihuahua, with branches in Parral, Torreon and Juarez, and his idea was to deposit enough gold in El Paso or New York to take care of the notes issued. They would use bullion, and so on, as a redemption fund for this paper money.

Adventures In Banking

It progressed to a point where they spent fifty thousand dollars for the printing of a batch of extremely pretty notes, which were never put out. The bank died a natural death. It expired of anæmia after a short, sad life.

The chief trouble was this: When it made its first loans Villa money was worth about twenty-five cents, gold, to the dollar. Then everybody started in to counterfeit it, including some high officers of his staff; and, because of that and other happenings, the stuff declined in value, so that when a customer dropped in to pay off a thousand-dollar note the money he put up represented much less than that sum and, of course, the bank lost heavily.

Páncho did his best to bolster things up. He slapped a ten-cent duty on a peso in order to stop people buying them up so as to settle their debts cheaply and, that proving of no avail, ordered that all debts should be paid by a certain date at the old valuation of his currency. Even Villa cannot get away with decrees like that. People simply would not pay at all, and finally the bank was taken over by the state authorities.

Another pet project was a huge smelter at Santa Rosalia. There was one there, anyway, and Villa proposed to control its output. He desired to buy their bullion in his own currency, but for some reason they didn't want to sell to him. Support for his smelter venture was so lukewarm that he speedily abandoned it.

A pile of bullion has passed through his hands. Recently a New Yorker recovered twenty thousand dollars' worth buried under the floor of a house in Juarez. It had been seized in transit from the mine to the United States, despite an arrangement for the shipment, had been hidden by Villa, and discovered when the Carranza forces occupied the city. The owner's brand had been removed, but identification was made and the property restored to him.

What might Páncho have achieved in business, with training! Remember that he controlled for two years the railroads and express companies in the states he held, every public utility, and practically all private enterprises as well. And he had things in fair shape. The rascal organized his territory on as sound a basis as conditions permitted. He even had auditors.

"Has he laid up a fortune?" I asked a banker who has kept tabs on Villa.

Double-Cross From Trusted Aides

"No. I don't believe he has anything," was the reply. "I happen to know that he appealed about a month ago to one of his former generals, now resident in this country, to send a few hundred dollars to his wife, in Los Angeles. He had made the fortune of this man, but the request was ignored.

"Villa doesn't really care for money, except so far as he needs it for his cause; in fact, he has no steady, sustained appreciation of its value. Hipolito, now—the brother—he is more cautious. He got away with a little—not much."

"A million?"

"Not a fifth of it. And look at the chances they had! An avaricious man in Villa's shoes could have built up a stupendous fortune, but he poured all he could get his fingers on into the general treasury and made some of his officers do the same. I've seen him solicit help from members of his staff for an unfortunate native who wasn't entitled to aid out of the public funds. No; Villa probably had close to six millions at one time, but he turned it back to tide things over. And then, of course, he was unmercifully bled."

He was. Three out of five men who did business with Páncho stuck him hard. They knew his weaknesses and played on them. He would make any sacrifice to obtain comfortable shoes, warm underclothing, bedding and ammunition for his soldiers. All these he got, but often at punishing prices for the quality.

Some of the transactions are delicate topics along the Border. Not a few of his own officers, even the most trusted, have not hesitated to fleece him.

One of his purchasing agents—a Mexican—walked into an El Paso bank one day and deposited twenty-five thousand dollars. A few days later he bought a draft on New York for the amount. This operation was repeated until the bank's curiosity was roused and they took the trouble to trace the payment.

It was discovered that the drafts were being cashed by an agent of the depositor and credited to his personal account. In other words he was paying the money over to himself, and had selected this particular bank because it had not hitherto been used by the Villistas and would, therefore, be free from suspicion as a field.

"He did that seven times," a director said. "He got in this manner one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, gold, in a few months. Now if his pickings were that much through one bank, I wonder what the total was through all of them."

Another of Villa's aides did not go to all that bother. He simply stole two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the treasury and decamped—beat it—drifted.

After a lot of unfortunate experiments Páncho delegated his brother, Hipolito, to handle his American business. He is now in Havana, with various charges hanging over his head.

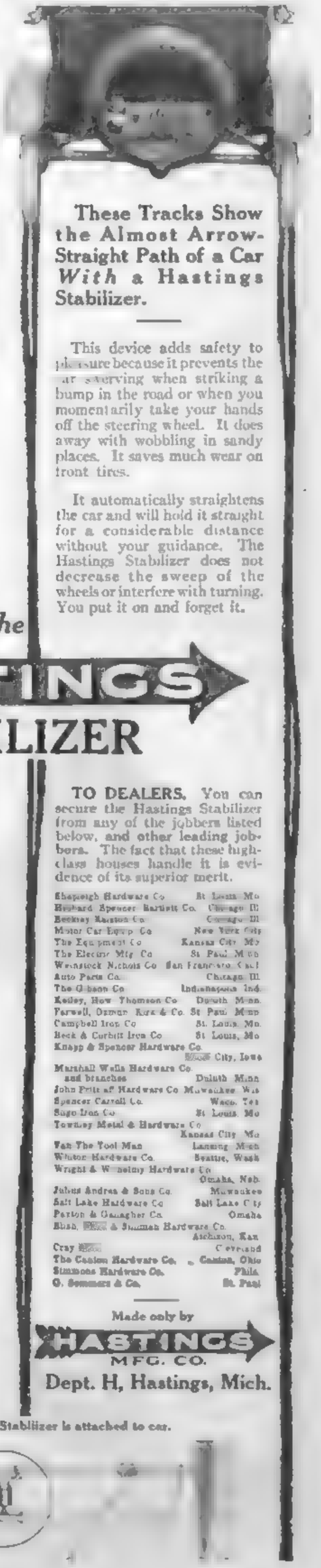
In many respects Villa is a very wonderful man. The more one delves into his life, the stronger is one led to that conclusion. His lust is something to appall; he's a bandit, a ruthless killer, and a rascal. Yet, away down in my heart of hearts, in common with every other man who has studied his affairs impartially, I have a sneaking, reluctant admiration for the son-of-a-sea-cook.

FORD STEERING
Made Steadier and Safer

These Tracks Show the Wobbly, Swerving Progress of a Car *Without* a Hastings Stabilizer.

THE Hastings Stabilizer takes the strain off mind and muscle. Instead of trying to keep your car in the road by eternal vigilance and main strength, "let the Hastings Stabilizer do it."

With it, you can relax and take your eyes off the beaten track to enjoy the scenery. With it you can drive your Ford as easily as a $2000 car with its worm-and-sector steering gear.



These Tracks Show the Almost Arrow-Straight Path of a Car *With* a Hastings Stabilizer.

This device adds safety to pleasure because it prevents the car swerving when striking a bump in the road or when you momentarily take your hands off the steering wheel. It does away with wobbling in sandy places. It saves much wear on front tires.

It automatically straightens the car and will hold it straight for a considerable distance without your guidance. The Hastings Stabilizer does not decrease the sweep of the wheels or interfere with turning. You put it on and forget it.

The HASTINGS STABILIZER

operates on a simple oscillating spring-tension principle. The spring is short and heavy gauge; made of finest spring steel and unbreakable. The other parts are malleable castings and steel stampings, making the entire device strong and trouble-proof. It is simply attached to the front axle and the steering rod by bolted clamps and needs no further attention whatever after being put on. Only a wrench is needed.

The Hastings Stabilizer adds no appreciable weight to the car and is out of sight and out of the way when on. The price of the Hastings Stabilizer is $3.75.

Ask your garage, auto supply man or hardware dealer for it. If you don't find it easily, send money to us and we will see that you are promptly supplied, with privilege of money back if not entirely satisfied.

TO DEALERS. You can secure the Hastings Stabilizer from any of the jobbers listed below, and other leading jobbers. The fact that these high-class houses handle it is evidence of its superior merit.

Shapleigh Hardware Co	St Louis Mo
Hibbard Spencer Bartlett Co	Chicago Ill
Beckley Hanson Co	Chicago Ill
Motor Car Equip Co	New York City
The Equipment Co	Kansas City Mo
The Electric Mfg Co	St Paul Minn
Weinstock Nichols Co	San Francisco Cal
Auto Parts Co	Chicago Ill
The Gibson Co	Indianapolis Ind
Kelley, How Thomson Co	Duluth Minn
Farwell, Ozmun Kirk & Co	St Paul Minn
Campbell Iron Co	St. Louis, Mo.
Beck & Corbitt Iron Co	St Louis, Mo
Knapp & Spencer Hardware Co	[illegible] City, Iowa
Marshall Wells Hardware Co and branches	Duluth Minn
John Pritzlaff Hardware Co	Milwaukee Wis
Spencer Carroll Co	Waco, Tex
Sugo Iron Co	St Louis, Mo
Townley Metal & Hardware Co	Kansas City Mo
Van The Tool Man	Lansing Mich
Whiton Hardware Co	Seattle, Wash
Wright & Wheelmy Hardware Co	Omaha, Neb
Julius Andrea & Sons Co	Milwaukee
Salt Lake Hardware Co	Salt Lake City
Parton & Gallagher Co	Omaha
Rhea [illegible] & Sherman Hardware Co	Atchison, Kan
Gray [illegible]	Cleveland
The Canton Hardware Co	Canton, Ohio
Simmons Hardware Co	Phila
O. Sommers & Co	St. Paul

Made only by

HASTINGS MFG. CO.

Dept. H, Hastings, Mich.

Showing how the Hastings Stabilizer is attached to car.

Emerson Fans

Guaranteed for 5 years

Buy Your Fan for *Many* Summers

When you buy an electric fan this summer, be prudent and look ahead. Buy with *future* summers in mind! Buy the fan with the *five-year* factory-to-user guarantee—the Emerson.

Buying an Emerson Fan means getting the *longest* service, as well as more satisfying service. So when you buy, look on the fan guard for the name EMERSON and the *Five-Year* Guarantee Coupon.

Write us for catalog and names of Emerson dealers in your city. Then see these better fans *demonstrated* at the store.

Emerson Desk and Bracket Fans are made in all styles and sizes, oscillating and non-oscillating, for alternating and direct current. Each fan is equipped with *ten*-foot cord and plug.

To Dealers: We do not sell fans at retail. All inquiries received through our magazine advertising are referred to Emerson dealers. Write us for information about our sales helps for dealers and name of nearest Emerson wholesaler.

The Emerson Electric Mfg. Co.
2032 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Emerson Registered Five-Year Guarantee

HOW little people seem to know about white lead. Some think it is used for pencils! And the Dutch Boy's *paint brush* always in evidence, too!

Dutch Boy White Lead

is paint of the highest possible grade. The whole story is interesting and informing.

Ask us for Paint Tips No. 127

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(Co., Pittsburgh)

Hot Water in a Flash

With a Humphrey-Ruud Automatic Water Heater you only need *want* steaming hot water on the *instant*. Your wish is answered by just turning a faucet.

HUMPHREY $40 and Up
Automatic Water Heater

Always ready always in order—never needs attention. Humphrey Ruud burns gas—the ideal fuel. You only have to light it once, and forget it. Clean convenient. Send today for the Humphrey booklet, "Hot Water Like Magic."

HUMPHREY CO.
Div. of Ruud Mfg. Co.
Dept. A, Kalamazoo, Michigan

REDUCING POUNDS TO DOLLARS

A Process That Shows the Cost of Getting Thin

By CORINNE LOWE

WE HAVE witnessed during the past ten years a steady growth in the field of specialized reducing. Fortunes have been made from systems of exercise and systems of diet. Specially constructed garments, generally of rubber, have yielded large and ever-growing incomes to their inventors. Specially constructed massaging machines have proved as profitable as a new kind of plow. Authors who hitch their wagon to a carbohydrate find the jitney service excellent. Even the correspondence school has inundated the profession, and learning by mail to be a gazelle has attracted thousands of people all over the country.

Yet the widest arc of wealth in our reducing circle has been swept by the exercise studio. The w-h-a-t? Oh, it's simple enough! Alcibiades and Xenophon would have known what was meant. The only difference was that in ancient Athens they called them gymnasia and any taxpayer seemed to get in without paying a single drachma. Alas and alack! times have changed since they took those things under the municipal wing. To-day it costs you anything from two to six dollars to enjoy one taste of the physical hardships of the exercise or health studio of New York City.

Renny Dodger's Example

In selling work to poor, fat, sedentary rich people the professional reducer is especially gifted. Behold here his tariff table. This rests conspicuously on the desk of his office and to it the eye is guided through walls lined with framed photographs and testimonials of the ex-fat. Framed in nickel like the menus on the dining car, it is with an awful majesty that these terms greet your eye:

26 treatments	$150
62 treatments	$250
125 treatments	$350
250 treatments	$500
700 treatments	$1000

Is it any wonder that even the New Yorker, generally invigorated by the thought of paying a high price, reels backward at this appalling list of figures? Or that the visitor swoons away with the few faint, though well-chosen words:

"Say, mister, is this one of those Merchant-of-Venice deals where you sell a pound of flesh at three thousand ducats?"

"Yes," replies the molder of figures, supporting the limp form of him who looks on this tariff for the first time, "the one thing we don't reduce is our rates. This is the sort of problem in arithmetic that's always coming to me——" And forthwith the reducer thrusts forward the following communication:

"I have one hundred extra dollars and fifty extra pounds. How many pounds can I get rid of for that amount of money?"

"Never waste time with people like that," comments the *maestro*. "Just send my rates. They can take it or leave it!"

By this time the victim has regained his composure.

"And do they ever—do they ever——" The visitor points dumbly to that last item—"500 treatments . . . $1000."

"Oh, my, yes," replies the guiding spirit of the exercise studio. "See—there's one of them now!" And he points to a spindly gentleman of fifty passing into the men's quarters of the establishment.

"Would you believe it?" adds the reducer. "It used to take that man five minutes to pass a given point. To-day—well, you can see for yourself what he is. He comes in here every other day——"

"But he doesn't look like pictures of him," interrupts the other.

"Pictures of whom?"

"Why, of Rockefeller."

"Of course not. That's Renny Dodger, the cartoonist. Makes a hundred thousand

(Continued on Page 85)

FOR the sick or aged the Thermos Carafe or Thermos Jug is invaluable. It keeps water cold or steaming hot as required, and liquids are not exposed to the air of the room.

THERMOS reduces greatly the task of caring for the aged or invalids, and contributes wonderfully to their comfort as well.

THERMOS

the bottle, serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when, where, and as you like

WHEN hunting or fishing, exposed to the elements, a hot drink from Thermos on a cold, wet day adds greatly to your enjoyment and comfort.

FILL your Thermos Bottle with coffee, tea or chocolate, or an invigorating drink, hot or cold, ready any time, anywhere.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
35–37 West 31st Street, New York
Factory: Norwich, Conn.

Going to college next fall?

More than a hundred young men and women will enter the leading colleges next Fall with all expenses paid by us. You can be among the number.

Any course may be selected at any university, technical school, conservatory of music—even a standard correspondence course if you choose.

We have an intensely interesting book telling all about the Curtis Scholarship plan. We will send you a copy and tell you just how quickly and easily matters can be arranged if you will write today.

Educational Division, Box 390
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

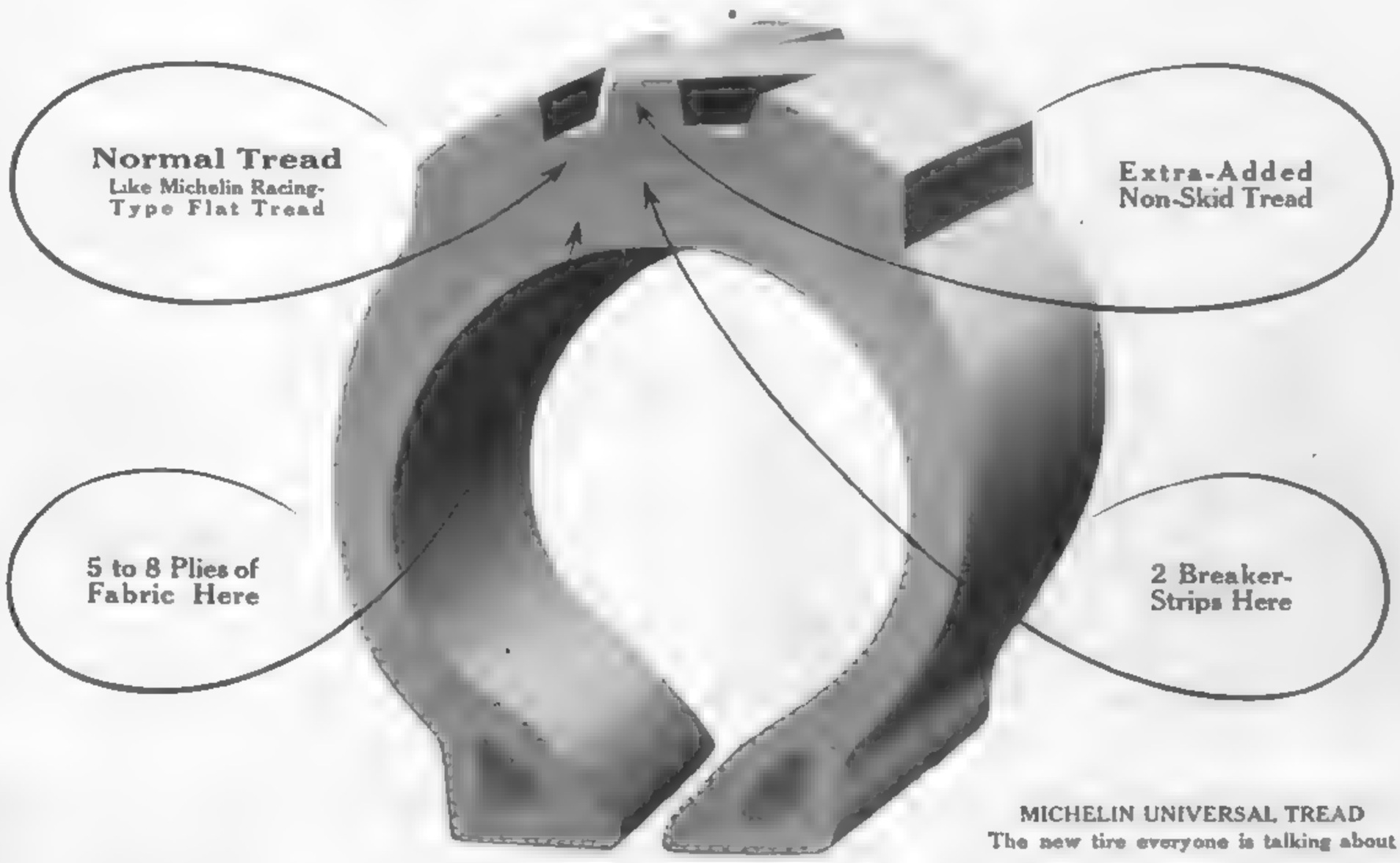
ONE QUALITY ONLY-THE BEST

MICHELIN

12 to 15% Extra Weight

When you buy your next tire make this simple test. Have your dealer weigh a Michelin Universal Tread in comparison with all other non-skids of the same size. You will find the Michelin 12 to 15% heavier than the average, the exact percentage depending on the size of the tires used in this test.

This extra weight represents extra rubber and fabric, which means extra service.


Normal Tread
Like Michelin Racing-Type Flat Tread
Extra-Added Non-Skid Tread
5 to 8 Plies of Fabric Here
2 Breaker-Strips Here

MICHELIN UNIVERSAL TREAD
The new tire everyone is talking about

Examine the above cross-section of the Michelin Universal Tread—or better still ask your dealer to show you a cross-section of the tire itself. Notice the remarkable thickness of rubber, the numerous plies of fabric and the double breaker-strips—all evidences of superior durability.

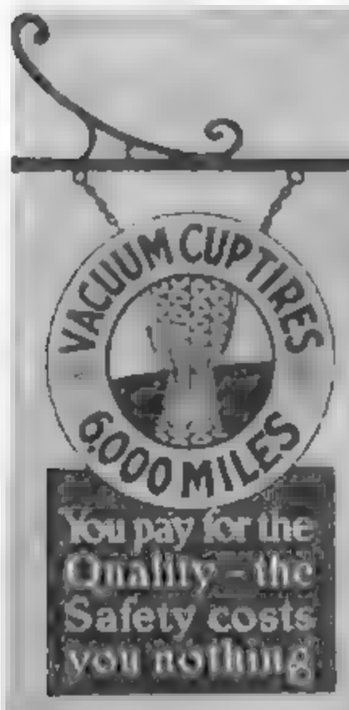
As a conclusive test, and in justice to yourself and to us, try just one Michelin Universal Tread Casing in comparison with other makes, keeping record of the extra mileage that it gives you. Once you make this test we feel sure that you will use Michelins exclusively.

NOTE TO DEALERS: There are thousands of loyal Michelin dealers throughout the country, but in your territory Michelin may not be adequately represented. If so, a real opportunity awaits you. Write for full information.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY—MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Canadian Headquarters—Michelin Tire Company of Canada, Limited, 782 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal

MICHELIN-FOUNDED-1832



You Can Understand This Sign Language

It tells the story of the wonderful popularity of Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

The story of how an undeviating policy of highest quality has won for Vacuum Cups a multitude of loyal users who, now and then, may buy a new and different car, but whose tire equipment ever remains the same.

The story of uncharged-for touring safety whatever the weather.

The story of the *triple guarantee* —Oil immunity, non-skid effectiveness on slippery pavements, and a service —per warranty tag on every casing—of

6,000 MILES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

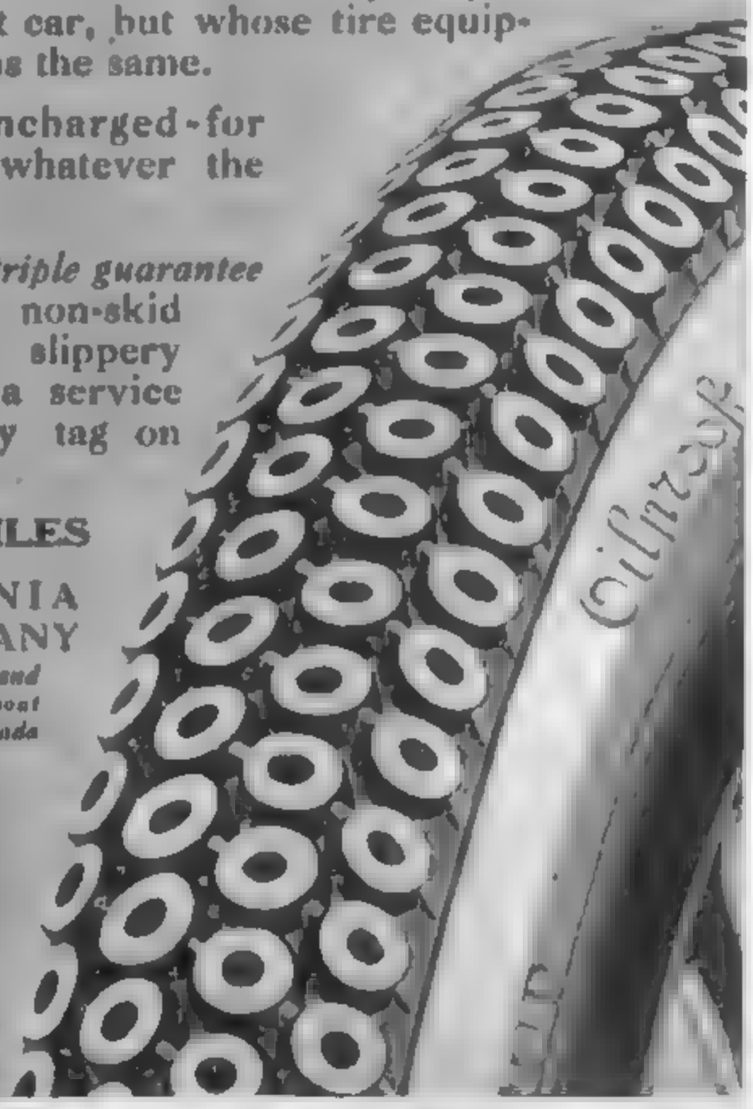
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout United States and Canada

Manufacturers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, we confidently place our name and reputation behind the new Pennsylvania Oilproof

EBONY TREAD

A quality casing with black tread at a moderate price. Guaranteed per tag attached for

5,000 Miles



The Kingdom of the Subscriber

In the development of the telephone system, the subscriber is the dominant factor. His ever-growing requirements inspire invention, lead to endless scientific research, and make necessary vast improvements and extensions.

Neither brains nor money is spared to build up the telephone plant, to amplify the subscriber's power to the limit.

In the Bell System you have the most complete mechanism in the world for communication. It is animated by the broadest spirit of service, and you dominate and control it in the double capacity of the caller and the called. The telephone cannot think and talk for you, but it carries your thought where you will. It is yours to use.

Without the co-operation of the subscriber, all that has been done to perfect the system is useless and proper service cannot be given. For example, even though tens of millions were spent to build the Transcontinental Line, it is silent if the man at the other end fails to answer.

The telephone is essentially democratic; it carries the voice of the child and the grown-up with equal speed and directness. And because each subscriber is a dominant factor in the Bell System, Bell Service is the most democratic that could be provided for the American people.

It is not only the implement of the individual, but it fulfills the needs of all the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

When the Circus Comes to Town You Can Go

There's a circus coming to your town. It will have a herd of elephants and a menagerie; it will have chariot races, trapeze performers, acrobats, trick riders, clowns and all the rest that goes with "the big show." Any boy can go at our expense. Write and let us tell you how.

Box 381, Sales Division **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 82)

dollars a year if he makes a cent. He did a cartoon of me—see!" And he directs your eye to a particularly fertile spot in the thick-sown group of testimonials on the wall.

But cartoonists and captains of industry are but one stratum in the soil of the health studio. Even as the young-moon slenderness of Renny Dodger dips below the horizon there arise two planets of the other sex. One is very beautiful. She has that precision and delicacy of feature which seem to suggest a constant potentiality of change. Nothing is settled about that exquisite profile. It is fairly sparkling with curves, whims, playfulnesses and shadows. She is the typical English beauty—which means that she was born in Ireland.

"Oh, Mr. X," cries she, rushing up to the reducer, "I'm just this minute off the steamer and I'm so anxious to start with you. I'm Lady Dehors, you know——"

At this it all comes back. Lady Dehors is the lovely little Irish-American girl whose light locks and light voice had charmed all London, and whose famous song, Sammy, I'm A-lookin' for You, had finally landed her the heir of an ancient peerage. Her husband was dead now; the peerage had receded, but one could predict that here was a woman whom fate would always bear inland. Unless—oh, unless the fatal carbohydrate intervened.

She was chattering away now in her light voice with enthusiastic British inflections.

"I'm oh, so worried, Mr. X. I did get so fat on the boat—and yet I was always going into the gymnasium, and I'd walk just dozens of times round the deck. It's my hips do you notice? they've gone to thirty-nine and a half and they've never been more than thirty-nine in all my life."

With full-orbed gloom the expert regards the afflicted part.

"Do you think you can do anything?" continues she anxiously, peering into his face. "I mustn't get like this, you know. Why, I fairly waddle! I used to tell Lord Riendetoll on the boat that the moment I got to New York I was going to look you up. And he'd always say, 'Reduce those pounds to pence—eh, what?' Awfully witty, Lord Riendetoll is, you know. I wish he'd come to you. He's so stout! But what do you charge, Mr. X?"

With the inexorable gesture of fate, Mr. X plunks down the nickel-rimmed tariff.

In reply Lady Dehors beams.

"What," cries she, "only a hundred and fifty dollars for twenty-six treatments! Why, that's simply wonderful. And just think, Vivian," turning to her friend, "I paid over twenty guineas to that horrible man in London for telling me to give up champagne and *pâté de foie gras*. You wouldn't make me do that, now would you?" And she slants her bewitching profile upward.

Breaking Down the Fat Cells

The great hold which the reducer has upon the affections of the reducing public is that he does not make you give up champagne and *pâté de foie gras*. One of his basic theories is that nobody is strong enough to keep up a diet. Everything here is done by exercise, and captains of industry taking down their waist measures from fifty to forty inches go right on with their morning ham and eggs and continue to live happily amid the swift-dashing spray of gravy and potatoes. As this system represents the attainment of an object with the slightest proportion of sacrifice, it is not surprising that the gentleman's main activities are exerted among New York business men.

But let us suppose that you have enough money to take the short or summer course at this particular fatauqua. What happens to you and your fat cells? What exercise subsequent to writing out your check for one hundred and fifty dollars is imposed by the studio? First of all, there is an exchange of your ordinary garments for a sweater and rubber bloomers. After this is accomplished you walk into a room voluptuously furnished with a motto, a chair, a water bottle and a medicine ball. The reducer is there waiting for you. His head is handsomely paneled in six hundred different exercises collected from all ages and climes. At once he selects a group adapted to the reduction of your particularly afflicted part. The attack commences brilliantly.

You pounce on the peaceful air. You swing and bend and dip. You throw the medicine ball. You lie on the floor and crow. You assume attitudes ranging from the easy grace of Apollo Belvedere to the mute anguish of the Dying Gladiator. Once, sitting upon the floor, you inclose a knee with both hands and jam it violently against your torso six or seven times running.

"Harder, harder," exhorts the director gleefully; "break down those fat cells! It's the only way to get thin!" With this he gives you some water to drink

By this time every fat cell in your whole body is moaning piteously. Further than this, the rubber bloomers that at first flapped uncongenially about you like a frozen sail or a mermaid's fins now betray strong emotion. Are you melting away or are they? How long will it be before both of you have merged your identity in that of a swollen brook hurrying down to the sea?

As you pursue these fruitless fancies, various images of labor—swart physical labor—cross your vision. One of these is of a man on Bleecker Street tossing great boxes from the sidewalk to a wagon. Another is of a woman tugging on the fishing ropes at the Bay of Naples. They didn't have to pay six dollars a throw for getting thin and limbered up—the man on Bleecker Street and the fisher woman in Naples. No, they got paid for their exertions, and if they had worn rubber rompers they would have received an extra dividend.

A Session in the Electric Cooker

But after awhile, just before you and the rubber things go purling and cascading away together, you are released from your exertions. Led back to a dressing room, you exchange your present drenched apparel for an enfolding and ceremonious garment of white muslin. Clad in this manner you arrive at a memorial threshold. In a moment the lid and the doors of an electric cabinet have closed upon you. You and Nature and dozens of blazing electric bulbs are alone together! Only your head, posted outside like that of the murdered tyrant on the great wall of Peking, retains shameless communion with the outside world.

There have been other occasions in your life when you have experienced an overwhelming humiliation. But never could anything compare with the mute degradation in which you sat there on that little white stool inclosed by glass and smitten by the torrid glare of whole constellations and galaxies of electric lights.

The electric cabinet is an integral part of every reducing studio. Small wonder. Under its genial rays the shiest and most reticent glands become eloquent. Even the rubber rompers had no such persuasive powers. And for a long time you sit there doing nothing, seeing nothing—conscious only of the steady drip, drip from the eaves of your anatomy.

"Perspiring?" asks the attendant sweetly. "Well, it's the most wonderful thing in the world for reducing, you know. You can't get this same effect any other way."

Meanwhile she has bound your brow and chin with an ice-cold compress. Meanwhile, too, you have become aware of the presence of others in the room. On narrow cots before you are stretched the figures of two women on whom masseuses are playing a reveille. The orchestration is perfect. There is a deep thud on the shoulders of the woman to the left, followed by a spirited flurry of smacks on the woman to the right. Several half-note rests ensue and there is another rain of grace notes from the strong hands of the masseuses.

But now for the first time you notice a neighboring barbecue. Somewhere near you a fat face is lying out like a steamed dumpling on a platter. By and by the occupant of the adjacent cabinet speaks in a plaintive voice to the attendant.

"Don't you think I'm done yet?" she asks. "Really, I'm quite brown on the left side. If you got a spoon you could baste me."

Hereupon they mercifully lift your companion and carry her off to realms unknown—probably to be served cold with Bar-le-Duc jelly. Sometime afterward your cook does the same for you. A shower bath is waiting for you and after that you go under the hands of the masseuse. The whole process has taken more than two hours. If you want to get thin you must come three times a week.

As has been mentioned, the guiding spirit of this particular studio does not believe in diet. Another of his negations is

"Here's a shining example of what fifty years of study & experiment can produce"

Every package of Sherwin-Williams Prepared Paint for houses radiates:

Beauty:	Forty-eight attractive, non-fading colors.
Economy:	Great covering power per gallon and infrequency of painting due to quality..
Protection:	Right proportions of pure lead, pure zinc and pure linseed oil, producing a long-wearing, weather-resisting film.
Confidence:	Fifty years of manufacturing experience and fifty years of user experience assure you of satisfaction.

As with house paint, so with all other finishes—there is the exact product for your need at any Sherwin-Williams store.

Free—A book that tells you every step to take in painting every surface in or around your home. Send for "The ABC of Home Painting."

BRIGHTEN-UP WITH
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

The FRANKLIN CAR

IN the remarkable list of successful men who own and drive Franklin Cars there is an astonishing number of prominent physicians and surgeons.

The busy doctor uses his car all the time.

He is subject to emergency calls—needs to be *sure of his car.*

A car that he can leave at the curb in cold weather *without freezing*, or drive hard on the hottest day *without boiling.*

He must have a car easy to get into and out of. One that he can ride in all day *without fatigue.*

The typical Franklin owner, whether he is a doctor or not, is a man who buys his car to *use.*

If the average motorist drove his car a *thousand miles or more a month*, he would get a light on service, upkeep and depreciation that would give him some *real standards* for judging motor car *values.*

Every practical-minded motorist should read the new book, "Why the Average Motorist's Dollar is Shrinking." Send us your name on a postcard for a copy.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. [illegible] you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

PATENTS [illegible] MASON FENWICK & LAWRENCE

Send for beautiful new free catalog.

Iron Clad

A pure-thread silk sock that gives *good wear*

The leg and upper part of foot of this sock are all pure-thread Japan silk. In the sole and high-splice, this silk is reinforced with mercerized cotton yarn—then the heel and toe are made of extra strong "special twist" yarn that is very durable.

Iron Clad No. 699—50c

Try this beautiful pure silk hose. The colors are [illegible] navy, golden tan, dark tan and [illegible] er, with remittance, [illegible]

Color Catalog sent free—[illegible]

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

apparatus. Asked why he does not go in for the hobby-horses, pulleys and other bric-a-brac of the average reduction shop, he tells you that there is too much danger of strain and that the only way to get thin is to do your own work. As to his six hundred exercises, he has culled them from various climes and various ages. Many of them are, in fact, Greek or Roman stunts. Save for the electric cabinet, both Alcibiades and Cicero would probably feel at home doing these exercises that are practiced by New York business men.

"I don't say I'm an inventor, but I do say I'm a picker," asserts this successful reducer. "I know what exercise the particular, individual you needs and I give it. Very often my course is under a doctor's authority. But whether it is or not, I always have in mind two things: One is that every change in the human organism must be gradual, not violent. The other is that either fat or excessive thinness is caused by some overemphasis of a certain part of the body. My whole purpose is to get back the body to its proper poise. I improve the digestion, stimulate the circulation, and rid the system of poisonous matter. When I get a patient in that condition he is generally neither too fat nor too thin."

"But doesn't he have to keep up the treatment forever?"

"Not at all. He stays put, as a rule. That is the great difference between reducing my way and pegging away at a diet."

When you come to an exercise studio there is always some record made of your individual variations from the proportions of Venus of Milo or of the Hermes of Praxiteles. On the fourteenth of July, 1914, a certain man brought to the studio a list of measurements the quality of which may be gleaned from the fact that his weight was two hundred and eighty-six and a half pounds; his waist, fifty-four and a half inches; his neck, eighteen inches, and his upper arm, seventeen and a half inches. Here was where opportunity knocked. The reducer hearkened, and on December 21, 1914, sent out the patient with the following revised measurements: Weight, one hundred and eighty-four pounds; waist, thirty-eight inches; neck, fifteen and a half inches; and upper arm, twelve inches. The whole reduction of one hundred and two and a half pounds took eighty-five treatments, three hundred and fifty dollars and a complete new wardrobe. It is said to be the world's record.

Automatic Exercisers

Regarding the prices that he asks, the reducer is a little wistful. He does not like to charge so much. It hurts him to have to send away people who can't afford his terms. Nevertheless, he feels a great sense of responsibility toward his patrons. The sanctity of a bank president's fat must not be threatened by the proximity of a janitor's fat. Saint-Simon himself never respected more the solidarity of rank!

"If I liked," asserts he, "I could fill a loft on Fifth Avenue with my patrons. But I don't want to do that. I want a certain kind of people and I get them. This morning two of my new patients met in the dressing room. 'Hello there, Jack,' cried the first; 'you here, too? Why, the whole Palm Beach crowd must be coming! I just met Scruggins as I came in.' Now that's what I aim for—a kind of fraternity among the people who come here. After all, you know, New Yorkers don't mind paying for a thing so long as a thing's right. Why, in the past four days I've booked just fourteen new people! More than thirty-five hundred dollars, you see! That doesn't look as though my terms were exorbitant, does it?"

Leaving this haunt of high finance, this unbroken front of plutocratic avoirdupois, the searcher after slimness betakes herself to a very different type of studio. Shades of Alcibiades and Cicero, how discomfited you gentlemen would be in here! For at this studio you don't take exercise—it takes you! The moment that you enter the door of the outer office you hear the whir of strange machinery; and you penetrate the big rooms through an underbrush of trunk shakers, running machines, rowing machines, horseback-riding machines, vibrating chairs, waist developers, chest developers, electric cabinets, showers and rollers, which overrun the whole floor of an office building.

One of the most arresting specimens in this studio consists of a platform, including

(Continued on Page 59)

FLORENCE

Wicklem Valveless **Oil Cook Stoves** Blue Flame Automatic

A Summer Home Comfort

No Wicks to Trim—No Valves to Leak—Safe, Simple, Economical, Reliable

You can keep one—or four—burners at an intensely hot flame, or merely simmering. To regulate the heat you turn the lever according to the dial.

You can have a slow, simmering fire on one burner at the same time you have a quick, hot fire on another—and the other two regulated exactly to any work you want done. Just set the levers as you want them—and you can go away for hours and find all the burners at exactly the same heat when you come back. That's because the oil supply is automatic."

Heat is always under perfect control. Costs less than a cent an hour per burner. A glass bull's-eye always shows you how much oil is in the tank. Upper reservoir holds a full gallon. We believe the Florence principle the best yet invented for oil stoves. All Florence stoves and ovens are fully guaranteed.

Sold by progressive dealers.

Send for "Household Helper"—Free

A very interesting book of unusual recipes and household suggestions.

Central Oil & Gas Stove Co.
172 School St., Gardner, Mass.
Made and sold in Canada by McClary Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

"Physically and Financially Curtis Work Saved Me"

It is nearly three years since Mr. Adams answered one of our advertisements. Hard work had broken his health. He was nearly forty pounds under weight. A vital problem confronted him—he must get *out door work* which would provide for his family.

His first two months as a representative of the Curtis publications netted him $322.00 and fourteen pounds in weight. Mr. Adams is with us today—a big, healthy man with a big, healthy income, and a most enthusiastic Curtis worker.

Do you need to get out-of-doors? Do you want extra money? Write today, asking for information.

Agency Division, Box 376

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

A National Show Window

For Men at Work or at Play
we Recommend—
Imperial
TRADE MARK
"DROP SEAT" Union Suits
Can't Bind, Gap or Sag—made like your trousers—The Crotch always closed by only one single thickness of cloth

Displaying the Summer Styles of

Imperial TRADE MARK "DROP SEAT" Union Suits

The one distinctive type of design which gives all the ***comfort of a pair of drawers with the convenience of a union suit.*** A crotch ALWAYS closed by only one single thickness of cloth.

Imperial Drop Seat Union Suits cannot "sag," "gap" or "bind"—there are no double thicknesses or folds of cloth to "bunch" in the crotch and cause discomfort and chafing—It's the ***"Comfort First"*** Union Suit.

Imperial Drop Seat Union Suits are "Piqua made" in the "Sunshine Factory" in Woven Fabrics (Athletic) and in light weight Knitted Fabrics—knee length, three-quarter length and full length—sleeveless—quarter sleeves and full length sleeves.

Prices: $1 to $5

The Imperial Quality Guarantee—We guarantee each Imperial Drop Seat Union Suit to be free from defects of material and workmanship

IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO., PIQUA, OHIO

Imperial Underwear Co.
Piqua, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Without any obligation on my part you may send me samples of materials used in making Imperial "Drop Seat" Union Suits and give me the name of a dealer who sells them.

Name _____

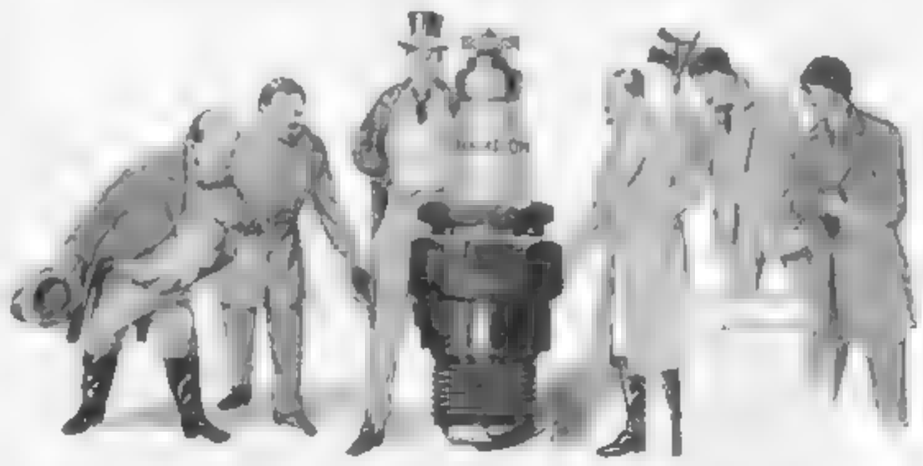
Address _____

Look for this Window Card—You will find it in the Show Windows of the Leading Stores which sell Men's Wear

Champion

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Spark Plugs



The Over-Seas Tribute to Champion Dependability

Europe comes to America for many articles which Yankee ingenuity produces cheaply.

But when Europe pays America a *quality* tribute, she does so grudgingly, and only after indisputable proof of exceptional superiority.

Yet leading European spark plug manufacturers buy Champion made porcelain insulators in large quantities for their quality plugs.

And in addition to European importations of our porcelains, the discriminating European trade demands over six hundred thousand complete Champion Dependable Spark Plugs annually—more than two thousand every work day in the year.

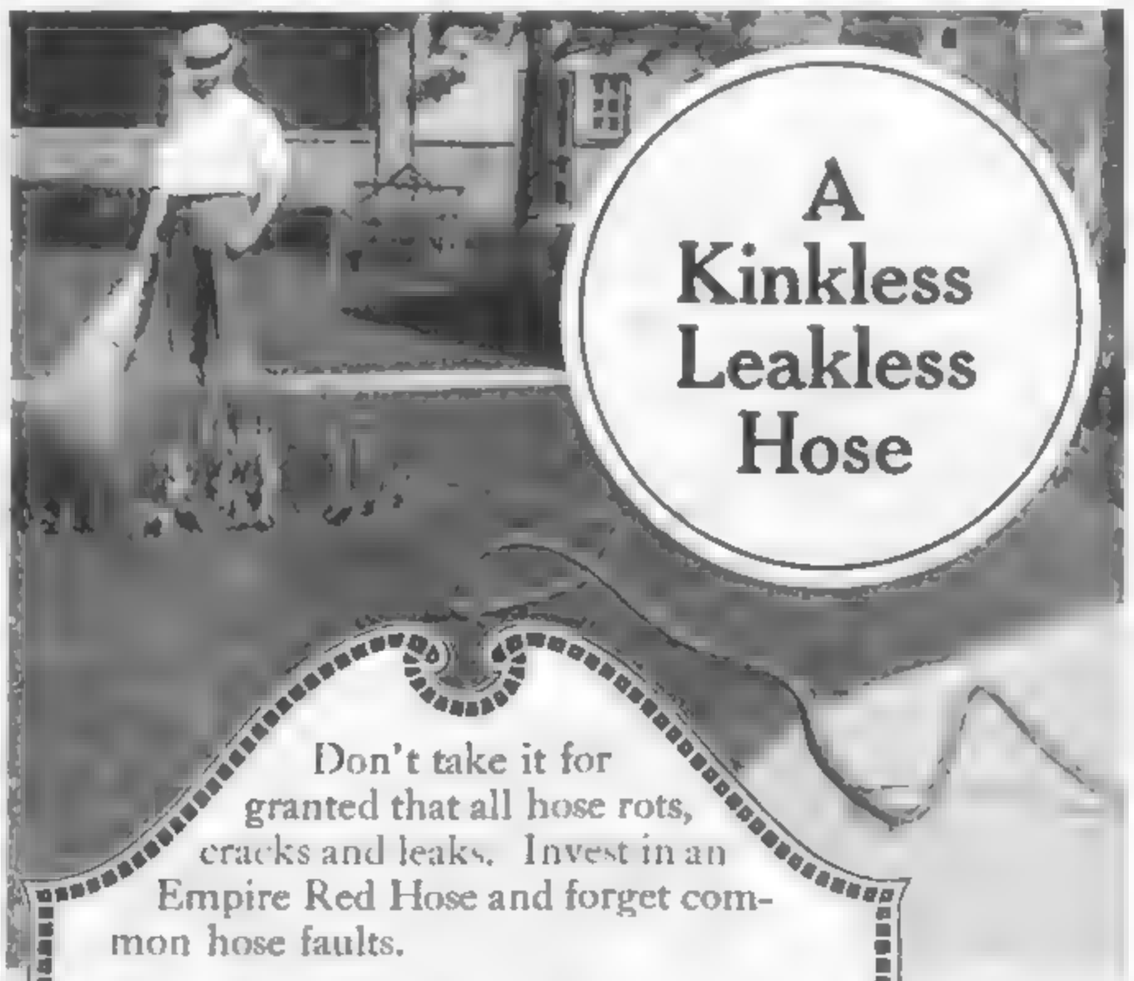
At home, four out of five of the cars built this year are being equipped with [illegible]

[illegible] other accessory for your car with such a [illegible] and conclusive international quality tribute to [illegible] your selection

Remember this when you have occasion to replace the plugs in your car and specify [illegible]

Your dealer will tell you which one is designed especially to serve your particular make of motor

Champion Spark Plug Co., 111 Avondale Ave., Toledo, O.



A Kinkless Leakless Hose

Don't take it for granted that all hose rots, cracks and leaks. Invest in an Empire Red Hose and forget common hose faults.

Empire RED HOSE

is made of live, tough Empire Red Rubber. The durability of this rubber has spread the fame of Empire Red Tires among motorists. Decay is minimized in Empire Red Rubber because it is free from active chemicals.

You can let an Empire Red Hose lie in sun and water—they can't hurt it. You can drag it around trees and sharp corners without harm—the heavy corrugations act as armor. You can twist it and pull it, but it won't kink.

Empire Red Hose costs a little more, but it's worth a whole lot more. If not at your dealer's, write us.

EMPIRE RUBBER AND TIRE COMPANY
Factory and Home Office: Trenton, N. J.
Makers of Empire RED Tires and "Peerless" RED Rubber Tubes

See this trade mark on every foot

Average Age Twenty-Three Years

C Hawley J J. Neal C H Lewis S Banks P C Kirley G Calkins E Kohl

Average Earnings $70.00 a Week

BY taking subscriptions for the Curtis periodicals, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, in their spare time, these young men make more money than they could make in any other way, and more than most men of any age make.

If you have a desire to make more money than you are now earning, we will buy your services at their full value. We will pay any man what he is worth without regard to his age or present position.

We need new representatives everywhere to look after our renewals and new subscriptions. We need them particularly right now. On request we will send full particulars of our offer.

Agency Division, Box 370, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia

WE WILL BUY YOUR SPARE TIME

(Continued from Page 86)

two rests for the arms, which is completed by a circle of forty rounded paddles about a foot in length. These are bound together by iron chains. The whole circlet can be arranged so as to play upon any surface of the body, and when the lady steps upon the platform the group of paddles begins to rotate. There is a sudden hum of machinery. The circle goes round and round, and as it does so every one of those forty sticks gives the victim a good hard whack. By the time an hour has gone by the body has been hit twelve thousand times.

The spanking machine has been installed in thirteen different cities. In New York one whole studio is dedicated to this treatment alone. Here they charge two dollars a treatment, and the record reduction is twenty pounds in six weeks. The merits of the device are set forth by a circular which claims that the mechanical massage breaks down the "superfluous fat tissue which is then gradually absorbed by the improved circulation." It is the destructive process aimed at by every exercise studio. When, for instance, the young reducing expert bids you fold your leg at the knee and strike the waist with this natural implement, he is launching the same attack.

Yet here in this second type of studio we commence to glimpse the financial advantages of the place that is simply and tastefully furnished with a medicine ball, a water bottle, a chair and a motto. When, indeed, we come to the cost of buying, renting and maintaining these elaborate exercise machines, when we stop to consider the extra space drafted into service, we must congratulate those who do not believe in apparatus—unless domesticated in the knee and the thigh of the reducer. Six hundred exercises are much cheaper to accommodate and operate than two or three exercise machines.

Some idea of the expense of furnishing a studio may be had from the fact that the reducing machine that we have just mentioned is rented at one dollar a day. A certain chair costs six hundred dollars outright and requires the employment of a special operator. The amount of electricity consumed by grinding down the human figure is perhaps a hundred dollars a month.

The friend and associate of the paddle machine is a roller of steel, which fits over the body and moves heavily up and down over the afflicted parts. By aid of this the hips may be rolled out as thin as you please. From it, however, we pass curiously to the chair that we have already mentioned as costing six hundred dollars.

If you are too heavy to take exercise; if there is not a single lull in your figure; if your size qualifies you to stand boldly out in a harbor and welcome the far-distant mariner; if, in addition, your malady is coupled with rheumatism or diabetes—here, here is what you are looking for! You sit down in the chair, which is armored in sections of metal and hitched up to a cabinet. The attendant presses a button in the cabinet and the exercise is turned on whichever group of muscles is thought in need of some chore.

Old-Fashioned Massage Discarded

The terms of getting thin in this second studio are one hundred dollars a month, and if you like you may come every day. The fee includes the diagnosis and supervision of the owner, a physician. As to the length of time which it may take to reduce, this all depends upon the individual. You may do it in one month and you may not do it in six. Upon the individual depends, too, the selection of implement.

In this plant, as in that of the other type, an electric cabinet and a shower follow the exercise. One thing, however, we miss at the *de-luxe* establishment: it is the hand massage, which was such a soothing feature of the other treatment. Asked to explain its absence, the head of the place tells you that he does not believe hand massage aids in the reduction of flesh. For three years, he adds, he provided parallel treatments of avoirdupois. One of these included hand massage, the other eliminated it. Patients electing the one course got thin every bit as soon as those who took the other.

"Then, why—why?" is the question.

"Because it makes you feel good, and because it takes away the soreness that follows real handmade exercise."

The smile with which he says this urges a thought. Massage is a kind of anaesthetic. It quells the riot of your pulses at the thought of those high prices, and after you have had a trial treatment it makes you go out and wave a sheaf of golden bills round the place like a harvest-home exercise. Without it many a reducing plant would perish.

As the lay mind grasps the situation, the whole problem of the studio is to crumple up and destroy the fat cell. This rejected tissue is carried off by the four methods of elimination, and in every one of these exercise takes its part. Through exercise the lungs are expanded, and in this way a greater amount of oxygen—so necessary in the burning up of anything, whether hearth wood or fat cell—is introduced into the blood.

But what if, instead of breaking down and burning up and carrying off the fat cells that are deposited in the body, we stop manufacturing this undesirable product altogether? What if we leave off entirely those foods which produce fat? What if we—diet?

Diet! The word lights and quivers on some delicate string of memory, and the vision of a friend of ours appears as last we saw her. When she went away from the city she had waddled forth with fifty extra pounds of flesh. Here she was now, however, rattling tinnily over the hard sidewalks. And in her haggard eyes was a resolution.

Rich Doctors With Fat Patients

"Don't stop me," cried she, "I'm going into a restaurant to buy a carbohydrate—a carbohydrate," and her voice choked with emotion. "Just think," she continued, "I've been on a salad diet all summer. I've been pastured among lettuce and grass. I've cropped apple salad and orange salad and grapefruit salad, until now I feel that if I ever got a bite of potatoes *au gratin* or a juicy beefsteak I'd just die."

The salad diet is actually practiced, but the most of the menus prescribed do not reduce you entirely to the ranks of the herbivorous animals. Here in the second type of studio that we have described, the physician believes that a reasonable diet should go hand in hand with the exercise. This diet is dependent entirely upon the whims of your own organism. Once, for instance, the physician asserts that he found oysters added several pounds a week to the weight of one of his patients! Yet oysters are tolerated on every lean diet that has ever appeared.

Physicians who instruct people in the art of eating the right thing generally get rich more quickly than their patients get thin. Notable among this number is the foreign physician who instructed the head of the furnished-exercise studio just exactly how he went to work. This international figure charges a large figure for thin figures. The sum he asks is quoted by various patients as twenty guineas, thirty guineas and fifty guineas respectively; and the ticket is not interchangeable. That which makes you, Mrs. Jones, so plump that your chin cascades down your blouse has exactly the opposite effect on your friend, Mrs. Brown. Insistence on this point safeguards the authority's success.

When some time ago a book on diet was brought out, all the fat people too poor to take treatment at a studio gasped for joy. "At last," thought they, "we are going to find out the secret of the system." Alas, though, for the simple faith that knowledge is revealed in books! We have talked to many people who have read this volume and none of them have ever discovered from its pages anything more helpful than that they were at present eating the wrong kind of thing. It has been the same with most of the other books on the subject.

At first glance a diet seems decidedly the cheapest way of getting thin. Yet look, if you please, at the items which are struck from the table by one diet list. Here they are in detail: Pork, ham, bacon, and the fat of any meat; bread, biscuits, crackers—anything made of the flour of wheat, corn, barley, rye, oats; cereals, rice, macaroni, potatoes, corn, dried beans, lentils; milk, cream, cheese, butter, olive oil or grease of any kind; pies, cakes, puddings, pastries, custards, ice cream, sirup-sweetened soda water; candies, bonbons, sweets; wines, beer, ale, spirits. It is a comprehensive list and strikes out the very cheapest sources of nourishment.

The worst of it is, too, that you never can go back to the old inexpensive carbonaceous foods. You are pledged for all time to costliness. As far as most of us can

Ah—it's
BUTTER-KIST

You Can Tell This Pop Corn by the
Toasty Flavor!

NO other method on earth makes pop corn like the automatic Butter-Kist Machine. Now a regular feature of stores, theatres, etc., all over America. It pops, removes unpopped grains, and butters *evenly*—with *pure creamery butter.* Then super-heats each fluffy white morsel to *an appetizing crisp!*

This process gives crackling Butter-Kist its tempting *toasty flavor!* Folks tell it blindfolded.

Try a 5c bag or a 10c carton. But make sure they bear the Butter-Kist trademark. This distinguishes the genuine Butter-Kist with the *toasty flavor!*

$600 to $3000 Extra Net Profits Yearly For—

Drug Stores, Confectioneries, Cigar, Department and 5-and-10-Cent Stores, Picture Theatres

News Stands, Billiard Parlors, Hotels, Resorts, etc.

You men engaged in these or similar pursuits are losing $2 to $10 cold cash profits every day you do business without this Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine. Requires no extra help or heavy stock investment.

We'll send you scores of records from men in your own line *to prove it*

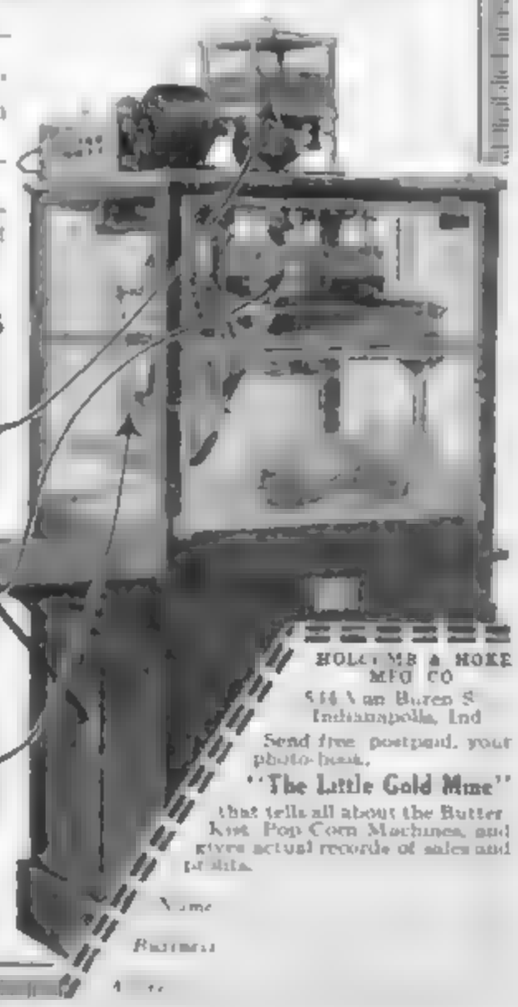
Earns — *times as much profit* per square foot as anything else known to trade *Motion* makes people stop and look—*coaxing fragrance* makes them buy—*exclusive toasty flavor* brings them back for more.

Increases entire volume of your business—whether in large or small town.

"Average net profits, $59.90 per month," writes Mr. John Rice, Barre, Mass., population 600

Department Store, Philadelphia— Butter-Kist sales $1085.00 the first month

No store or theatre complete without Butter-Kist Machine. Occupies only 26 x 32 inches of floor space—move a chair and you have room.



Pay From Your Profits

Small payment brings machine. Earnings soon wipe out the balance. Minimum capacity 70c, maximum $4.00 per hour

Every time you pop and sell the raw corn in this glass case you make a NET profit of $2.80

"Little Gold Mine" FREE!

Get our money-making book that gives full details, *proof of profits*, and actual photographs of stores, etc., where Butter-Kist is winning big sales. This famous book *free* to any business man. Send the coupon NOW—you incur no obligation

[illegible] this [illegible] in 5 minutes.

This automatically butters each popped kernel. Every time it [illegible] NET profit of $1.40

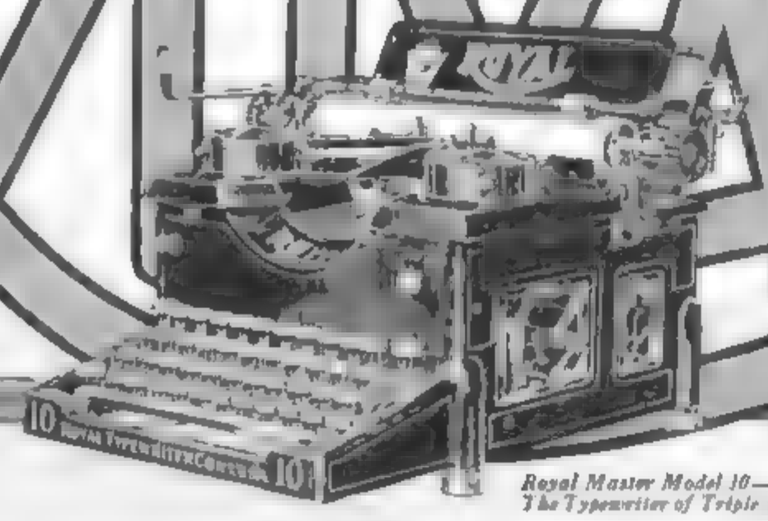
HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
534 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Largest Manufacturers of Pop Corn Machines in the World

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG CO
534 Van Buren St
Indianapolis, Ind

Send free postpaid, your photo-book,
"The Little Gold Mine"
that tells all about the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machines, and gives actual records of sales and profits.

Name
Business
Address

ROYAL



Royal Master Model 10—
The Typewriter of Triple Service

Settle it *now*—Have *a* ROYAL Demonstration Today

IF WE can sell you a typewriter that will not "scrap" itself in a year or two, putting you through the nuisance of *trading-out* again—*you want it.*

If we can sell you a typewriter that does perfect presswork, one that writes on any portion of an index card as clearly as it writes letters, and this without a single extra attachment—*you want it.*

If we can sell you a typewriter which your stenographer will like and operate better, and one which turns out more work, hour by hour, day after day, year after year, without a visit to the repair man,—*you want it.*

We can. We are doing it. We've been doing it. That's the reason for ROYAL leadership today.

We're ready any minute to prove to you that money spent in Royalizing your office is the wisest money you ever spent.

Write us now, or phone our nearest branch or agency today.

Write for "Facts About the Trade-Out"—a booklet which tells you why you have been paying too much for typewriters and how the ROYAL can reduce that expense for you. A postal will bring it to you free.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
502 Royal Typewriter Building 364 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

A $2000.00 Profit

Without a cent invested

ON THE tenth day of last August, R. J. Dickhout, of Detroit, was out of a job. On the thirty-first day of the same month he had earned $160.00 taking subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

In his second month he added to his earnings $275.00.

By November, Mr. Dickhout had, without a cent invested, built up a business worth from $2000.00 to $3000.00 a year.

We need more men like Mr. Dickhout. Full particulars on request.

Box 372, Agency Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia

discover, the one modest availability on the lean diet is corned beef and cabbage.

As to the other aspects of the case, we halt before the description of one lean diet given by its enthusiastic biographer. He says these fatless foods with their queer wan salads and their sauces purged of flour and oil and butter are both satisfying and fascinating. We clear our mental throats. Is it satisfying, ask we, to totter forth to the marts of industry on coffee sweetened with saccharin and on one red apple?

Some time ago we spoke of the rubber garments in which, like Barkis, we almost went out with the tide. Rubber garments are assuming great importance in gymnasiums, Turkish baths and riding schools, and even in themselves constitute a separate treatment.

One thing is agreed upon by all the authorities who make you thin. This is that mere walking never takes off flesh. Even golf—perhaps because of its convivial temptations—is discredited for this purpose. The more violent exercises, however, take their toll from fat cells. Golf schools, which are commencing to start up all over New York City and which afford a great deal more violent exercise than the regular golf, attract many overweight business men. One horseback academy tells you that half of its income is brought in by people who want to reduce. Squash and indoor tennis courts are patronized, even at the rate of five dollars an afternoon, by those ambitious of crescent outlines. Many people who fret at the monotony of the exercise studio are sounding this individualistic note in exercise, and with their rubber lingerie in hand map out their own course.

If you wish to get thin in the most pretentious way you will probably take yourself and some hundreds of dollars to one of those building-up and taking-down places somewhere in the country. These, like every exercise studio in the city and like nearly every reducer in the world, get you going or coming. Exercise which takes off flesh also puts on flesh. It all depends on the selection of the exercise. Consequently for the accommodation of the handful of people who consider themselves too thin the reducer displays his Janus-faced talents. He is sure to escape starvation either way.

Croquet

WE DO not propose to question golf's enormous superiority to croquet. The best conditions for playing the homely game may be obtained almost anywhere at an outlay of, say, fifty dollars. Naturally, then, the best people will not play it; for to do so might raise an intolerable suspicion that they could not afford to lay out more than fifty dollars for an outdoor amusement. They will stick to the golf course, which obviously involves an investment of at least a hundred thousand dollars, and so advertises their ability to spend freely.

Being cheap, croquet will always be unfashionable; for if the best people eschew it the imitation best, who cannot afford golf but might afford croquet, will certainly have nothing to do with it.

Golf also certifies one's financial respectability—to borrow Professor Veblen's happy phrase—by requiring a free expenditure of time. One cannot devote a mere beggarly half hour before luncheon or dinner to golf, as he can to croquet. He must have considerable leisure; and having leisure is the very sterling mark of financial respectability—except, of course, in the case of tramps. Golf has its special costume, also, which again advertises one's ability to spend.

With none of these advantages, croquet is a frankly disreputable game. It in no way stamps one as having money. A person might attain a high degree of proficiency in it and still be a mere mechanic or bookkeeper. But there are probably eighty-odd million persons in the United States whose financial status is frankly disreputable. Fifty dollars in money and half an hour of time twice a day would probably be the limit of what they could afford for outdoor amusement. Many of these disreputable persons live in towns and villages where the absence of any popular outdoor exercise results in a shocking degree of physical stagnation. Remote and secure from the offended eye of Fashion, they might turn to croquet, which, with all its admitted drawbacks, would be better for them than sitting on a dry-goods box if male, or on a neighbor's front porch if female.

Ralston

Shoes for men $5.00

ECONOMY says: "Buy $5.00 shoes." Prudence says: "Get your money's worth." Why experiment with unknown makes when the name Ralston on your shoes assures you of the *utmost* in style, quality and fit!

Now [illegible] in 2733 good stores mostly [illegible], some styles at $4, some at $6. We'll be glad to send booklet.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello), Mass.

Your kind of a Shoe

To Dealers: This shoe is IN STOCK (No. 666) tan Russiacalf tal. Du-Flex Sole and Heel. Ferncroft last

HERZ PLUG

Patent BOUGIE MERCEDES [illegible] Gas Tight Plug [illegible] Electrode Burns Up The Soot instead of forcing it [illegible] the cylinders and clogging the [illegible] saving in gasoline 15 [illegible] Selected by U. S. [illegible] departments. Herz Plug is guaranteed one year.

Go to your nearest dealer or write to HERZ & CO., 245 W 55th St., New York

Runs on Alcohol

[illegible] No electricity, wires or springs. Convenient. Much cheaper to operate than other fans. 12-inch blades. Roller bearing. Reliable. Brings [illegible] comfort and satisfaction. Ideal for the sick room. Third season. A proved success. The Wonder Fan. Price $18.50 each with order only, [illegible] prepaid in the continental U. S. A.

Lake Breeze Motor, 552 W. Monroe St., Chicago

Tiolene

IN STEEL DRUMS FOR PRIVATE USE

The MOTOR OIL that's Clean

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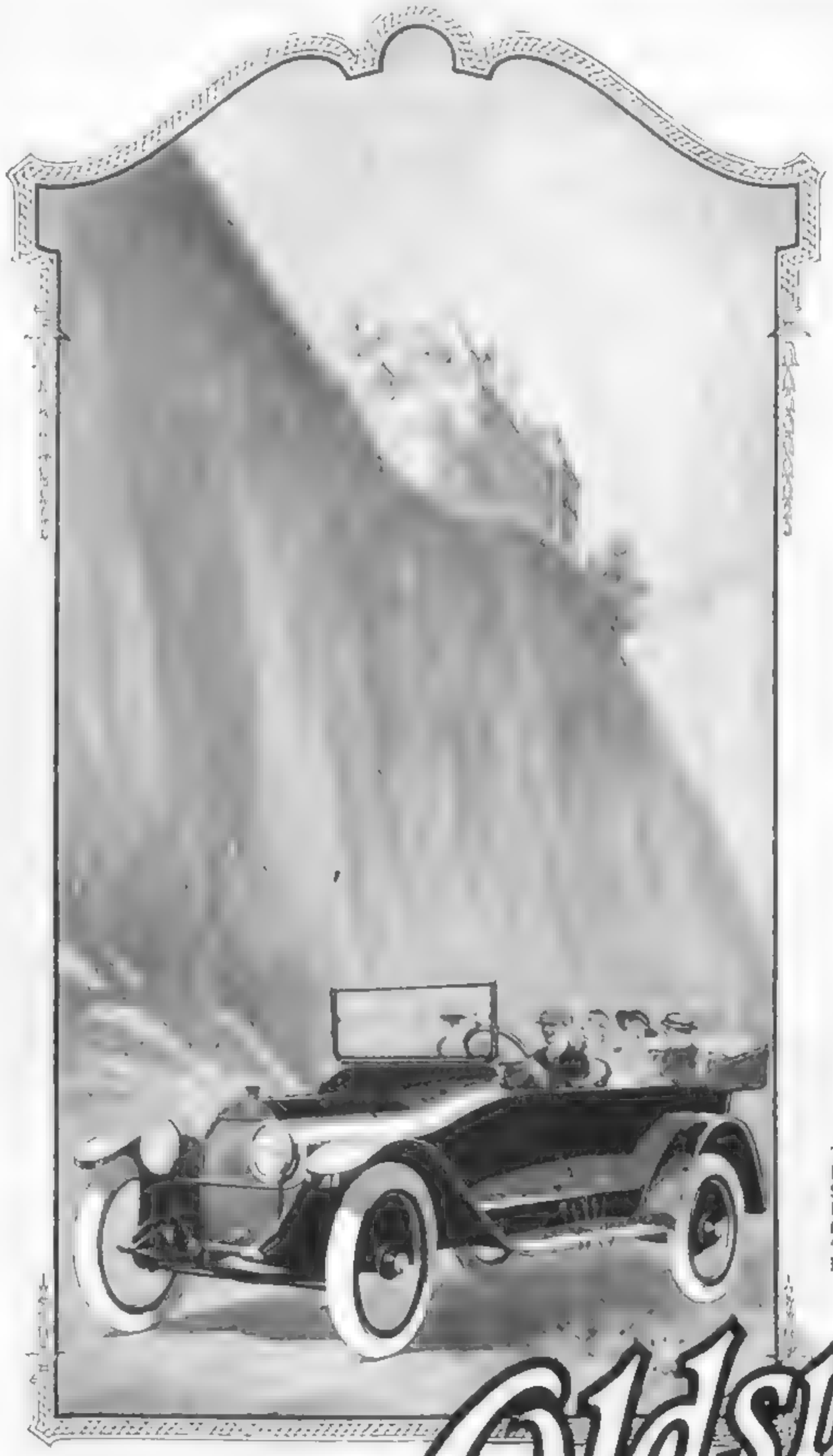
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
[illegible] Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet C with free map of city.



The Oldsmobile Light Eight, 5-passenger—$1195 f. o. b. Lansing. Roadster $1195. Write for our new booklet "The Light Eight De Luxe."

Oldsmobile Light Eight $1195

THOSE who have expressed their preference for Oldsmobiles in the past 17 years have been people whose tastes impelled them to seek a car of above the common level of motor car merit. So the fact that the demand for Oldsmobile Light Eights has now well-nigh reached our production limit is substantial appreciation of Oldsmobile supremacy in point of beauty—of construction—of motor simplicity—of luxury—of performance.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Established 1880 LANSING MICHIGAN *Incorporated 1899*

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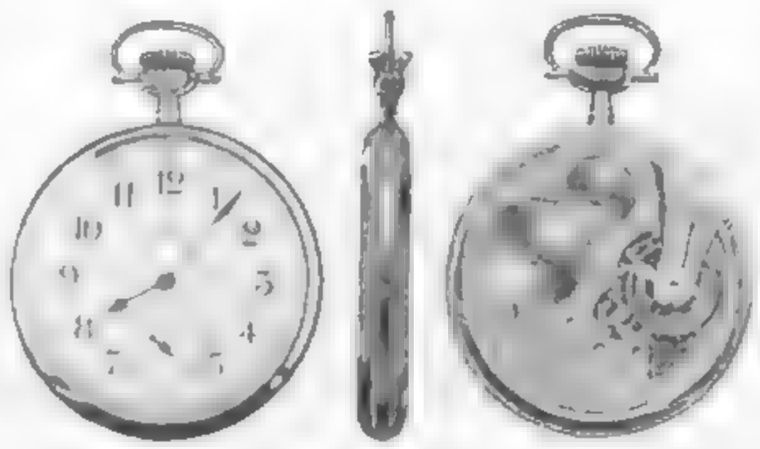


The Watch I Found

This is it; the one I told you about; the new Three Dollar, 7-jewel Ingersoll Reliance that slips into the pocket like a silver dollar. It's bridge-model.

Made by Ingersoll and guaranteed by him but in a factory devoted entirely to these new jeweled watches.

You can see it in any store that sells Ingersoll watches; I'll be there to show it to you.

The Man Behind the Counter

Just a Little *Sani-Flush*

sprinkled in the toilet bowl every few days will keep it white and sanitary—absolutely free from discoloration. And it will make a hitherto odious task easy. No dipping necessary—no scrubbing. *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans the hidden trap and keeps it clean.

Sani-Flush

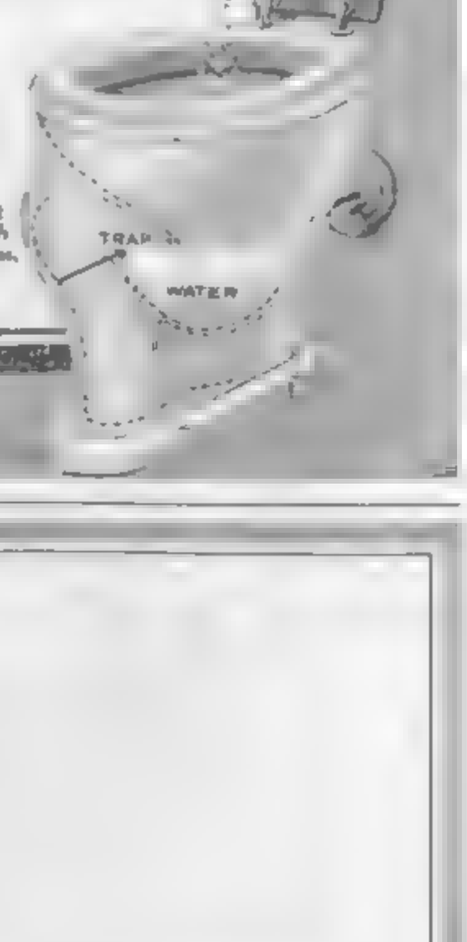
is patented—nothing else like it. It's meant to clean toilet bowls only and does it thoroughly. You can't be sure of a clean bowl until you use *Sani-Flush* regularly.

25 Cents a Can

Most dealers have *Sani-Flush;* if you do not find it send us a card giving your dealer's name and we will have you supplied. Your money back if *Sani-Flush* fails to do as we claim.

Sani-Flush should be used wherever there are toilets in Residences, Business Offices, Hotels, Stores, Factories, etc. Does not injure plumbing connections.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS COMPANY
168 Walnut Street, Canton, Ohio



The Trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean

Put the price of one hen into a subscription for *The Country Gentleman.* It will keep you up-to-date in your poultry yard every week for a year.

The Poultry Calendar is a weekly reminder and guide for everyone who keeps chickens. It provides a timely schedule for every detail and gives the best methods for the fancier, the commercial egg and meat producer and the amateur. It will give timely advice on breeding, feeding, hatching, brooding, remedies for diseases and pests, and plans of houses, coops, trap nests, roosts and feed hoppers. Every issue gives practical experiences of practical poultrymen everywhere.

The Best of All Farming Everywhere is covered in this national agricultural weekly. Every state, every kind of farming, every crop, all kinds of livestock and all farmers' interests are touched by the largest staff of contributors on agricultural topics.

* * *

Answers to Your Questions by Mail through our R. F. D. Letter Box will bring you solutions of hard problems as they arise. More than a hundred experts are employed for this service and it is entirely free to our readers. Simply write a letter, enclose stamped, addressed envelope and you get the advice of the best authority we can find.

* * *

The Country Gentleman gives you the biggest *weekly* poultry department in the country—*52 times a year.*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

One Dollar a Year (52 issues). In Canada $1.75

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Beds for Cold-Weather Camping

WHAT does one do for a bed on a cold camping trip, such as that in early winter in the Middle West? Of course we could not carry along very bulky beds, and, as the ground was part of the time wet and all the time very cold, we needed something under us. My companions had a big tick along with them, which proved a life-saver more than once.

One night we camped near a couple of old straw stacks. How to get the packed straw out of these stacks was something of a problem. One of the boys took a camp ax, went to the nearest tree, and solved the problem in two or three strokes. He made for himself out of a crotched limb a sharp-pointed hook, with the barb reaching back six or eight inches. Thrusting this into the stack, he would pull it out full of dry straw much more easily than one could with one's hands.

On another occasion we despoiled a farmer's haystack in like fashion. The tick was very convenient for filling with straw or hay. One cannot, however, when hunting through the wilderness of the Okaw bottoms, always select a camping ground near to a straw stack. One time, half an hour after dark, we pulled up at the foot of a high bank, on top of which there was no straw stack at all; but, as it chanced, the ground was covered with the thickest layer of dry leaves I ever saw. Without much difficulty we collected leaves enough to make a soft and dry bed a foot deep—one of the best beds we had on the entire trip. It is not often that one really can make a bed of dry leaves—it takes such a quantity of them.

On another night, and a very wet one, we landed late on a soggy willow flat, having gone as far as we dared in the darkness. Here the scanty willow leaves were wet and thin. The ground was cold and mushy underneath. How were we going to sleep with any sort of comfort that night? It certainly seemed a problem to my two companions. And yet we did sleep very well.

In this case we did not put up the tent at all, but used half of it for a mattress and half of it for a lean-to shelter, the top or ridge of the tent being placed back, away from the fire, and the front end lifted by means of a long crosspole, so that the heat was reflected down on our beds. True, the ground was rather hard; but the heavy canvas under us was much of a help for that, besides keeping us dry, and the reflecting top above us kept us far warmer than we should have been had we put up the tent in the regular fashion.

Horseweed and Willow

On another night we had to use our wits in yet different fashion. Just at dusk we came to a log jam in the river, reaching at least one hundred and fifty yards and necessitating a portage, for which there was no time left that night. On the left-hand bank was a ragged cornfield and a deserted board shanty. This shanty looked good to one of my companions, who declared that he would build a fire in it even if he burned it down. But we other two voted against his plan, pointing out to him that cornstalks would make a very bad bed and that a board floor was not only hard but very cold.

We turned to the opposite side of the river, where some woodcutters had slashed down a number of big willow trees. There was abundant firewood lying round, the result of their operations. Moreover, there were heaps of willow tips, slender twigs with the leaves still on them. Having made some scores of beds out of willows in the neighborhood of the Arctic Circle, I assured my companions that we might sleep in comfort that night. I did not, however, anticipate the invention which a few moments later was pulled off by the same boy who had wanted to camp in the house.

In brief, we had laid a very respectable bed of willow boughs in the bottom of our tent and were about to set our stove going when our young friend came up with his arms full of long, coarse, brittle weeds, of the sort known locally as horseweeds, eight or ten feet in length and as large round as one's finger. He had not thought the willows would make a bed and was doubtful whether these weeds would; but we spread these crosswise on our willows, a foot deep, in our tent.

As a result we had a bed about eighteen inches deep, as springy as any mattress, and quite comfortable to lie on after we had tramped down the brittle horseweeds into the interstices of the willow boughs. We voted this one of the most successful beds of our whole expedition; and afterward we boasted that, no matter where we were put, we could devise a camp with a good practical bed.

These little devices of life in the open may sound a trifle raw and uncomfortable, but in application they are not really so. More than once, as we lay on our blankets on this or that comfortable bed, our blazing little fire close in front of us, we commented on the advantages of the camp over the country farmhouse or the country hotel for actual comfort while living in the open.

The Comforting Cummerbund

I learned something else for myself on this trip about sleeping out in cold weather. As I knew our transportation would not be extensive I made my bed roll as small as possible. It consisted of an eight-foot-square canvas containing a seven-foot-square lynx-paw robe, one that I bought up in the Peace River country once on a time—the same sort of robe which is so much prized by campers in cold weather in that subarctic country. I slept in the fold of this robe, with the canvas under and over me, and to keep it close and clean pinned together the edges of the canvas with some large horse-blanket pins, such as one should always have along in his war bag. Some nights were so cold that we slept with our clothing on, even thus equipped.

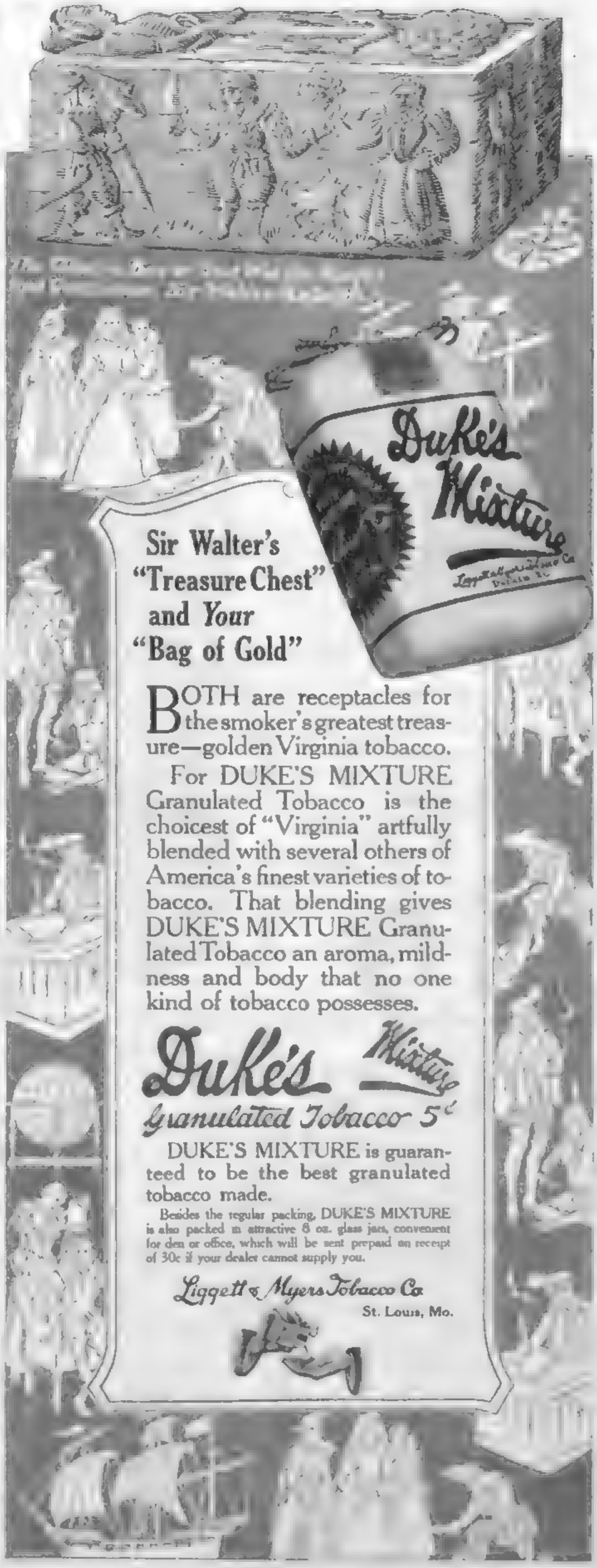
As it is difficult to sleep in the fold of a robe or blanket without slipping out sometimes I was not always warm when asleep. At first I tried sleeping with the fur next to me, but in due time came to a realizing sense of the old trappers' wisdom in such matters. I then reversed my process and slept with the fur side of the robe out—and was as warm as toast ever after. It was the Plains Indian who said the buffalo knew very well which side of his hide to keep to the weather in order to be warm. Put the fur outside, brethren.

But that is not all in regard to keeping comfortable in cold weather. Even well equipped as I was for a bed, sometimes when the bed got open I felt cold round my waist and hips—there is always a chilly place in the small of the back where a man's waistcoat does not make a perfect connection with the top of his trousers.

Now it chanced that I had in my possession one of the soft woolen scarfs which happened just then to be sold in the sporting-goods stores and elsewhere. Remembering the counsel of a British officer of the Indian Army in regard to the wisdom and safety of wearing a cummerbund about the back and stomach, I made a cummerbund out of my scarf. Presto! A great invention indeed! This little scarf of soft wool, when worn not round the neck but round the stomach, is warmer than an overcoat. It is especially desirable to equip oneself in this way when sleeping. I fancy this tip is worth at least a thousand dollars to anyone, and certainly I would not have taken that sum for my cummerbund on one or two of the nights we had.

The "tarpie" is an especial agency of grace. It offers shelter, warmth, dryness, bed and house—all in one. Of course it is a trifle heavy; but if you have transportation, have also a good tarpie, prithee.

I presume this ground sheet could be made and has been made of light silkaline or other waterproof material. The genuine cowpuncher, however, would scorn all such finesse. The typical tarpie of the cowman is fourteen feet long and seven feet wide. It has rings on one side and snaps on the other side. It is made of duck from twelve to twenty ounces in weight. In the old times it was not artificially waterproofed. Today you can get a twelve-ounce duck treated with waterproof solution, which will make it a little bit heavier, but which will keep it absolutely proof to water beneath or above.



Sir Walter's "Treasure Chest" and *Your* "Bag of Gold"

BOTH are receptacles for the smoker's greatest treasure—golden Virginia tobacco.

For DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is the choicest of "Virginia" artfully blended with several others of America's finest varieties of tobacco. That blending gives DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco an aroma, mildness and body that no one kind of tobacco possesses.

Duke's Mixture Granulated Tobacco 5¢

DUKE'S MIXTURE is guaranteed to be the best granulated tobacco made.

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Safe, Easy and Sure

Mother knows that Foster Friction Plug won't let her slip.

No matter what your age, you can have the child-step, the safety, surety and buoyancy of youth.

Walking is a pleasure on

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

There are no holes in Cat's Paw Rubber Heels to track mud and dirt, and they make all slippery roads and pavements safe.

Because the Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip—makes the heels wear longer, too—therefore most economical.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—they are easy to find—all dealers sell them—50 cents attached—Black or Tan. Walk easy, safe and sure. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street . . . . Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Business Man's Attitude

IN AN Illinois town near Chicago a youth named Cohen joined a preparedness league. Military drill was a part of the duties of a member; and young Cohen, who was foreign-born, did not take kindly to the drilling. His commanding officer sought to hearten him up.

"Buck up, Herman!" he said. "You learn how to be a soldier, and some of these days you may go back to the old country and be a field marshal."

"I think," said Herman, "I'd rather stay here and be a Marshall Field."

Men and Children First

A CERTAIN young lady who gives interpretative dances in rather scanty costume was engaged to go to a staid community in New England and dance before the local dramatic and literary society.

The day after her appearance the entertainment committee—all women—held a meeting to discuss the affair of the night before. Several had been heard, when one member raised her voice.

"Personally," she said, "I enjoyed it ever so much. To me it was most artistic and symbolic. But if you ask me, I must say this. It was no place to take a nervous man!"

A Big Secret

ARNOLD BENNETT, the English novelist, was taken on a visit of inspection to a shipyard, where the British Government has been building a dreadnought larger and more powerful than any now afloat.

The master of the yards escorted him up into the hull of the monster, which stretched for hundreds of feet in each direction, with thousands of workingmen swarming on its steel sides—inside and out. He gave Bennett the dimensions of the great warship and described her armament. Then he added:

"But, Mr. Bennett, you mustn't say anything about this ship. It's all a secret, you know."

The Exact Degree

DOWN in the coast counties of Georgia the darkies have a method of accent and expression all their own. One unusually frigid morning in the winter—that is, it was unusually frigid for South Georgia—an old negro woman, with her head tied up in many wrappings, knelt at the grate, in the bedroom of the white gentleman in whose family she was employed as house servant, lighting a fire.

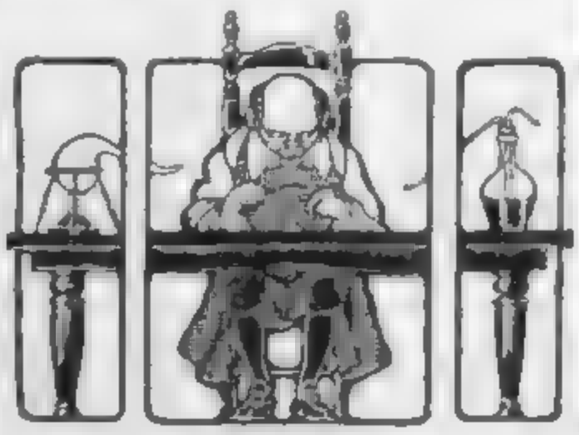
"Aunt Mandy," he asked from his warm nest under the bedclothes, "is it very cold?"

"Well, suh," she answered after a moment's reflection, "'e cold—but 'e ain't so cold—but 'e cold doe."

A Future General

FRIENDS and relatives—so Will Irwin says—were seeing off a troop of British volunteers bound for somewhere in France. Among the group was a Cockney lady with a newly blackened eye and a split upper lip. With tears of pride and affection streaming down her battered face, she waved a farewell to a recruit, plainly her husband, who hung halfway out of a car window.

"Good-by, Jem!" she called out in a choked voice as the train began to move. "If you bash up them Germans same as you've bashed up me, you'll come 'ome a bloomin' general!"



The New Nut Candy

Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown—combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency.

Nut Tootsie Rolls

It is impossible to describe how good they really are. You must try them.

Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof.

A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience. Sold wherever Candy is sold

[illegible]
SAALBERG CO.,
N Y

5¢ a Roll

Tootsie Rolls

756,770

pounds of ink are consumed each year in printing the Curtis publications.

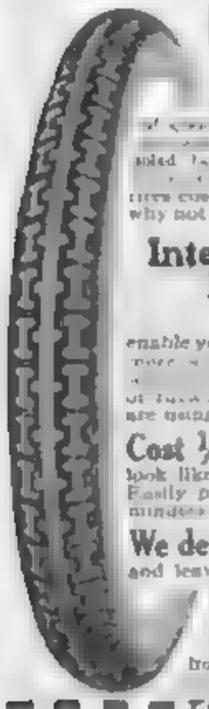
Possibly twenty pounds are used to print this announcement in the more than two million copies of this number of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

But if all the parents who read this publication should ask us how we can help prepare their boys for life, these twenty pounds of ink might perform a greater service than all the other 756,750 pounds together.

While he is in school, we can help you guide your boy vocationally so that the school can help him "find himself." Let us tell you what we have done for other boys.

Vocational Division, B. - 277
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Half-Sole Your Worn Tires



Don't Throw Them Away!

[illegible] of shoes. [illegible] why not apply this same economy to them?

International Rubber Half-Sole Tires
Reg U S Pat Office

enable you to get from 3,500 to 10,000 miles more [illegible] are using re-treaded tires.

Cost ½ as much as new tires, look like new tires, guaranteed the same. Easily put on in your own garage in 30 minutes.

We deliver free without a cent deposit, prepay express, and leave final decision to you. Internationals are guaranteed for at least 3,500 miles without a puncture.

Special discount on first shipment direct from factory [illegible]

TEAR OFF—MAIL

The International Rubber Company
57 West Tennessee St.
Denver, Colo.

Gentlemen:—
Send sample and details as to how I can get from 3,500 to 10,000 miles more service out of my worn tires.

Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]
My tire sizes are [illegible]

Aerothrust

Clamp this Aviation Motor to Your Rowboat

Write today for free handsome catalog

30 Days Free Trial—Freight Paid

Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being attractive it can be changed!

Copyright 1910, The Andrew Jergens Co

Your skin is changing every day!

This is your opportunity. Start tonight to make the new skin what you would love to have it.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By using the following treatment regularly you can keep this *new* skin so active that it will gradually but surely take on the greater clearness, freshness and *charm* you want it to have.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with *a piece of ice.* Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old dead particles. Then it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for *your* skin.

Send today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this skin treatment given here. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today and begin at once to get the benefits of this Woodbury treatment for your skin. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2426 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2426 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out the [illegible] the cake and put it on your [illegible] at your druggist's or toilet counter.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

The Victor (Back) Collar Button Lets the Tie Slide

Takes all the "Cus" out of "Custom" when it comes to tying the tie

Costs 15c

Saves Dollars Worth of Ties

MR. PULLHARD
the Scowler

MR. SLIPEASY
the Smiler

HERE IT IS—Man's "Little Comfort", The Double-Duty Collar Button. See the Victor Lip that Locks. One end catches under the shirt-band (not through its buttonhole) to fasten the collar to the shirt while the other end holds the bands of the collar apart allowing absolute freedom in the movement of the tie.

Your Tie *Can't* Stick

With the Victor Collar Button

The *Victor* locks itself in the collar and cannot fall out to roll around on the floor, under the bed, the dresser or "what-not", like the ordinary collar button. It is much easier to adjust and cannot irritate the neck.

Saves Ties Time and Temper

At leading Dry Goods, Men's Furnishing, Jewelry and Drug Stores or sent postpaid on receipt of 15c, coins or stamps, mailed at our risk.

Victor Kost, 412 First National Bank Building, Chicago

(Patentee Kost Gas-Jet Heater, Victor Rotor Motor, etc.)

District Sales Managers wanted in every city.

A mother writes:

"My little fellow realized that to be able to get an education he would have to help mother. Fortunately, I selected *The Saturday Evening Post*, as being the best thing that would not interfere with school."

The letter is in our files—one of thousands.

LET *your* son help himself. It will help him even more than it will you—toward independence through vocational training. For particulars write to

Box 375, Vocational Section

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PUTTING THE MOVE IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 15)

about it! . . . Where are they? . . . Well, you'd better find out. . . . Hurry up, now! . . . What's that, Ray? . . . The wall paper's too dark? . . . Where's that wall-paper man? Where is he? . . . Here! You've got to change this paper get me something about three shades lighter! . .

"Where under the sun are those stage carpenters? . . . Jack, get the carpenters here and tell 'em to put some molding on this set! How am I going to hang pictures without any molding? . . . On what? Nails! This ain't that kind of a library. . . . What say? . . . You think we'd get a better light effect if we had a bay window there? . . . Can you get it in while they're changing that paper? . . . All right; go to it! Tell 'em to pull out that six and put in a bay. . . . We're going to have sunlight in it too. . . . Got to have a couple of mirrors; time we get to shooting, the sun will be 'way over there. . . .

"Where's that script? . . . Let's see; Miss Smythe is standing over that table. . . . What's she doing? . . . Man alive! You got to have her doing something! . . . Get a bunch of flowers—big ones. Let her be smelling the flowers. . . . No; not carnations—American Beauties! . . . You'll have to go to the florist's after 'em. . . . Well, what of it? You don't expect me to go after 'em, do you? . . . Well, get an automobile! It'll cost more to hold this company up than it will to hire a car! . . . Say! Those drapes won't do at all! Take 'em down and get something else. . . . That the biggest rug you could find? . . . What? . . .

"Well, get the painter here, then. . . . Hey! Paint a two-foot strip round that rug. . . . I've got to—well, for the love of Mike, I've got to take a close-up of that door, and look at it! Full of nail holes! Looks like it came out of a beanery! Take it down and get me something decent! . . . That's great, Bill! Good work! Whose set did you get that chair off of? . . . Stick it back in the corner there before he sees it! . . . There; move that round a little. . . . Well, thank the Lord, we're about ready to shoot at last! . . . Where's Jack? . . ."

Who Was to Blame?

"Oh, Jack! . . . Hasn't he rounded up those extras yet? What's he been doing all this time? . . . Say, Jack, didn't you find those extras? . . . What? They were registered in Smith's picture yesterday, and all his stuff is retakes? . . . Well, wouldn't that kill you dead? . . . Smith won't be through with 'em till to-morrow? . . . That does settle it! . . . Hey! Strike that set! Here's a whole day gone! . . . Roses? Throw 'em away; they'll be wilted by to-morrow, anyway. . . . Ray, do you suppose we'll have time to take that location before the light goes? . . . Four o'clock, is it? . . . No use! . . .

"Hey? . . . What automobiles? . . . You've had three cars waiting since noon to take us to location? . . . Well, dismiss 'em! . . . Pay 'em? Certainly you'll have to pay 'em! . . . It ain't our fault that we wasn't through with this library set at noon. . . . If they had any help round this place, and I could get things when I wanted 'em, we wouldn't have to waste half our time. . . . Yes; everybody's dismissed. . . . Tell 'em to be here at nine in the morning, Jack."

Now, then, who was to blame for that sort of thing? What was to blame for it? As I see it, there is only one answer—lack of System. System—that bugaboo which we all feared. System—the thing we said could not be put into pictures.

The blame for this great waste of time and money must rest with the men who hurried into the motion-picture industry without learning anything about it; the men who asked the director to make bricks without straw; the men who dumped money into his lap and gave him power to fling it away; the men who howled incessantly for results and gave the director nothing with which to produce them.

From the very beginning the film magnates were more concerned with the income than the outgo, the principal reason being that the former so far exceeded the latter that cost troubled them not at all. Until recently I never heard any serious

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THE SHOE for MEN

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$1.00 each, in round metal box. A type for every motor. Send for free book "Mosler on Spark Plugs."

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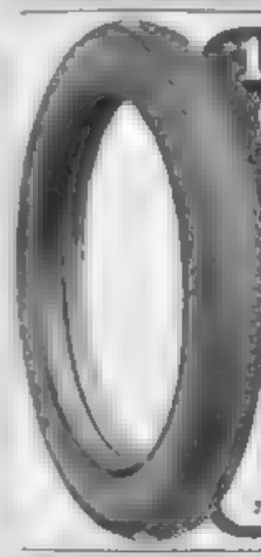

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Economical!

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Floor Finish

A lasting varnish for all interior woodwork.

Use it on floors, stairs and all standing finish.

Equally good for furniture.

Dries hard—and wears long.

Comes in eight colors.

Kyanize White Enamel and Floor Finish are recommended by Architects and Decorators everywhere. You should try them.

There's a Kyanize Agent in your neighborhood. If you do not know him—write us. We will gladly give you his name and address.

Boston Varnish Company
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talk about the cost of production. When I planned a picture I left money out of my calculations entirely; I had no means of knowing in advance how much I should be called upon to spend. That was none of my affair. I was there to make the picture; the company was there to pay the bills. I was not interested in cost; but the time came when I had to be interested in it—just as the time has come now to tell about the quiet stranger who dropped in at the plant to look us over.

He did not know anything about the making of motion pictures—anybody could see that by the interest he took in the uninteresting details of the work. He was with us for several weeks, drifting in and out, always quiet, always observant. We wondered about him, for he had no official title—no handle to his name. We wondered still more when out of a clear sky he got one—General Manager!

Well, there was a vast amount of excitement over the new boss—a running round in circles, and a clucking and a scratching of dirt. General Managers were no novelty with us—we had had several; but all of them were graduates from one branch or another of the business. They knew something about the game; but here was a man who knew nothing of the game. We feared a general shake-up and an upsetting of the apple cart all along the line. Every morning we expected to find heads in the basket; every morning we looked for some startling innovation, for it had been whispered about that the new General Manager intended to install a System.

We expected the System to announce itself after the fashion of a dynamite explosion—to be built from the wreckage of the old organization. So we waited in fear and trembling.

No sweeping orders were issued; no heads fell into the basket. As time went on I begun to believe that the new G. M. had found something wrong with his plans; but gradually it came to me that I was having less trouble in making pictures. It was easier to get the props I needed; if I turned in an order to the technical department for a special set I got that set when I needed it. Stage space and locations became more available; a long quiescent scenario department began to turn in real stories. Unconsciously I was being speeded up at my work. When I found that I was getting more footage than ever before with less hurry and worry, it struck me that by a painless process of evolution System had come—and it wasn't half bad. I was rather proud of myself for discovering that it wasn't half bad. The joke was on me, for what had been happening up to this time was no more than the preparation of the patient for the operation—the shaving before the knife, as it were.

The Manager of Production

A production office had been established in the center of the lot. This had gradually become the clearing house for all the various departments—properties, wardrobes, technical, transportation, and so on. These departments had, in some unaccountable fashion, assumed definite duties and responsibilities. I had had little to do with the production office, on the theory that if it let me alone I would let it alone. My assistant, however, had been making use of it as the medium through which he secured everything necessary for productions.

Having finished one picture I was handed my next story and asked to see the Manager of Production before starting it. Manager of Production? It was the first time I had heard the title; I didn't know there was any such animal. Why should I see him? Why should he have anything to say about my picture? I had glanced over the story. It suited me down to the ground and I wanted to begin shooting it as soon as possible. Why waste time talking with anybody? I had a few scenes laid out in my mind; and, following my habit, I expected to work out the others as I went along.

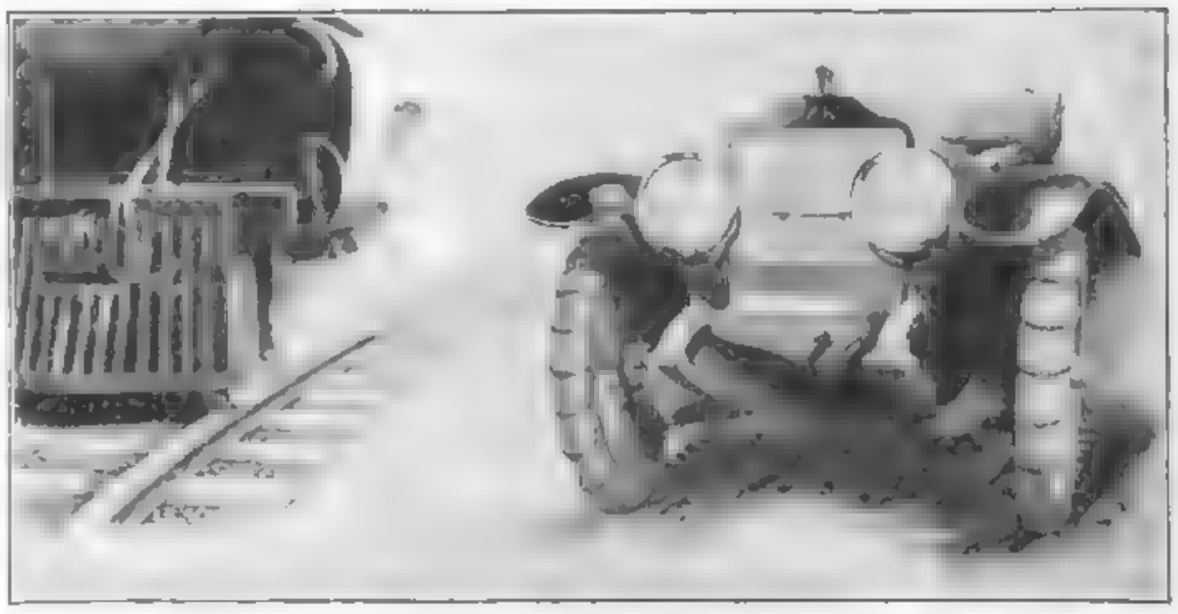
"Go and see the Manager of Production."

Well, I went. I dropped in at the production office, still in the dark as to the reason of my visit.

"They tell me somebody here wants to see me," said I.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "the Manager of Production. Go right on into his office."

I began to believe that there might be such an animal after all. When I saw the Manager of Production I suffered a slight



Front Wheel Control

Weed Chains on front tires of motor cars are as necessary as flanges on front wheels of locomotives.

The front wheel skid is the greatest cause of the many automobile accidents which keep the newspaper columns sprinkled with harrowing accounts. Appreciating this fact *The Scientific American* in the following editorial advocates the use of Tire Chains on the front as well as rear wheels:

"The majority of automobile owners fit chains to the rear wheels only, and appear to consider this ample insurance against accidents from skidding, but this practice is a doubtful economy, for, although the rear wheels, thus armed, may hold the road fairly well, the really bad accidents too often result from the inability of the driver to control the course of his machine. Any old bicycle rider knows that he can retain the control of his machine and maintain his balance when the rear wheel skids badly as long as the front wheel holds its grip on the road, but that he becomes helpless whenever the front wheel slides. The same conditions are true in the case of the automobile, but in an exaggerated degree, for its weight and the average speed both tend to make the grip of the front wheels on the road precarious, and a skidding front wheel is not much different from a broken steering gear in the possibilities of disaster. Recognizing these facts, it is apparent that chains are fully as necessary on the front wheels as on the rear."

To use Weed Chains only on rear tires means to have your car only half protected. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

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Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains
In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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Own this Luxuriously Comfortable Den Chair at a Big Price Saving!
It is big, deep, roomy and *comfortable*—artistic in design. Finished in mahogany with rich genuine Spanish leather. Has brass feet, and the famous Royal comfort features.
Special No. 1
Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"
"Push the Button" concealed in right arm and the back reclines to any desired angle, locking in that position till released. Pull out the Leg Rest (out of sight when not in use), settle back, stretch out, experience something NEW in the physical-comfort line!
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Every part of the body is supported in an easy, natural position and fully relaxed. You *rest* as never before
Good-looking too and *durable*—made to last a lifetime. Simple, silent, guaranteed *trouble-proof!* Price? Regular $35.50 value! But to get quick introduction everywhere, reduced to $28.50
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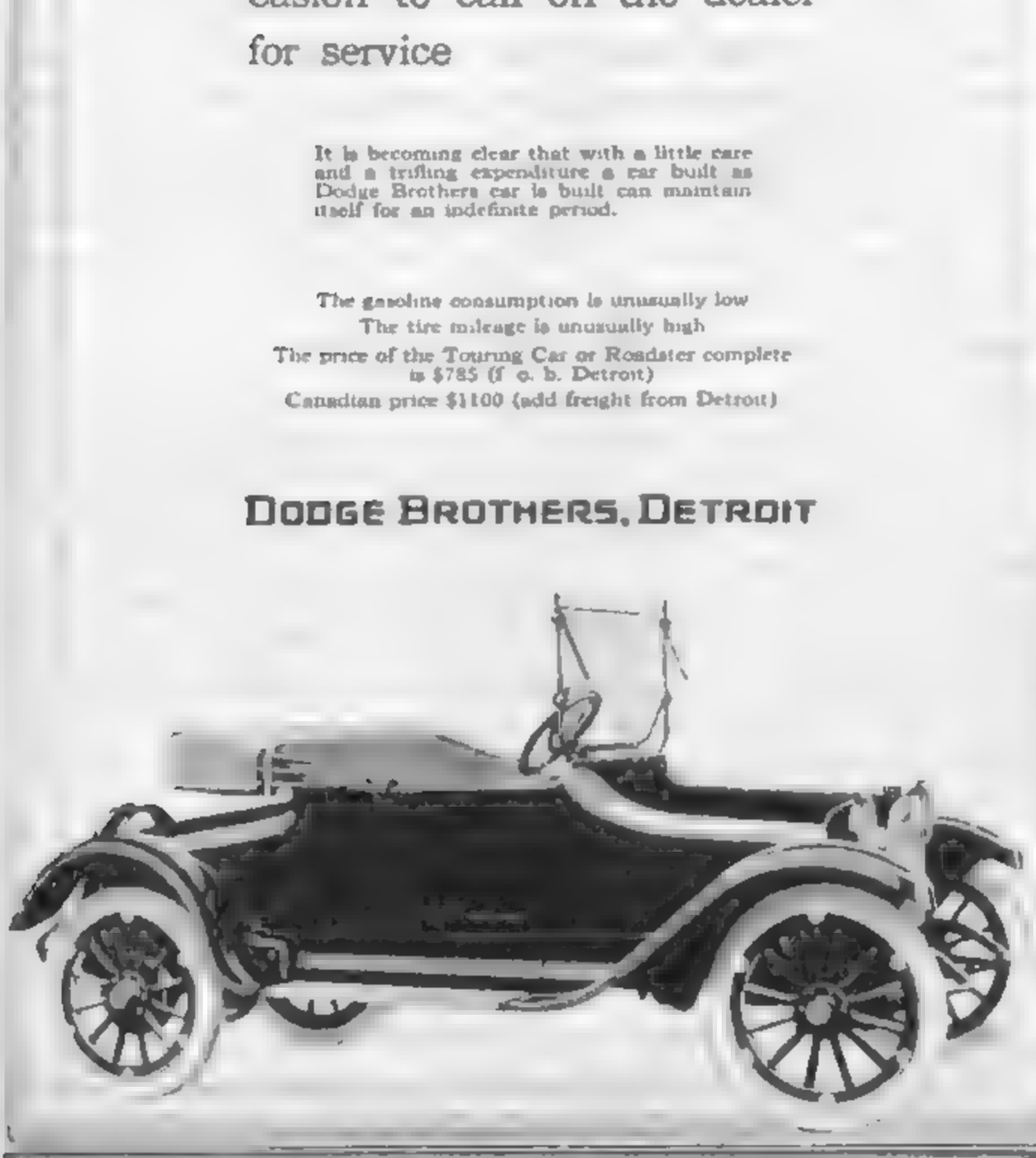

Summer Work For Students

C. H. LEWIS, of the District of Columbia, devotes his spare moments during the college term and summer vacation to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His present arrangement gives him an assured salary of $12.00 a week throughout the year.

We have a hundred similar positions open to present or prospective students. We will pay a salary with liberal commissions at the start, or we will arrange to pay all educational expenses under our Scholarship Plan. Let us tell you about it.

"ONE YEAR AGO I sent to you my first subscription order. Since that time I have made enough to pay for all my college expenses, clothing, books, and incidentals, and have saved over one hundred dollars besides. I expect to continue the work for my next five years in the medical school."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

shock, not entirely pleasant, for I recognized him immediately as a mysterious individual who had been on the lot for two months, during which time he had been connected with many departments. As I looked him over in his new capacity I recalled the famous remark of the late Mayor Gaynor, of New York: "So this is Tammany Hall?" I asked the M. of P. if he wanted to see me.

"Yes," said he with a quiet smile. "We're just starting to install our little System here."

Just starting it! I had a vague feeling of impending disaster; a troubled vision of heads in the basket; a suspicion that the fuse was burning close to the dynamite. Just starting it? Why, what on earth had they been doing the last two months if not installing the System?

"We've been getting ready," continued the Manager of Production with his disarming grin, "and you're the first patient. We want to estimate that picture of yours before you begin to shoot."

"Estimate it?" said I blankly. "It can't be done!"

"Well, let's try. Sit down and we'll talk it over."

First of all, he explained to me why it was necessary to estimate my picture—and all other pictures. The company had to know before the crank turned on a foot of film that the picture could be marketed at a profit.

"But don't all pictures make a profit?" I asked.

"Not any more," was the reply. "They used to."

I heard, then, what had been happening to the entire motion-picture industry—how the rush, during the period of prosperity and consequent expansion, had resulted in a supply of film exceeding the demand, how the market had been flooded with pictures, good, bad and indifferent; how the keen competition had put exchanges and exhibitors in a position to pick and choose; how this situation had already forced many of the smaller companies to close their doors. I began to understand that the moving-picture business was no longer a gold mine of free-milling ore, with nugget pockets scattered here and there. I began to see that we were up against the old question of the survival of the fittest, and that it would be necessary to climb down on a straight manufacturing and merchandising basis. The thing I did not see was how any man could estimate the cost of a picture in advance of production.

Figuring Overhead

I saw it inside of half an hour—saw my picture reduced to dollars and cents. I saw a certain number of sets at so much money; saw the characters and the extra people for an estimated number of days at an estimated amount; saw so many hours' use of an automobile at a stated sum. I saw, in black and white, the approximate cost of rented props, negative stock, laboratory work, lunches on location—I saw even the small item of fifty cents for a newspaper insert!

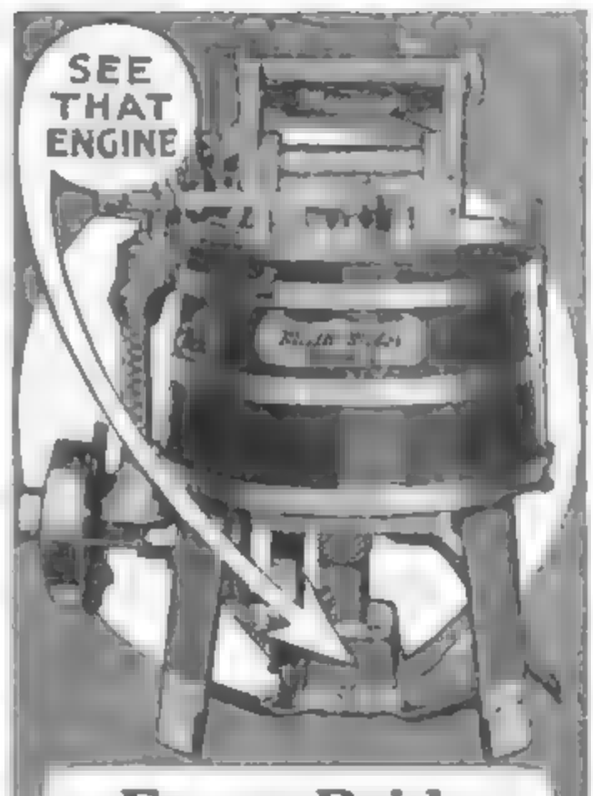
Last of all I saw an item that was a perfect stranger to me—"overhead." It was a robust stranger, too, for it amounted to one-third of the entire estimated cost of the picture. Whatever overhead was, I felt there was too much of it, and said so; in fact, I didn't need any overhead in my picture at all—that is, I thought I didn't until I found out that overhead supplied me with a stage to work on, wardrobe, props, stage hands, carpenters, painters, artists. And, with something of a shock, I found that I was also expected to help pay the General Manager's salary!

I was told that this overhead was apportioned on a daily basis, and that if I cut down the time consumed in making my picture I would also reduce my overhead expense. There I began to have a faint glimmering of the dollar-and-cent value of shooting light.

In addition I was told that, as the System perfected itself, many items now charged to overhead would be segregated and charged against individual pictures. In other words, each picture would be made to bear all its own burden.

To make a long story short, when the production office got through with me I had something new, something absolutely unique in picture making. I had in my possession a concrete example of perfect preparation for a picture.

(Continued on Page 100)



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There is a Maytag Washer of exactly the type and size you want, each built to the one and only Maytag Standard

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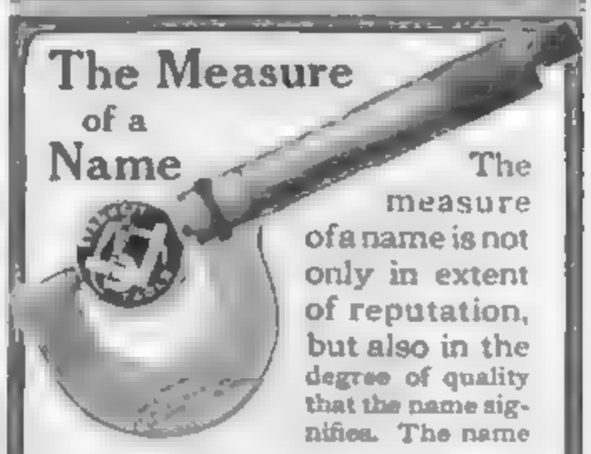
The Measure of a Name



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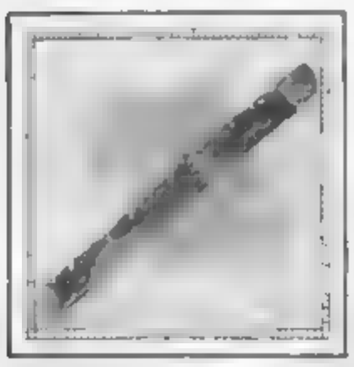
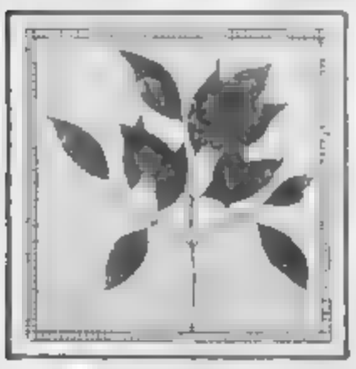
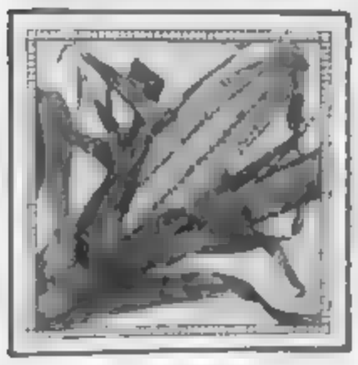
(Mentha Piperita)



SUGAR CANE
(Saccharum Officinarum)



CINNAMON
(Cinnamomum Cassia)



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Like a glass of rich, clean cream

(Sapota Tree Sap)

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Ans. The base is the natural sap of the tropical Sapota Tree.

Ques. What is Sapota Sap like?

Ans. It is creamy in body and color. It has a sweetish taste. It is boiled, much the same as maple syrup, into buff-colored cakes and shipped to us.

Ques. What do you add to the Sapota Sap to make Sterling Gum?

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Ans. From start to finish your Sterling Gum is "untouched by hands." Through all 14 processes of manufacture, clean, white gloves cover every hand—fresh-washed each night, fresh-worn each morning.

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Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
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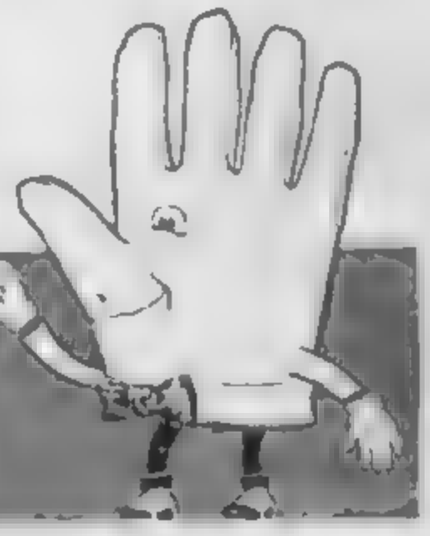
Sterling Gum is the sweet which children never over-eat.

The STERLING GUM CO., Inc., New York The STERLING GUM CO. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto



HOLLIER EIGHT

"It ends comparison"

No existing standard of *value* would suggest the *price.* The eight-cylinder motor brought to final exactness; the whole car built by master workers of years of experience; the body beautifully designed and finished in approved foreign mode.

Write for our special booklet, "The Eight Among Eights."

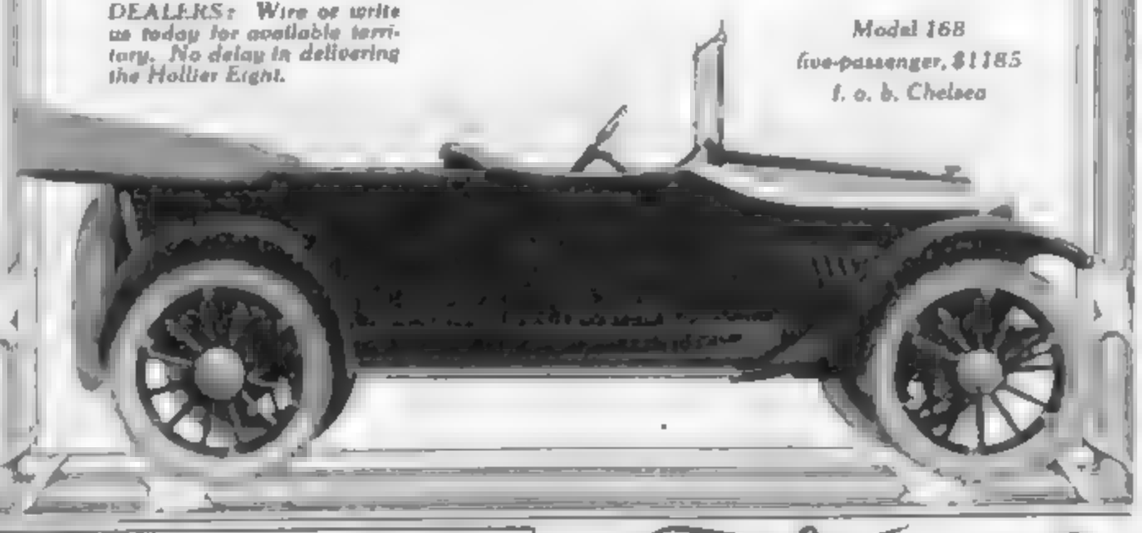
Model 158
Roadster or five passenger, $985

Model 168
Five passenger, $1185

Made complete by
The Lewis Spring & Axle Co.
41 Hollier St., Chelsea, Mich.

DEALERS: Wire or write us today for available territory. No delay in delivering the Hollier Eight.

Model 168
five-passenger, $1185
f. o. b. Chelsea



(Continued from Page 98

Not only did I have an estimate sheet, setting forth in detail authorized expenditures for every part of my work, but I had sketches of all my sets, prepared by expert draftsmen, showing just exactly what I needed, what I wanted, and what I was told I would get. These sketches were on scene-plot forms and complete in every tiny particular; not a single thing was overlooked or left to anybody's judgment.

For instance, one of these scene plots called for the interior of a country mansion. The kind and types of doors to be used were specified by numbers; the floor was to be painted, and the scene plot mentioned the color of the paint; the wall paper was indicated by pattern and number; the sorts of baseboards and moldings to be used were described minutely; the type of stairs was specified, as was the case with the fireplace and the electric fixtures. The backing called for open fields and trees in the distance, so that the scene painter could make no mistake; even the very flowers in the garden, which was to be seen through an open window, were accurately catalogued on the scene plot.

So complete was the record—so illuminating the marginal notes—that I was able at a glance to visualize each set and tell whether it was what I wanted or not. What was more, the builders of those sets would have no play for imagination; nothing was left for them but to stick to specifications. Such care and close attention to detail was a revelation to me, and the Manager of Production stood at my elbow as I ran through them.

"Like 'em?" said he.

"I like 'em fine!" said I.

"All right! Put your O. K. on this duplicate set."

I scrawled my initials on the scene plots.

"Now what do I do with them?" I asked.

"Nothing," said the Manager of Production. "You've O. K.'d 'em. You need give yourself no concern or worry about the building or the dressing of these sets. You'll get 'em when you want 'em, where you want 'em, and how you want 'em—ready to shoot."

I could scarcely believe my ears.

"But who is going to do all this?" I asked. "Who will take this work off my hands?"

"The Production Department," was the reply. "That is what the Production Department is for."

"Well . . . maybe," said I, willing to be shown. "What next?"

A Morning Surprise Party

"Set Number Three," said the Production Manager briskly, "will be ready for you to-morrow morning at nine o'clock on the big stage. You have enough scenes in that to keep you busy all day. Have your assistant notify this office at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon what set you want up for the following day, and it will be there."

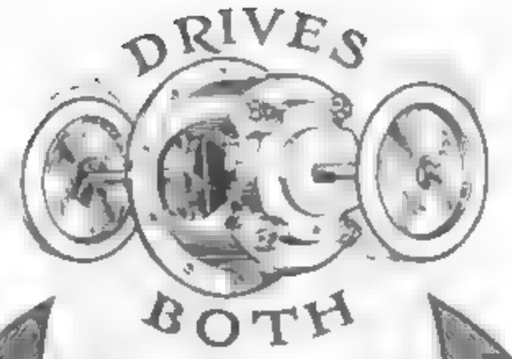
I went away a trifle dazed and extremely doubtful. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and Set Number Three was to be ready for me at nine the next morning? It couldn't be done! I remembered how much trouble such sets had given me in the past—the delays while waiting for stage hands, carpenters, painters; the heartbreaking scramble after props; the hours wasted over trifles.

No; it couldn't be done overnight—but, oh, what a beautiful dream! Suppose a man could begin to shoot the first thing in the morning, without wearing himself out in yelling orders at Jack and Bill? Suppose a man could devote all his time and vitality to his picture—to the unfolding of his story? Yes; a beautiful dream!

The next morning at eight-forty-five a neatly uniformed messenger boy appeared at my office with a card, which politely informed me that Set Number Three was "ready to shoot."

I didn't more than half believe it; so I went out on the big stage, and there it was, completely dressed; everything that I wanted exactly where I wanted it; the last piece of furniture in place—and the camera man waiting. Literally and absolutely there was nothing to do but begin to shoot; and—believe me—we certainly took it out of Mr. Overhead's thick hide that day!

Now this particular picture happened to be a two-reeler, requiring two thousand feet of film. It had always taken me at least two weeks to turn one out; and I had



The Bailey Gearless Differential eliminates slipping, skidding and sideways, enables you to pull easily through bad spots; saves fuel, oil and tires, adds 50 per cent to your safety and comfort.

We, or any dealer, will promptly refund your money if for any reason you are dissatisfied after a 30-day trial. Thousands are in use today, we have hundreds of enthusiastic letters from motorists.

With the Gearless Differential your car is driven by virtually an undivided rear axle on the straight away. Both wheels [illegible] Should one wheel sink in a soft spot power will be applied where it belongs, to the solidly grounded wheel that is capable of driving the car forward.

Now that you want to turn, what happens? The outer wheel begins to turn more rapidly than on the straight away. This natural action forces the interlocking mechanism from its [illegible] and the outer wheel revolves perfectly [illegible] all the power is transmitted to the inner wheel. As soon as your car is again on a straight course the outer wheel slows down to the speed of its companion and the interlocking mechanism slips back into its original place.

Should you break a rear axle, jack your car up, place a skid under the powerless wheel and drive home under your own power.

Ford, Overland and Chevrolet 490 Replacements Now Ready

It's easy to install—and owners say "you wouldn't know it was the same car."

See your dealer, or write today for full descriptive circular.

GEARLESS DIFFERENTIAL COMPANY
874 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Dealers: Write for our proposition—it's a money [illegible]

Chicago Pencil Sharpener

Saves Time and Pencils

Use the Chicago in your Home and Office. Neat, Strong. Nothing to get out of order. Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible] afford to be without [illegible] by the Name *Chicago* through your dealer or direct, $1.00 postpaid.

$1

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co
1360 Garland Bldg.
Chicago

Delivered TO YOU FREE

A sample 1916 model "*Ranger*" bicycle [illegible] 30 DAYS' TRIAL

[illegible] TRIAL

RIDER AGENTS Wanted Make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. *Do not buy until you know* what we can do for you. WRITE TO US

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-55, CHICAGO

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Health—Looks—Comfort

THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

Write for descriptive folder [illegible]

The Weil Health Belt Co. 36 Hill St New Haven, Conn

DRUGGISTS [illegible]

Tiolene

The **MOTOR OIL** that's Clean

Pure Penna Crude

TIONA OIL CO
BINGHAMTON N.Y.

Marvelous Expanding Cuff Button

PRESTO, slip your cuffs over elbows, without unbuttoning [illegible] spreads two inches, slip them down they close automatically [illegible]

[illegible] Postage prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Wanted—live local agents and dealers everywhere to sell them direct to public.

FLEXO CUFF LINKS MFG. CO., Flexo Bldg., Sheboygan, Wisc.

WOULD YOU

show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see what it excels any [illegible] typewriter if by doing this and rendering [illegible] service [illegible] card or letter to us simply say: "*Mail Particulars*"

GIVEN YOU to keep as your own.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO. Dept. 207 Chicago, Ill.

25¢ Saves Your Eyes

[illegible] FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE

[illegible] Dept. B Merchantville N. J.

Feel Right at Home in this Canoe

The first time you paddle an "Old Town Canoe" you'll feel that sense of safety and [illegible] that makes canoeing the king of outdoor [illegible] cost $35 to $60, and you can't buy a better [illegible] Write for catalog of views. Easy to buy from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 356 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoe"

A Baseball Outfit TO ANY BOY

who will devote a few hours to selling *The Saturday Evening Post* during the next two or three weeks. A lot of boys will get them—why not you? Let us tell you about it.

Sales Division, Box 378
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Um-m-m! "Meat-Treats"

Mother always buys them 'cause she knows how good a sandwich made from *Meat-Treats really is.* And *Meat-Treats* are just as good served hot, or sliced up cold, for Sunday night's supper.

FRANK'S QUALITY
MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

are sold by the pound, or in tins. If your grocer or delicatessen dealer does not sell them, write to us, and we'll tell you how to get them.

FREE:—Write for our booklet, "Suggestions" containing recipes for many dainty dishes. And give us your dealer's name. Or, send us his name and 15 cents in postage, and we'll mail you, prepaid, a full size tin of French Meat-Treats, one of the many delicious varieties for entrées, sandwiches or serving hot.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-A Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS: Write for "Frank-News", the magazine on profitable delicatessen.

BROKERS: Write.

$100.00 Saved by Pressing This Button

It doesn't take long to spend that much for new tires and repair bills.

PREMIER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
VULCANIZER

"Press the Button and Forget It"

The Premier Automatic Electric Vulcanizer [illegible] to anything. It [illegible] Board of Fire Underwriters. It [illegible] vulcanizing safe and simple. Made in [illegible] connect with electric light socket, [illegible] or battery on car.

Write for booklet, "The Blow-Out," which tells the new and easy way to save your tires, and for names of dealers near you selling The Premier Vulcanizer.

Price $3.50
With Complete Outfit

PREMIER ELECTRIC CO.
4056 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Northern Electric Company Distributors for Canada

argued earnestly with the Manager of Production that a first-class two-reeler, up to my standard, could not be made in less time. He hadn't said much, but he appeared to be skeptical.

Along about the fourth day my camera man made a remark.

"We haven't been doing a thing but shooting our fool heads off on this picture," said he. "Maybe it's because we haven't had a darned thing else to do!"

That night I checked up my completed scenes and made the astounding discovery that we were halfway through with the picture—in four days! I began to have visions, and one of them was a vision of a new time record on a two-reeler.

There is something about a record-breaking performance that stirs the blood and rouses enthusiasm. The whole company caught the fever from me and waded through the rest of that picture like people possessed—waded through it without hitch or delay, personally conducted by the Production Department; and on the seventh day we shot our last scene and "killed the picture."

The strange thing to me was that the Production Manager was not dumfounded over our achievement—he grinned when he heard the news and remarked that it was one result of System. The thing which pleased him most was that I had cut three hundred dollars under the estimated cost; and when I looked back over the week's work I couldn't put my finger on a single thing that we had done without!

That record of mine looks pretty sick now—but I'm still shooting. Since then another director has turned out a five-reeler in eleven days—yes, and a good one too. It can't be done? Yes, I know; but it has been done!

The amazing part of it is that we are not driving ourselves so hard as we used to; there isn't so much noise and confusion and lost motion on our big stage these days. We are beginning to get it through our heads that System means elimination of waste and misdirected effort. We are beginning to see that we, as directors, are responsible only for the shooting of the picture itself; other people are responsible for the other things.

We are still making bricks, but the difference is that all the ingredients are furnished us, delivered ready to hand, as we need them. There is mighty little of the "Jack! Hey, Jack!" style of direction going on, and we have only one purchasing agent on the lot.

Speaking of money, in the old days we spent more; but only about twenty cents out of every dollar went on the screen, where you and the other motion-picture fans could see it. We are now trying hard to put one hundred cents of every spent dollar where you can see it—and that means better pictures.

Somehow I do not hear as much about temperament these days as I used to, probably because all the directors are busy shooting their pictures.

System has come to our lot—come to stay; and from a few straws which I observe whirling by I am convinced that it is coming to other plants as well.

The directors who haven't tried System are afraid of it—afraid of its effect on their work. They needn't be: System gives the director time to be an artist!

The Roisterer

YOU'R little hand is like a rose,
With white rose petals half uncurled;
My kiss is like a wind that blows
From half across the world.

It bustles down the garden aisles,
It brushes flower and weed away,
It frowns on all—and then it smiles
And stops, as if to pray.

It bends above the white, white rose,
And softly, where the leaves are wet,
Touches their tips; then forward goes
Where the gods drive; where, no man knows—
Dear, will the rose
Forget?

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

MOON
MOON MOTOR CAR CO
ST LOUIS MO U S A

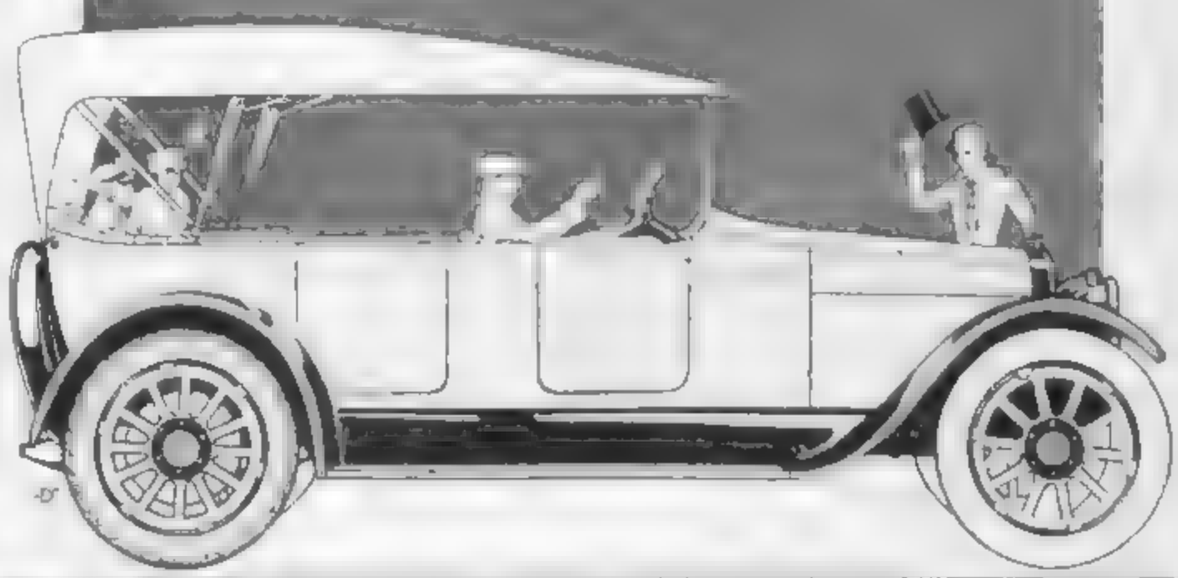
Six-30
$1195

ON the street the Moon Six-30 "stands out". It's not just a plain automobile. You *notice* it—for its size—its beauty of line—its individuality—and the kind of people you see in it. From top to tires, it looks—and acts—

Six-30 5 passenger fully equipped $1195
Six-44 7 passenger fully equipped $1475

Write for large folder, describing and illustrating Moon cars

MOON MOTOR CAR CO
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



"I want a musical education"

So wrote Miss Randolph, of Alabama, less than six months ago. At that time she was trying to earn enough money by giving piano lessons to pay for a course at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

We explained that the scholarship that seemed so far beyond her reach could easily be secured if she would devote only her spare hours to securing local subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

She decided to try, and found that the work was not only interesting and congenial, but that it paid her far more than her old way of money making, and she earned her scholarship.

If you want a scholarship in any school or college in the country, you can earn it by our plan. Begin now and before fall the scholarship will be yours. A line of inquiry will bring full details.

Box 373, Educational Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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TRADE MARK

"Outwear Travel"

This mark is as good as a bond

It is a guarantee to you from the world's largest makers of traveling goods. It guarantees that the 83 new styles of BELBER Wardrobes, Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases are *extra* strong, *extra* handsome, *most* convenient, and will stand the strain of longest travel. For 27 years travelers at home and abroad have proved the absolute dependability of

BELBER Traveling Goods

All BELBER Wardrobe Trunks come within the free baggage limit.

Only in BELBER Bags and Suit Cases can you get the famous BELBER FITALL Adjustable Holder for toilet requisites. Holds your own fittings. Here is shown this patented convenience in a BELBER Suit Case. Full description is in the book. Send for it

Sold by better class retailers. To be sure of the genuine, insist on seeing the BELBER trade mark. None are made without it. Our new book, "Outwearing Travel," shows photographs of every BELBER baggage carrier. We will send you a copy, *free*, on request to our Philadelphia office.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY
Philadelphia
New York Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Minneapolis
Branches in Foreign Countries

IS that money of yours going to help your boy or handicap him?

You know rich men's sons—dawdlers—some of them—others able to finish what their fathers have started.

Nine times out of ten, it depends not on the son, but on the father.

Yes, on you!

Don't mollycoddle your son. Don't let him feel that dollars are his own little patent playthings.

Make him earn a few for himself.

We'll show him how, if you'll let us, and we'll help make a man of him as we have of many others.

Address Box 374, Vocational Section
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

HUMAN NATURE IN STORES

(Concluded from Page 27)

laying unusual stress on his skate bargains. One of his assistants laughed at him and said:

"When men are wondering how to get enough to eat they aren't going to spend their money for skates."

The proprietor knew, however, from previous experience with human nature, that a winter of industrial depression helps skate sales. Men who are out of work and have leisure hours forced on them figure that they are better off skating than sitting about an insufficiently heated home feeling sorry for themselves. If they are not earning anything they are at least improving their health and increasing their capacity for work when it does come.

Merchandise chiefs of chain five-and-ten-cent stores have great opportunity and necessity for knowing the quirks and traits of human nature as it crops out in various sections of the country. They know that what will sell in one state may go untouched in another.

For instance, it is practically impossible to sell a stock of mops in certain parts of Pennsylvania, and equally difficult to dispose of scrub brushes in New York. But if the two stocks were switched, and the prices are reasonable, both the mops and the scrub brushes would soon be sold. The reason is that women in certain parts of Pennsylvania have believed for several generations that a floor is not really clean unless it has been scrubbed by some one down on the knees with a brush. In New York, on the other hand, housewives have been brought up to think that such work is too arduous, and needless.

The heads of a chain of these five-and-ten-cent stores must keep close watch on styles—not all styles, but those that affect articles they have to sell. If a popular actress changes her hairdress, the five-and-ten-cent stores must anticipate the result by having whatever is needed in the way of hairpins and back combs.

When Mrs. Castle Bobbed Her Hair

A while ago a wave of simplified hairdressing started in New York and swept across the continent into the homes of rich and poor alike. As the style made its way westward, the chain-store company could see its hairpin sales falling off in one state after another. They had known in advance that that very thing would happen, and had cut down their hairpin orders even before the ultimate consumers did.

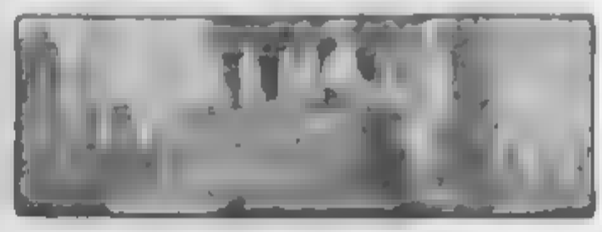
Stores that sell high-grade goods at fancy prices are constantly on the *qui vive* lest a cheap imitation of some expensive novelty should be offered in the five-and-ten-cent establishments.

For instance, last spring Irene Castle, of the Dancing Castles, bobbed her hair. For some reason hosts of young women had ambitions to look like Mrs. Castle. The more foolish ones cut their front hair. Others were saved this sacrifice by a hair-goods concern, which got up a false bob. A big New York store arranged to push the sale of this hair-bob, which was to retail at five dollars. Before the goods arrived the five-and-ten-cent stores got the same thing, only with a much cheaper grade of hair, which they offered for twenty-five cents.

Here is an odd little phase of buying-and-selling psychology:

Two men in a certain town run little stores in competition with each other, less than fifty feet apart. One seems to do a little better than the other. I asked him for the explanation.

"Well, for one thing," he said, "I keep my doors open later in the fall than he does, and swing them open earlier in the spring. All summer I keep my goods in show cases, so that I don't require door screens. The customer who has the slightest notion of coming in here finds that he can do so with the least possible resistance. Everything else being equal, a man would rather walk into a place where he doesn't even have to shove a door."



By Golly—it DOES shave!

Shaving Satisfaction

is something you want *every day*—not just once in a while. It lies in the Business End of the Razor, the Blade.

Penn Blades are made so that they *do* shave. A razor is no better than its blades—no matter what you pay for it. Each Penn Blade is separately tempered, ground, honed and tested—made to shave.

PENN SAFETY Blades that Shave

Penn Razor is also right—proper weight, balance and shaving angle. Smooth guard permits the entire length of the blade to shave—safely—evenly.

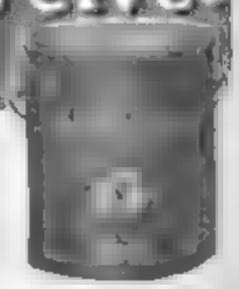
Money Back

Five blades that DO shave, and the Penn Safety Shaving Satisfaction—costs one dollar. Satisfaction or Money Back—without arguments.

Get one from your dealer today. If he hasn't got it, send to us.

A. C. PENN
Incorporated
180 Lafayette St.
New York City

Learn About Liquid Velvet Walls



Write for the free new book that tells you about *O'Brien's Liquid Velvet*, the wonderful *washable* oil base wall finish that will not scratch nor mar. Contains an elaborate color chart which shows 24 velvet-toned shades, which permit innumerable color combinations; shows pictures of the beautiful private homes and palatial public buildings which have been decorated with *Liquid Velvet* because it combined artistic beauty and durability.

Liquid Velvet is handsome as fine paper, more durable than paint, yet costs far less to apply than either. Especially adapted for stencil work.

Use *Master Varnish* and *Flexico Enamel* for finishing floors and woodwork. They are as satisfactory in every respect, as *Liquid Velvet*.

Descriptive books free for your name on a postal, mentioning your dealer's name. Most good dealers and decorators carry *Liquid Velvet* in stock.

THE O'BRIEN VARNISH COMPANY
658 Johnson St. South Bend, Ind.
Branches Everywhere

O'BRIEN'S
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THE SUPPLY TO STAND

HUNT

Send Your Name For These FREE Pens

A new treatment of metal has been discovered. It is used exclusively in

Hunt's SILVERINE Pens

Makes a pen that will never rust or corrode. Always writes smooth. No scratch. Free sample pens of [illegible] premium, worth $1.25. Write now.

Worn four times as long as common pens

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

HUNT

For the big jobs—the new home—the large building

These are the big things that Glidden Architectural Finishes are made for.

These are the big things that you can get "well done" when your architect writes "Glidden" in your specifications and a practical painter guides the brush.

There are no conditions too exacting for Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.). Master Painters and Building Experts will tell you this. Many of the largest piano manufacturers, also the best known automobile manufacturers, will tell you the same thing. They know Glidden quality and economy by years of actual experience.

Glidden Architectural Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Special color suggestions and helpful information sent upon request.

For the touching up of worn surfaces about the home, you'll get just the right effect with Jap-a-lac Household Finishes.

Leading Finishes in the Glidden Line

Look for the familiar Green Label

Jap Spar (the all-test varnish)
For exterior and interior surfaces.

M. P. Durable Interior Varnish
For the finest interior wood trim.

M. P. Durable Floor Varnish
For floors and stair treads.

Velvet White Enamel
For interior use; dries with an egg-shell or semi-gloss finish.

Superior White Enamel
For interior use; dries with a high-gloss finish.

Endurance Wood Stain
A deeply penetrating stain producing richest wood effects. Many beautiful colors.

Flat Wall Finish
A velvety finish for wall and ceiling decoration. Many attractive colors and white.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, U.S.A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

GLIDDEN
ARCHITECTURAL FINISHES

GLIDDEN
A sure guide to the right finish

For the worn floor—the old chair—all home uses

For the refinishing of all worn and discolored surfaces about your home. That's what Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are made for.

To save you household up-keep expense; to give just the right touch of color and brightness to all discolored surfaces, and to drive away the effects of winter's wear; these are the gratifying results you are sure to get from Jap-a-lac Household Finishes.

Follow your spring cleaning with these household beautifiers. Select the right finishes from the list below. You can get them from the Jap-a-lac Dealer in your locality.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet.

If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in a big way, go to a practical painter and be sure that he uses Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.).

Leading Finishes in the Jap-a-lac Line

Many Kinds—Many Colors—Many Uses

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stains
Eight attractive transparent colors; stain and varnish combined.

Jap-a-lac Clear Varnish (Natural)
A durable floor and interior varnish for general use.

Jap-a-lac Enamels
Solid enamel finishes; six colors, also Flat White and Gloss White. Beautiful and lasting.

Jap-a-lac Gold
A brilliant gold finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Aluminum
A practical silvery finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Floor and Porch Paints
A tough, weather-resisting paint for both inside and outside use.

Jap-a-lac Black Finish
A durable black in dead and brilliant effects.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, U.S.A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

JAP-A-LAC
HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

Commencement Exercises June 3

4214. Genuine Japanese Oriental pearl, mounted in handsome solid gold mounting. An ideal graduation gift. Price $10.00.

1576. Fancy cluster ring, solid gold mounting, with four genuine garnets or any birthstone, with three genuine whole pearls run through center. Price $6.00.

4159. Novelty solid gold ring with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, and with two genuine diamonds, one on each side of stone—an unusually handsome ring. Price $20.00.

4259. Exclusive style in man's ring, solid gold, with genuine diamond setting in center. This ring in genuine amethyst or topaz costs $18; in genuine garnet or synthetic ruby or genuine green tourmaline, price $20.00.

4248. Man's ring in plain solid gold mounting with genuine Navette shaped amethyst or topaz, price $10.00; in synthetic ruby, genuine garnet or genuine green tourmaline or genuine pink sapphire, price $12.00.

1581. Lady's solid gold handsome cluster ring with six genuine whole pearls, fine quality, with genuine garnet or any birthstone for center. Price $8.00.

4206. Genuine Japanese Oriental pearl, mounted in handsome solid gold mounting. An ideal graduation gift. Price $12.00.

4263. Handsome ribbon design in solid gold, massive mounting set with synthetic ruby or genuine pink sapphire, price $13.50.

4133. Splendid ring for man in genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, heavy solid gold mounting, price $10.00. Same ring in pink sapphire or genuine green tourmaline or synthetic ruby, price $12.

4261. Exclusive design in lady's little finger ring, solid gold, mounted in specially cut faceted synthetic ruby or genuine pink sapphire, price $10.00.

4178. Japanese design, little finger ring in massive solid gold mounting, with finest quality of genuine amethyst or topaz, price $10.00; in genuine garnet or synthetic ruby or genuine green tourmaline, price $12.00.

4239. Lady's mannish little finger ring, solid gold mounting, with finest quality of genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, price $6.50; in synthetic ruby or genuine pink sapphire or genuine green tourmaline, price $8.00.

4164. Unique design for lady's little finger in solid gold mounting with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, price $10.00; in synthetic ruby or genuine pink sapphire, price $12.00.

4202. Diamond and synthetic ruby, massive little finger ring for ladies, beautifully mounted in solid gold, price $16.50.

4212. Genuine Japanese Oriental pearl, mounted in handsome solid gold mounting. An ideal graduation gift. Price $9.00.

4219. Square shaped genuine amethyst or topaz in very handsome solid gold mounting for men, price $10.00; in genuine garnet or genuine pink sapphire or synthetic ruby, price $12.00.

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Both boys and girls want gem-set rings for their commencement presents. More than ever this year are set rings in demand, for set rings are *now the vogue*. Wherever you see pretty women, smartly dressed, you'll see that they wear their jewels *in rings*.

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